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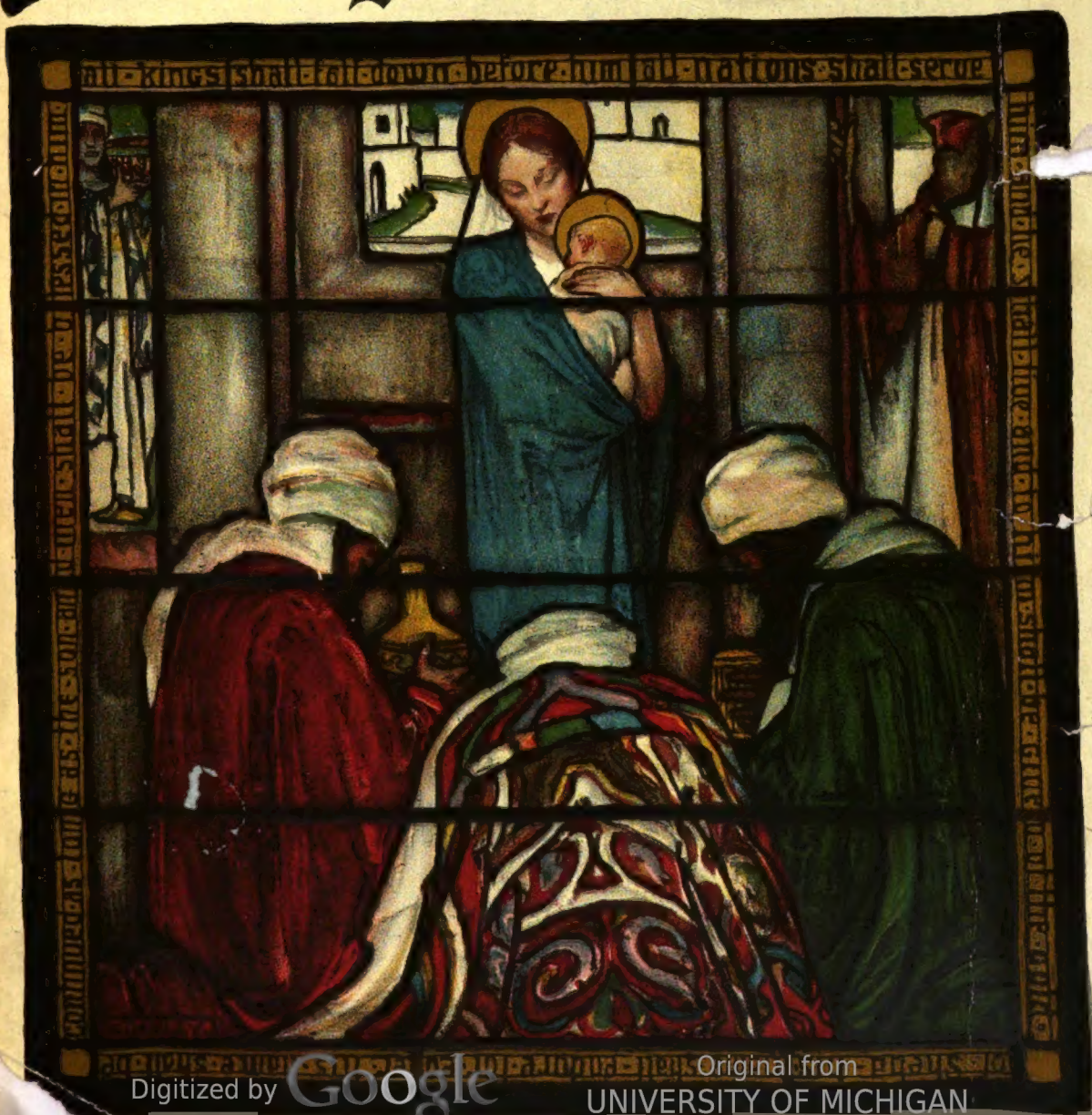
Everybody's Magazine

Christmas 1901



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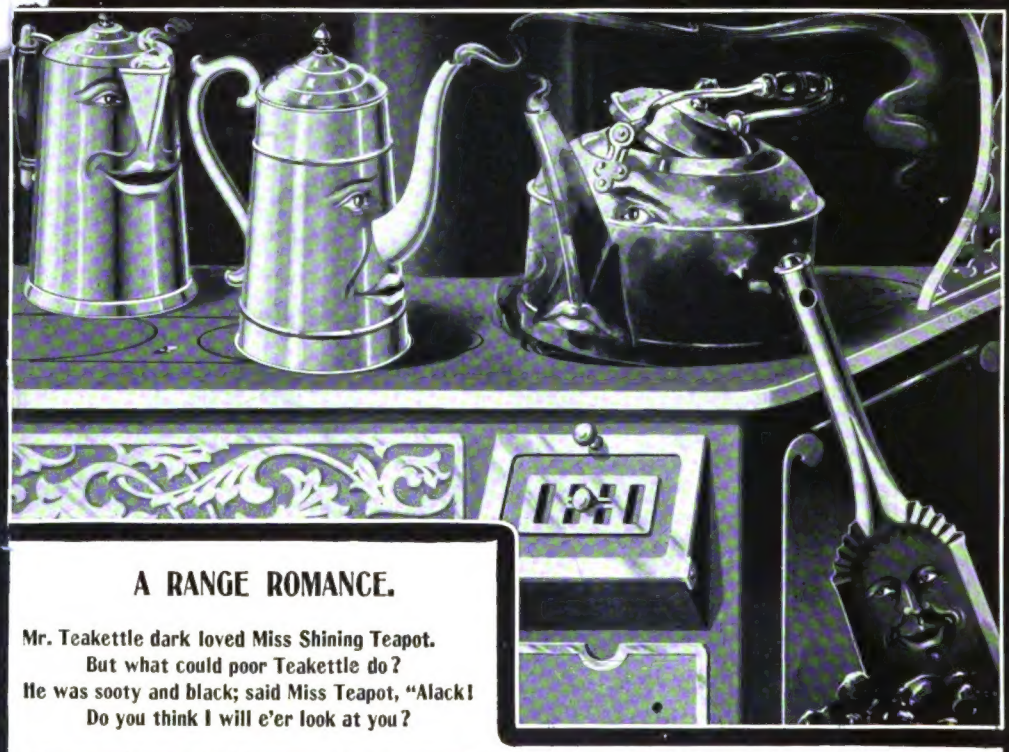

A RANGE ROMANCE.

Mr. Teakettle dark loved Miss Shining Teapot.
But what could poor Teakettle do?
He was sooty and black; said Miss Teapot, "Alack!
Do you think I will e'er look at you?

"You are ugly and old with your smoke and your grime,
Make love to Miss Coal Shovel there;
Mr. Coffee Pot bright is my lover and knight,
How you speak to me, Sir, have a care."

Now this unkind attack made poor Teakettle sad;
To the housemaid he told all his woe,
"Just wait 'til I rub you, and scour and scrub you,"
She said, "with Sapolio!

"Ah, then you will shine and put others to shame."
(Miss Teapot was out serving tea.)
And when she returned, oh, her cheeks fairly burned
As she cried, "Can it really be he?"

Then Teakettle wooed, and he wooed not in vain,
For Miss Teapot her true love did know;
And after a kiss, they sang, "All our bliss
Is due to

SAPOLIO

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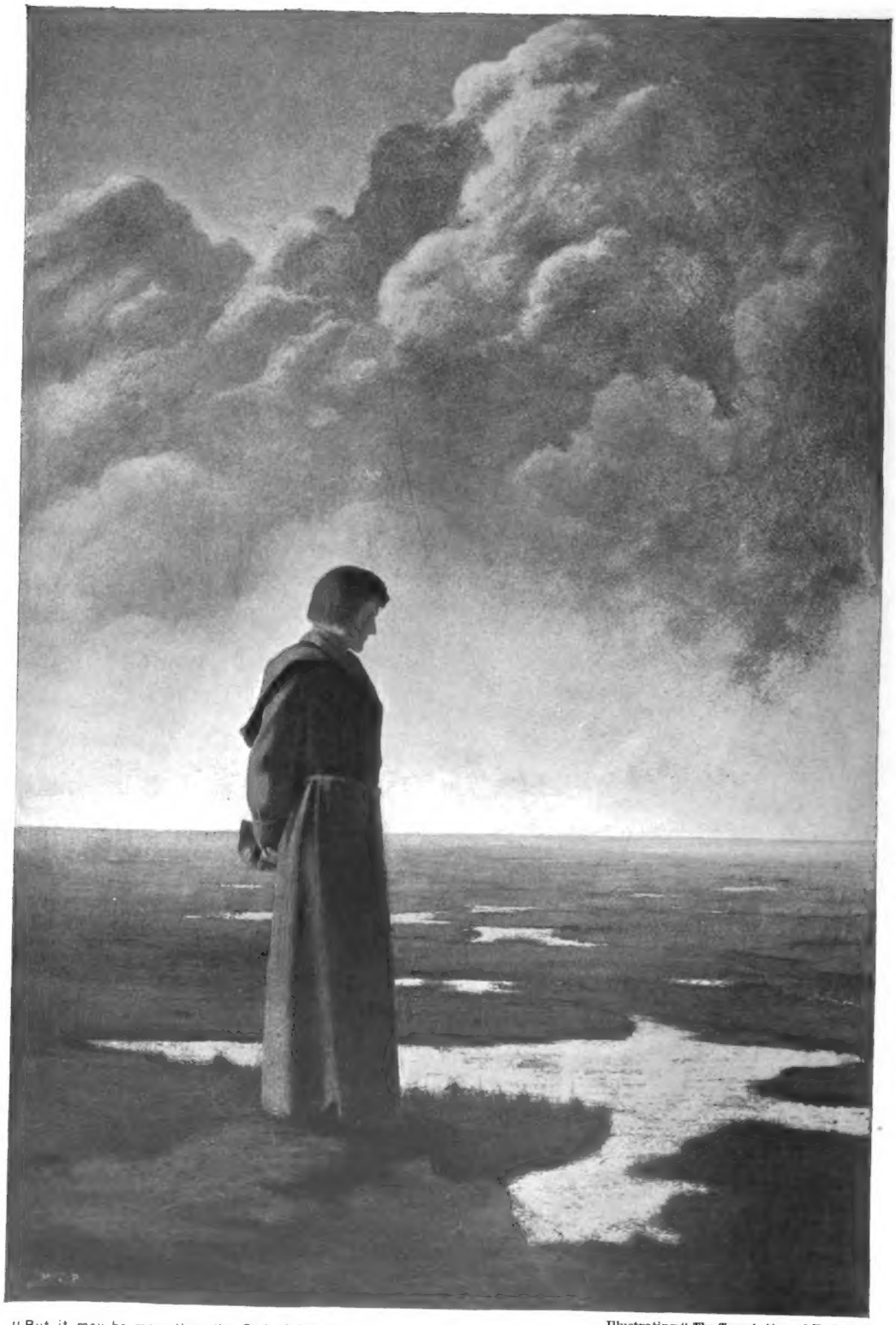

"But it may be more than the God of Heaven he served—a god of earth, a god of wind and sea, of sunshine smiles, and dreaming marshland."

Illustrating "*The Temptation of Ezekiel.*"

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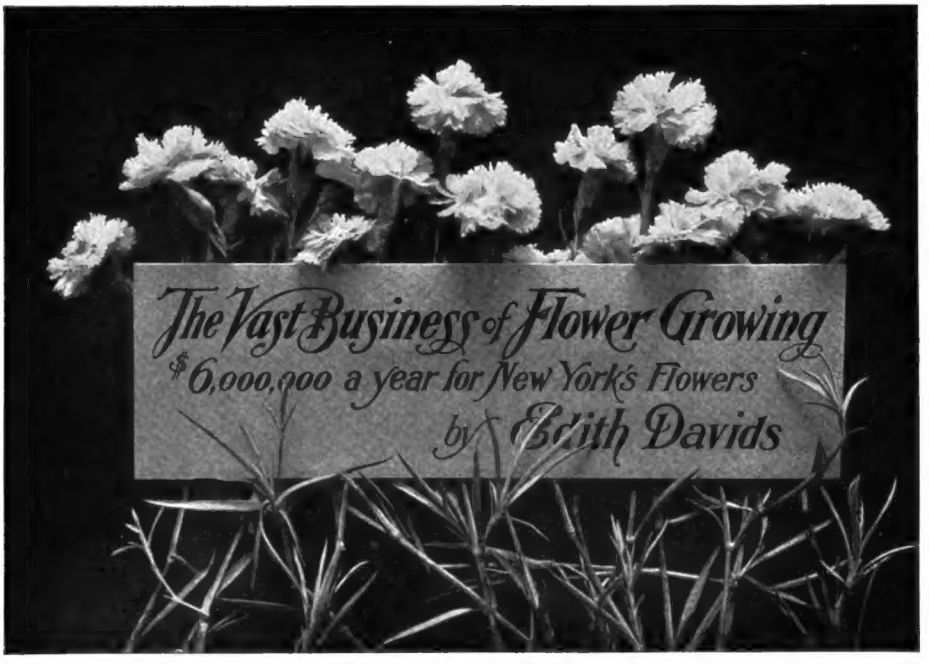
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. V. DECEMBER, 1901. No. 28.



PHOTOGRAPHICALLY ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY TROTH, NORA CHAESE, J. HORACE MCFARLAND, AND HOLLINGER.

[New York is the world's greatest flower market. Twelve years ago the trade in plants and cut flowers was inconsiderable. To-day it is estimated to exceed in value five million dollars annually. This remarkable development is due primarily to the appreciation by fashionable society of the value of flowers for decorative purposes, and also to the custom of presenting bouquets as souvenirs of departure and welcome. The trade in cut flowers is in the hands of the growers. There are two companies in New York, and to them is shipped the product of the florists' gardens and hothouses in Long Island and New Jersey, which are the main sources of metropolitan supply. The fortunes in the business, however, seem to accrue to the retail dealer, especially those whose establishments on Broadway have become almost national institutions. The owner of one of these, now a millionaire, some sixteen years ago sold violets at five cents a bunch on the sidewalk of Fourteenth Street.—EDITOR.]

AT dawn the long streets of the city lie silent and empty, their pavements white in the ghostly light. Over on the river front, the tall masts of the ships rear their weird outlines against the gray atmosphere. West Street, the broad thoroughfare that runs along the water, is silent, deserted; the clatter of your own footsteps goes with you. Approaching the neighborhood of Canal Street, which starts out of a tangle of low, wooden buildings at the river front, a faint fragrance is borne on the air; the rumble of distant wagons is heard. You are coming into the balmy precincts of the flower market. Just as the first faint streak of rose flushes along the eastern horizon, the great farmers' wagons, laden with their airy, nodding, fragrant burdens, begin to

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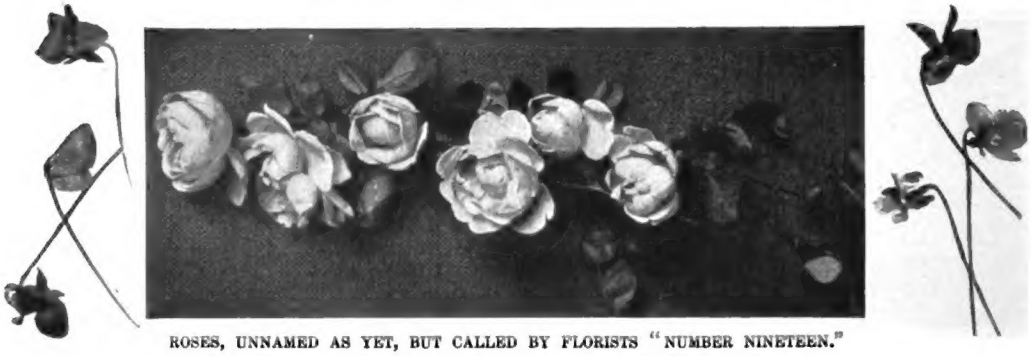

ROSES, UNNAMED AS YET, BUT CALLED BY FLORISTS "NUMBER NINETEEN."

come up and form about the little green park that snuggles at the river's edge, with Canal Street on one side and on the other Spring Street. The farmers have driven down in the night from the country places of Jersey, miles distant, and at four o'clock cross the ferries in order to be at the Canal Street market at half-past four, the opening hour. This is the wholesale market for growing plants. In the warm light of the early morning the work of unloading goes drowsily on. The long paths of flowers upon the sidewalks grow into vistas of vivid color; the air is heavy-laden with perfume.

NUMBER NINETEEN.

A halo of romance lingers always about the market-places of a great city in spite of their commercial purpose. Of them all, this flower market is most redolent of subtle, romantic suggestion. While the city sleeps, in the twilight of the morning, the flowers are unloaded at its gates. How much of the life of the city is represented by them? By the free and passionate beauty of some, how much of the unquenchable passion of living and loving? By others, how much of peace? There are the blood-red, nodding roses, the types of love and luxury. There are the purple flowers of pain and passion; the glad-eyed,

A SPRAY OF SUMMER ROSES.

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SOME ULRICH BRUNNER ROSES.

tranquil daisies; lilies rearing their shafts of snow-white bloom, recalling the exquisite simile of our Saviour.

At length the unloading is all over. The sun rises over the city, in a flood of light and glory. The effect is like that of a fairy scene. The long, undulating lines of color —roses blushing through every shade from creamy white to rich, dark crimson; scarlet geraniums, a blaze of glory; daffodils, with

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their petals of beaten gold shedding a yellow radiance; radiant white lilies—glow beneath the pure, crystalline sunlight. The green of the little park seems to grow more vivid. With sunrise, a ripple of life passes over the market-place; the hum of many voices is heard, and trade begins briskly. Here one sees the typical Jersey farmer, the typical farmer's wife in broad-brimmed straw hat and gingham apron. Trade is carried on mostly between the farmer and the small florist. The bargaining is quickly done. By six o'clock the market is practically over. One by one the florists drive off to their city shops, the tall flowers nodding in their wagons as they jolt over the pavements, a track of perfume trailing after the wagons far down the street.

A BUNCH OF CARNATIONS.

Over on the other side of the town, at the East Thirty-fourth Street Ferry, is held the market for cut flowers. This is not an out-of-door market. On the contrary, it is so shut in and hemmed about with surroundings so incongruous that the uninitiated would never discover it. No signs mark its location, and the casual passer-by would not dream of its existence unless, perchance, he should cast about to discover the source of the faint fragrance which pervades the neighborhood. The way leads up a steep, dark flight of stairs, opening near the entrance to a saloon. From the twilight of the first landing one steps into the twilight of a vast, dim interior where the walls are of bare brick, white-washed, and overhead is a ceiling of rafters, rough-hewn and inno-

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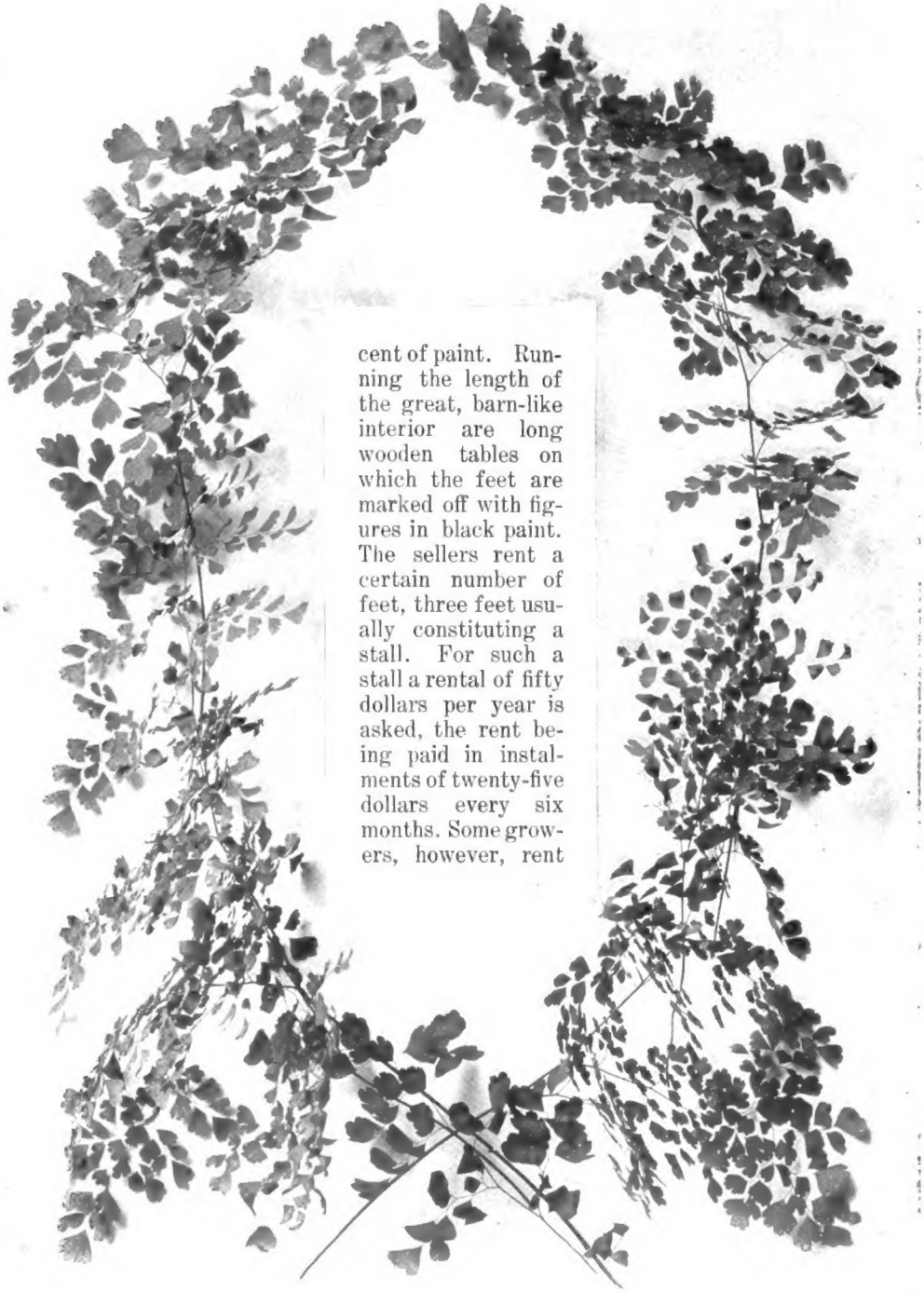

cent of paint. Running the length of the great, barn-like interior are long wooden tables on which the feet are marked off with figures in black paint. The sellers rent a certain number of feet, three feet usually constituting a stall. For such a stall a rental of fifty dollars per year is asked, the rent being paid in instalments of twenty-five dollars every six months. Some growers, however, rent

A WREATH OF MAIDENHAIR.

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PINK AND RED CARNATIONS.

stalls of from six to nine feet. In front of the tables are placed rows of camp-chairs, and on these the sellers rest their baskets. Immense earthen jars, marked in black paint with the initials of the respective sellers, stand upon the tables. Broad shelves run around the sides of the room, on which the buyers may deposit their goods as they purchase them. About half-past five the flower growers from Long Island begin to arrive, bearing their fragrant burdens in huge baskets. They take their places in the empty stalls and lounge sleepily about, the baskets remaining as yet untouched. Here and there a gas-jet is being lighted, and the yellow flames flare and flicker upon the bare, whitewashed bricks, and, at wide intervals, their light falls upon a solitary shaft of lilies, silhouetting the great clusters darkly against the bare walls. The atmosphere is redolent of drowsiness born of the cloying perfumes of many flowers. Magically, at the sound of a great bell rung at six o'clock, the whole scene is transformed. The

A FEW AMERICAN BEAUTIES.

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stalls burst into masses of bloom and color and fragrance as the flower growers uncover their baskets and display their wares to the traders. Necessarily devoid of artistic arrangement, a brilliant effect is nevertheless produced by the myriad masses of conspicuous size and hues. Here is the stall of a rose grower, a field of crimson beauty against a vivid green background of smilax arranged in graceful festoons. Farther along, lilies-of-the-valley and dark purple pansies form a beautiful combination; and, beyond, a glow of yellow radiates from a stall heaped high with jonquils, narcissi, and daffodils. A stall of lilies exhales a subtle, indescribable spell, merging in heavy fragrance with the sweet odors which the daffodils send through the air. Purple and yellow and crimson and white, the flowers are tossed into a prodigality of multicolored splendor.

Wholly to enjoy this carnival of color, one must give oneself up to it passively; must see it as the gorgeous setting of a picture wherein a motley procession of men and women and children—swart-faced Greeks who by and by will hawk the flowers through the streets, flower girls, and little children—glide in and out among the busy groups about the stalls, bearing in their arms great bunches of crimson roses, radiant clusters of lilies, bunches of sweet peas. For one moment you see the picture, dreaming over it as over a beautiful study in canvas. The eye sees it. It is one of those rare moments when pure visual sensation, the gratification of the eye, controls. The next moment the mind sees it. You see a little white-haired, shrivelled old woman approaching a Long Island farmer, and demanding of him in shrill tones, "How much are Jacks?" A Greek boy jostles your elbow to ask in the only English phrase he knows, "How mucha?" And the picture is shattered. You see the contrast between the shrewd, anxious crowd, through which one can hardly elbow one's way, and the simple beauty of the wares displayed amid such incongruous surroundings.

The buyers handle the flowers with as little care, apparently, as though they were the

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FUCHSIAS.

stoutest of merchandise, and yet gently withal, so as to leave never a bruise upon the most delicate blossoms.

A VASE OF RED DAHLIAS.

At the sound of the bell a rush is made for the stand of a little, weather-beaten looking woman, and a volley of exclamations, "You know me, Mrs. X——!" "Four dozen, yes, please!" "Mrs. X——, you're not forgetting me, are you?" bursts from the crowd surging about the stall. Many of these growers have their regular customers, who take so many flowers daily. With them, business is transacted on the credit system. Mrs. X——, for instance, did not take in any money at all at the time her sales were

TWO RED DAHLIAS.

made. In cases where the customer walks past and simply says, "Fifty of those carnations," or, as with lilies and roses, "A hundred of those," the sales are for cash. Only the very small florists and the street peddlers buy in this market on the East River front. Saturday is the great day there. Then it is well-nigh impossible to elbow one's way through the mass of humanity, all shouting and pushing and haggling for the fragile wares. The supply of flowers seems inexhaustible. Thousands of them are sent to the market every day; in late spring, especially, the bulk is enormous.

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DAFFODILS AND TULIPS.

That the myriad blossoms should change hands in so short a time seems incredible. The market is, to be sure, open until half-past seven. But a half-hour after opening, the business of the day is practically over. The buyers begin to drop out, going their several ways, a flower-laden procession, through the streets. The farmers, with their empty baskets, recross the ferry to their Long Island homes.

The cut-flower trade of New York is the largest of any city in the world. It amounts yearly to between five and six million dollars. A thousand flower farms dot the

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FLOWER-STAND OF A GREEK SIDEWALK VENDOR.

country round about, within a radius of fifty miles. From sixteen to eighteen millions of capital are invested in the farms that grow flowers for the city. Morning after morning thousands of fresh blossoms are gathered on these farms. Only very early in the morning, or late in the evening, when fresh flowers have begun to expand, can the farms be seen in full glory. During the day all the wealth of the greenhouses is concentrated in the packing-rooms. It is a common fallacy, by the way, to suppose that flowers which are to be sent a distance should be fresh-picked. They will, on the contrary, travel better and last longer if allowed to imbibe a sufficient amount of moisture before starting on their journey. Hence in these packing-rooms the flowers are allowed to stand for several hours in water before they are despatched. As a class, flower growers and their employees are conspicuous for sobriety, diligence, and love and appreciation for the beauty of the material in which they work. Perhaps it is that lives passed amid the loveliness and fragrance of flowers gathered from all the fair places of earth bear the impress of so bright and beautiful an environment.

But to get back to the city. The average New Yorker possesses a love of flowers approaching that passion which imbues the races of the sunny Southern lands. With the myriad stands of the Greek flower sellers, the tiny booths which bloom in cellars along the Bowery and the East Side, the gorgeous uptown flower shops—with all these, from end to end, the streets of the city are in blossom. The flower vendors alone number three or four hundred. Almost all of them are Greeks. The Greek drifts as naturally into the flower trade as does the Italian into the fruit trade, the Assyrian

MRS. ROBERT GARRETT ROSES.

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into that of sacred trinkets, the Turk into that of needles and pins. When the emigrant boy from Greece lands in New York, unable, perhaps, to speak a word of the language, his first step is to invest the little hoard accumulated in a sunnier land in a tiny stock of flowers to vend about the streets. Very often the venture is successful, and soon he invests in a small booth in an East Side cellar, and, in time, moves from there into a more pretentious establishment. Of the thousand small flower shops which New York City boasts, several hundred are owned by these Greeks. As to the city's fashionable florists, Paris and London have nothing to compare in magnificence with the flower shops of Fifth Avenue and Broadway. It is estimated that the fittings of these fashionable florists' shops amount, in the aggregate, to over a million dollars. We have our millionaire florists who have made their fortunes in the business. One of them started life as a butcher. His tiny meat shop scarcely paid for itself, and to eke out the profits he rented a stall on the sidewalk before the door to a Greek flower vendor. For an infinitesimal sum he allowed the Greek to store his flowers over night in the ice chest where the meat was kept. Violets, roses, mutton, and pork mingled together in a strange conglomeration. On a day the flower vendor was missing. He was dead. A stranger in a strange land, there was none to claim his little stock in trade. So it came about that the butcher carried on the flower stand along with his own line of business. Soon, being a shrewd man, he saw that the profits of the trade in flowers far outweighed those of trade in mutton and pork. The flower stock was increased; a side block only was devoted to the meat. Gradually the latter was altogether crowded out. The former butcher store bloomed into a flower shop. That was the beginning. To-day he has several magnificent flower shops on Fifth Avenue and Broadway, and a fortune of several millions. Another of our millionaire florists was, not so many years ago, a Hebrew peddler, vending shoe-strings through the Bowery. The shoe-string trade proved to be the reverse of brisk and lucrative, and the Jewish peddler was on the verge of starvation. He confided his plight to a friend who kept a flower booth in an East Side cellar. The friend did for him what he could. He gave him a few poor flowers, so faded and withered that he himself despaired of finding a purchaser for them. Those meagre flowers

Photograph by Hollinger, courtesy of J. H. Small & Sons.

AMERICAN BEAUTIES.

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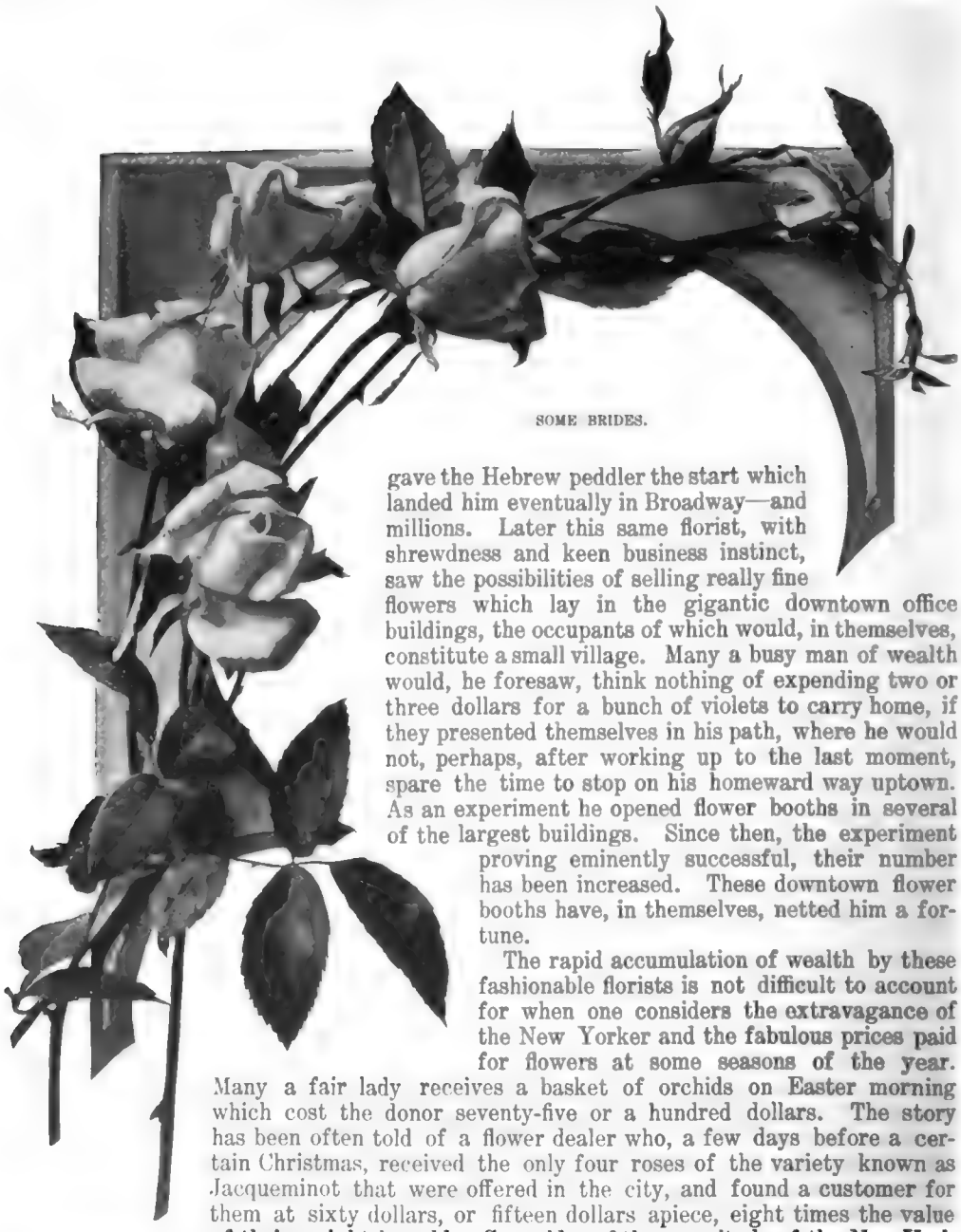

SOME BRIDES.

gave the Hebrew peddler the start which landed him eventually in Broadway—and millions. Later this same florist, with shrewdness and keen business instinct, saw the possibilities of selling really fine flowers which lay in the gigantic downtown office buildings, the occupants of which would, in themselves, constitute a small village. Many a busy man of wealth would, he foresaw, think nothing of expending two or three dollars for a bunch of violets to carry home, if they presented themselves in his path, where he would not, perhaps, after working up to the last moment, spare the time to stop on his homeward way uptown. As an experiment he opened flower booths in several of the largest buildings. Since then, the experiment proving eminently successful, their number has been increased. These downtown flower booths have, in themselves, netted him a fortune.

The rapid accumulation of wealth by these fashionable florists is not difficult to account for when one considers the extravagance of the New Yorker and the fabulous prices paid for flowers at some seasons of the year. Many a fair lady receives a basket of orchids on Easter morning which cost the donor seventy-five or a hundred dollars. The story has been often told of a flower dealer who, a few days before a certain Christmas, received the only four roses of the variety known as Jacqueminot that were offered in the city, and found a customer for them at sixty dollars, or fifteen dollars apiece, eight times the value of their weight in gold. Some idea of the magnitude of the New York flower trade may be obtained from the costliness of the floral decorations on certain notable occasions. A million dollars is spent every year in New York on wedding flowers alone. To decorate a church like St. Bartholomew's, even with a marked degree of simplicity, costs at least a thousand dollars.* At Christmas and Easter the New York churches fairly bloom with lilies. One New York florist raises in his green-houses 50,000 lilies for Easter decorations alone. At the balls given in New York the

* Experts in the making of bridal bouquets and other arrangements of flowers receive, on an average, fifty dollars a week salary and a percentage on the business. They are born, not made; and it is said the business is not overstocked with them.

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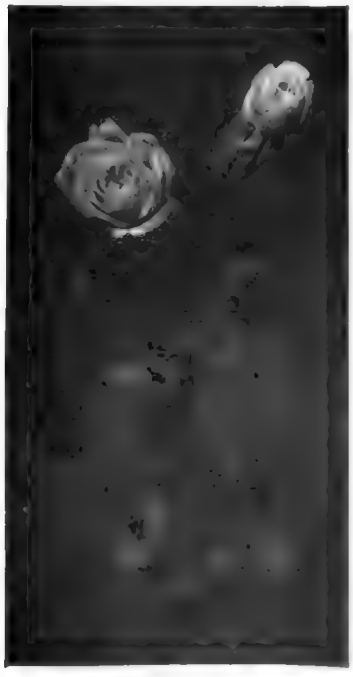
floral decorations are unrivalled in the world.

Palms, ferns, and the other greens which are the bases of all decorations are on most occasions supplied by florists making a specialty of growing plants for that purpose. The class of plants fitted for decoration are often difficult of increase, and slow of growth, and are therefore more valuable than the common plants. They are rarely *bought* when used at public dinners, or even private receptions, but are hired for about half their value.

The large New York florists do not buy in the public markets. Their orders are placed directly with the flower growers. The surplus that remains daily in the nurseries after the large florists have been supplied is sent on consignment to flower commission merchants whose establishments line Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, and Thirtieth Streets, on the West Side, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue. These commission merchants sell to the small florists. They also send their wares

CLUSTER NARCISSI.



BRIDESMAIDS.

to out-of-town florists, to greenhouses which have fallen short on their own growths, and, during the day, to the large florists who may need extra or emergency supplies. At Christmas and Easter the demand is always ahead of the supply. During the spring and summer, however, periods of stagnation occur, and there is a "glut" in the market. Then it is that really fine flowers go to the Greeks to be hawked about the streets, and you may buy for five or ten cents bunches of beautiful and perfect blossoms which, if purchased on Fifth Avenue or Broadway, would cost a dollar or two. In the establishments of the commission merchants the flowers are stored for days in great ice-cooled chambers where the glass roofs are supported by white marbleized walls, and the flowers are cool and damp.

When a large florist receives the contract to furnish the floral decorations for any great social function, he places his orders with the different growers two or three weeks in advance; an order for a thousand roses here, for another thousand there. Thus the vast number of flowers required is procured in the neighborhood of the

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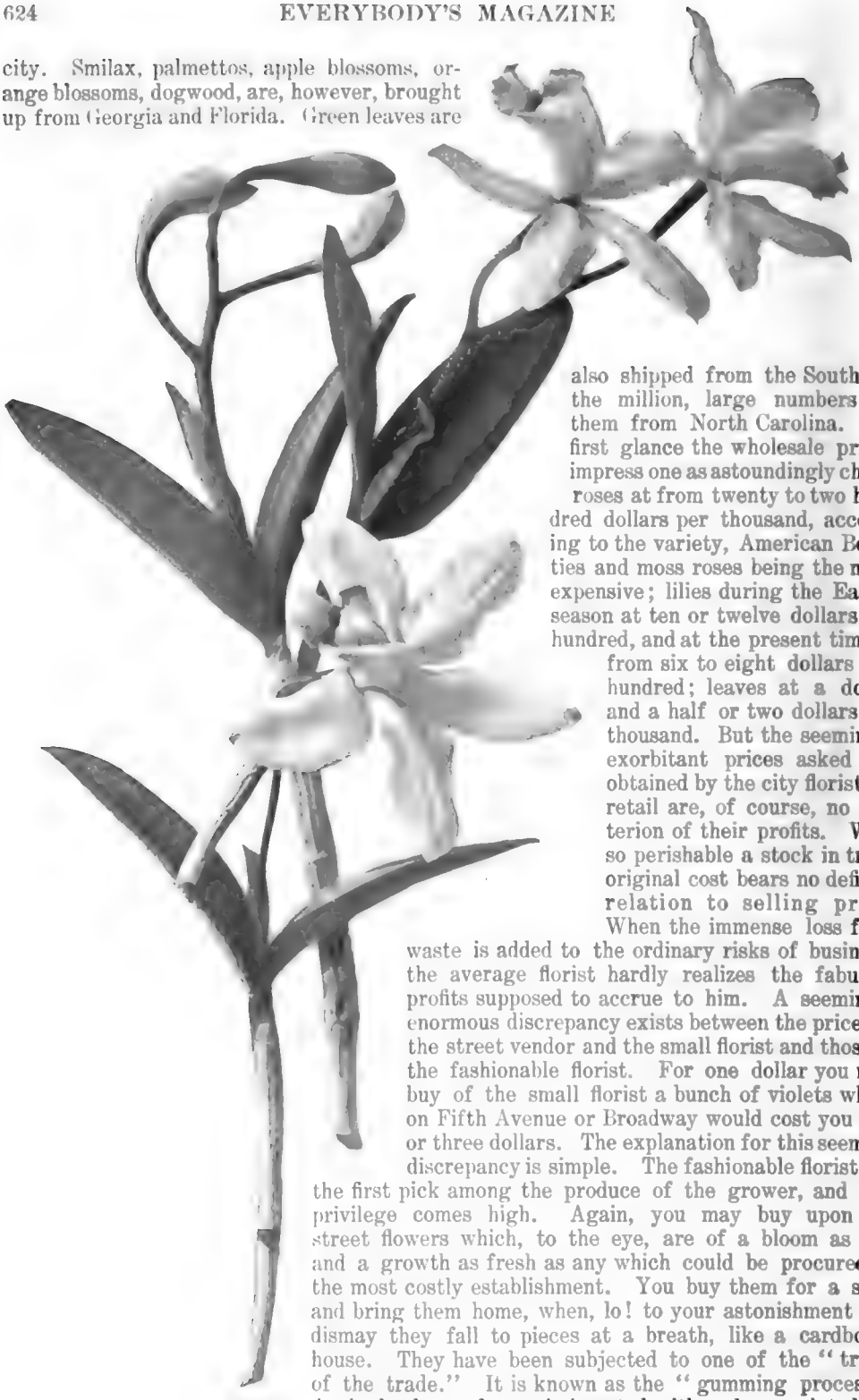
city. Smilax, palmettos, apple blossoms, orange blossoms, dogwood, are, however, brought up from Georgia and Florida. Green leaves are also shipped from the South by the million, large numbers of them from North Carolina. At first glance the wholesale prices impress one as astoundingly cheap roses at from twenty to two hundred dollars per thousand, according to the variety, American Beauties and moss roses being the most expensive; lilies during the Easter season at ten or twelve dollars per hundred, and at the present time at from six to eight dollars per hundred; leaves at a dollar and a half or two dollars per thousand. But the seemingly exorbitant prices asked and obtained by the city florists at retail are, of course, no criterion of their profits. With so perishable a stock in trade original cost bears no definite relation to selling price. When the immense loss from waste is added to the ordinary risks of business, the average florist hardly realizes the fabulous profits supposed to accrue to him. A seemingly enormous discrepancy exists between the prices of the street vendor and the small florist and those of the fashionable florist. For one dollar you may buy of the small florist a bunch of violets which on Fifth Avenue or Broadway would cost you two or three dollars. The explanation for this seeming discrepancy is simple. The fashionable florist has the first pick among the produce of the grower, and this privilege comes high. Again, you may buy upon the street flowers which, to the eye, are of a bloom as fine and a growth as fresh as any which could be procured at the most costly establishment. You buy them for a song and bring them home, when, lo! to your astonishment and dismay they fall to pieces at a breath, like a cardboard house. They have been subjected to one of the "tricks of the trade." It is known as the "gumming process." A single drop of gum is inserted with a sharp-pointed in-



ORCHIDS.

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HYACINTHS.

strument into the centre of each calyx, and by this means the conformity of the bloom is preserved until the flowers are sold. The composition of the gum is such as to dry up and set immediately, becoming invisible even to the closest scrutiny.

Down in frostless Bermuda, not far from the sea, the great lily fields, some of them more than a hundred acres in extent, are white with fragrant bloom; the smell of the sea mingles with the sweet, heavy scent of the blossoms, and negroes wend their lazy way among the flowers, gathering in the snowy harvest. From these lily farms the bulbs will be sent north in August, and next Easter florists here will grow the flowers in their greenhouses. All the lilies used in decorating the churches at Easter are grown from these Southern bulbs, in the immediate neighborhood of New York. It is the expensive lilies that are home-grown. As in England the roses and violets that are hawked about the streets of London at Christmas and Easter are imported from the villages along the Riviera, so the lilies that are peddled along the Bowery and the lower city, and those that are sold by the very small florists, come north in the flower from Bermuda.

More roses—that is to say, roses of cultivation and magnificence—are grown at Madison, N. J., than in any other flower farm in the world. Floriculture is divided into two distinct branches: greenhouse culture—that is, the growing of magnificent species, tropical flowers, and exotics—and out-of-door culture, the growing of hardy varieties of flowers. For the latter, the villages along the French Riviera are famed over the earth. There miles of roses are in

JONQUILS.

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bloom the year round, and tourists come from all Europe to witness their beauty and drink in their fragrance. But these roses are, most of them, not of magnificent types. They are exported to the cities of Europe to supply the demand for cheap flowers. The great bulk of the harvest goes to the perfume factories which dot the south of France. But the aristocracy of roses—the unrivalled American Beauties, the Brides and Bridesmaids, the regal Bourbons, the Marechal Niels, and a hundred other proud and consequential folk of the rose family—bloom in greater perfection and in larger numbers at Madison, N. J., than in any other flower farm in the world.

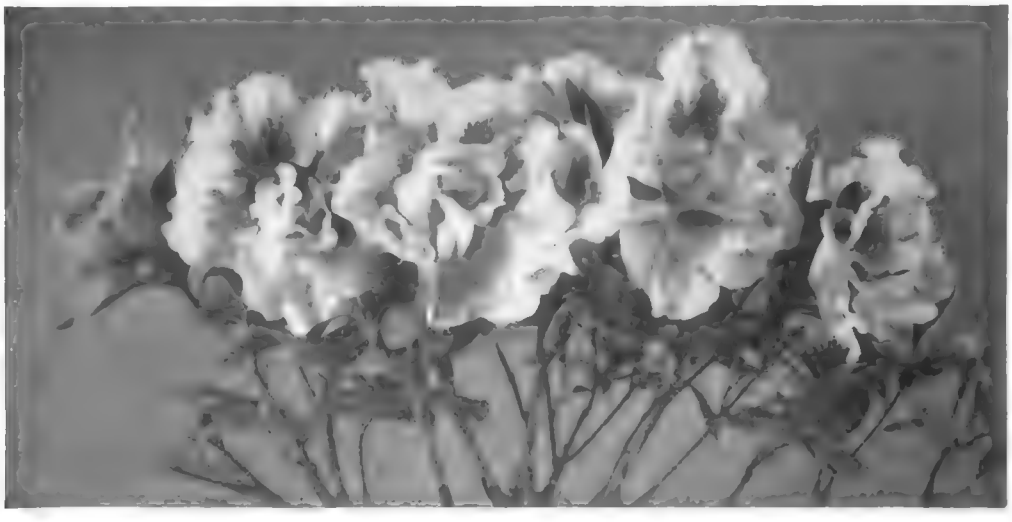
The nursery of Julius Rears at Rutherford is the largest in this country. No roses are cultivated there, but, with that exception, five or ten thousand flowers of almost any variety—lilies, orchids, hyacinths, azaleas—could be cut in the Rutherford nursery at any time.

The great violet growing centre of the United States lies along the Hudson, on either bank of the river. From Poughkeepsie to Rhinebeck stretch acres of exquisite violet bloom, and the air for miles around is redolent with a faint, delicious fragrance. Certain peculiarities of soil and a singularly crystalline atmosphere make the locality unique in the prodigality and perfection of the violet blossoms it produces.

Arbutus and lilacs are in bloom in the neighborhood of New York during the month of May. But long after the blossoms have fallen there, they are in full glory of efflorescence up in Maine, and from there, for the June weddings, come fragrant loads of these blossoms, and rhododendrons, great, nodding, luxuriant flowers, bearing

Just a dream of sunset on their edges
And just a breath from the green sea in their hearts.

The largest orchid farm in this country is at New Rochelle, N. Y. It is a hundred and forty acres in extent and carries a plant and stock worth a million and a half. On the farm are twenty-five large greenhouses. A windmill and a steam pump are employed to raise from artesian wells the thousands of gallons of water used every day, and an eighty horse-power engine and eight huge boilers supply and pump the steam that is used for heating. From the orchid farms collectors are sent out over the earth, men who possess rare knowledge of the science of botany, to explore every accessible jungle and forest of the tropics in search of new varieties. As much as fifteen thousand dollars has been paid for a single specimen. From the slopes of the Himalayas, from the East Indies, from far-off Madagascar, they come. On the slopes of the Peruvian Andes they are common at ten thousand feet above the sea level. Dark-skinned natives gather in the gorgeous harvest, and mules, heavily laden, convey the fantastic, fragrant burdens slowly down the mountain sides to the sea. Thousands of specimens are sent to New York every year to be crossed or divided, thus making new and distinct plants.



AZALEAS.

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HEZEKIAH AND HIS THIRD WIFE, REBECCA.

HEZEKIAH'S THIRD WIFE.

By Lillie Hamilton French.

Illustrated from Photographs by A. Radclyffe Dugmore.

HEZEKIAH'S gilt cage had hung by my rubber tree for many years when his third wife appeared. There had been a first wife, of course. I had bought her in exuberance of pity for his loneliness, but she had fought my yellow canary beak and claw, and, after a few days filled with hideous onslaughts from her, and with much discomfiture for him, I had sent her away, and left Hezekiah to himself. And then, after a long time, there had been a second wife, a dear Little Miss Goosey, who had loved him with all her heart and adored his singing, but who, too exuberant in her affections for tact, had ruined her own happiness—and his—by always breaking into his song with rapturous accompaniments of her own, all out of key. And, finally, after Little Miss Goosey's death, there had come this third wife, Rebecca, a shy and languid green-brown bird, a cross between an Austrian and a Belgian, with a pretty face and lovely eyes, but with thin, long legs that gave her the air of always resting on stilts. Hezekiah loved her. She never interrupted him!

When the third wife answered his lyrical outbursts at all in those early days, it was in a few shy notes only, but notes so full of a ravishing charm, so permeated by a certain haunting sweetness, that simply to hear them meant for Hezekiah an inspiration to still more impassioned melodies of his own, until their corner of my parlor became like an orchard in June—full of the joyous music of birds.

Rebecca had none of Little Miss Goosey's cleverness or charm, and was the shyest bird I ever saw. At the slightest agitation she would stand motionless with fright. She made no advances to Hezekiah, and seemed content to sit on her perch all day and listen to his song. I supposed that matters between them would rest there, for I had seen him with the other one—the wife who loved him. He had been so glad to let *her* find out things for herself, paying to the full, as she had to, poor little bird, the penalty universally exacted of all ardor.

But who so vain as one who supposes he understands even a canary bird's character?

My surprises, at any rate, began in the spring, when the new shoots of my rubber tree were as rosy as sprigs of red coral, and the sun that shone in through the corner windows by which the two gilt cages

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were hung was so bright that it set even the sparrows up and down the cobble-stoned street twittering gaily over their nests before the rest of the world was awake.

Something in the stir and gladness of it all must have filtered a way into Hezekiah's veins. He grew less and less content to have Rebecca so languid and unmoved on her perch, now, when even the pigeons on the opposite roofs were frolicsome and gay. He wanted her to be up and out in the sunshine with him too, revelling, as he loved to, in the freedom of the rubber tree. He did everything to persuade her off that perch of hers. I had long since given up trying. She had only opened her mouth and gasped with fright when I had driven her out of the cage and on to the tree, where she would stand with beating heart (I could have counted the throbs), anguished with the sense of awful abysses, now that she could no longer see the bottom of her cage between her feet and the floor.

HEZEKIAH.

Hezekiah went about his lessons in a different way. No mother-bird could have been more careful; no cavalier more gallant. He put such sweetness into his service, such gaiety, such abandon, such charm, that you might have supposed it all a mad holiday for him. Yet it took him days to persuade her as far as the door of her cage, and days more to get her over to a twig of the rubber tree; and it was the work of a week to entice her to the rim of the pot in which the rubber tree grew, and I dare not say how long it was before she could be induced to follow him up to the top of the mirror to rest beside the plaster singing boy.

And through it all his song never failed him nor his joyous carolling. With every one of her successful ventures, he would swell his little throat, bursting into song, darting back and forth and making whirls about the ceiling, as if he were calling all the world to witness her accomplishment. And the more fuss she made at some jumping-off place, pretending with rapid twitches of her tail as she called to him in little half-frightened peeps, that she was much too nervous and too startled even to try—the more tender and encouraging and excited he became, darting up to her with his gayest notes, then off to a near-by twig, to show her that not only was it quite the easiest thing in the world, but when you had learned it, altogether the most joyful and entrancing.

And of course between times she must sing with him. Those ravishing notes of hers were made to accompany his own. So he would teach her in the afternoon what real singing should be, not carolling, which every bird can do instinctively, but giving her the key in a long-drawn-out note full of a surpassing sweetness, he would stand in his cage, she in hers, for there could be no dallying then, no distractions, when singing was for the sake of the song. And he would give her the key again and again, taking up her notes and singing with them, then going off into roulades and adagios of his own (never in high notes or trills), returning again to her accompaniment, until I could hardly distinguish one voice from the other so perfectly were they pitched in unison. He, Hezekiah, would do all this, he who used to flee in despair whenever his other wife uttered a note.

When it grew warmer he taught her how

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to bathe. This was a fearful pleasure to her at first, for what did she know of water except as she had seen it at the bird fancier's, in a drinking cup hung on the side of her cage? She could dip her head in one of these cups, as any other store-bird could do, scattering a few drops over the wings—a mere apology for a bath, like a shower in some public charity building. Hezekiah would have none of that any more. She must know all that he did, and what the joy of a real plunge could be, in water inches deep and sparkling in the sunshine. To show her how, particularly how to get the feet in first, he had to take a dozen dips a day in the saucer always filled under the rubber tree. It was the agony of putting her feet in that bothered Rebecca. She wanted to wet her head only, as she had always done before. Then, once in the water, Hezekiah had to show her

REBECCA.

THE TOPKNOT.

how to bend those slim and awkward legs of hers, how to puff out her feathers, getting the water underneath, and then how to shake her tail feathers and plume her wings and rub her bill and dry herself in the sunshine.

When she had learned how to wet every one of her feathers and could come out dripping wet, Hezekiah would go off by himself and sit on the curtain rod, singing from pure pride of it, though she only looked like a chicken caught out in the rain. His being in love with Rebecca made such a difference.

Of course Rebecca enjoyed it all, and why not? having some one always on the alert for her pleasures, and better still, some one always on the alert for her fears—a prince among singers dropping everything to multiply his caresses and devotions whenever she had one of her nervous alarms. I used to think, as I watched them from my chair—he all tenderness and she all tremor and fright—that she made but scant effort to control herself, finding, as she did, dependence so delightful for *her* and such an inspiration for *him*. I might

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only have been prejudiced, for I have always been skeptical about the timidity of the languid. Rebecca's, too, was always calling such loud attention to itself, especially when her strong young husband was about. Perhaps I might only have been thinking of Little Miss Goosey buried there under the rubber tree, over which they both were flitting. When was Hezekiah ever really tender to her, though she loved him to distraction? Poor, foolish Little Miss Goosey, who never knew enough to learn the folly of self-reliance in conjugal affairs.

I had never forgotten, for instance, that Sunday afternoon a twelvemonth before, when Hezekiah let Little Miss Goosey go up and down the room alone trying to find a nesting place while he, indifferent, sat on his perch and ate seed. It was altogether different now. In his own bill he carried the strings for *this* one; the moss from the rubber tree, the bits of white cotton that I put out for them, calling to her in the low sweet nesting notes which even roosters use at this time, but which only those persons hear who keep themselves hidden. For a rooster is ashamed of nothing that he does except helping some favorite hen find a nest, and yet he is never so engaging. He will go from place to place with her, in and out of barrels, behind wood piles and

"REVELLING, AS HE LOVED TO, IN THE FREEDOM OF THE RUBBER TREE. HE DID EVERYTHING TO PERSUADE HER OFF THAT PERCH OF HERS."

"DRIVEN HER OUT OF THE CAGE AND ON TO THE TREE, WHERE SHE WOULD STAND WITH BEATING HEART, . . . ANGUISHED WITH THE SENSE OF AWFUL ABYSSES . . . BETWEEN HER FEET AND THE FLOOR."

stumps for an hour or more without once ceasing his sweet nesting notes. But the moment he catches sight of you watching, he will stop and suddenly assume a lordly air, beginning to scratch or to crow, anything, in his endeavor to convince you that if you have seen something unusual you must be mistaken.

Hezekiah had no such dignity to maintain before me, his intimate friend. Besides, Rebecca left him all the work to do at first. She was too timid to try; too languid, too overpowered, perhaps. She did not even know how to feed the eight children when they came—Hezekiah had to do it. There were four at first, and then before their feathers were half grown another four had arrived. He fed the whole family. She seemed to expect it of him. She would put up her bill as she sat on her nest for the morsel that he brought, murmuring to him all the time in charming little staccato notes gentle and cheerful as the pattering of an April rain. And with that the four elder ones, quivering with expectancy on their perches, would open their mouths too, using the same staccato notes in faltering imitation of their mother, as they swayed from side to side, their tiny wings fluttering in excitement. And then the four little furry birds, too young as yet to leave their

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"SHE ONLY LOOKED LIKE A CHICKEN CAUGHT OUT IN THE RAIN."

nest, would also call to him in still fainter tones, thrusting their bald heads, all mouths and eyes, from under their mother's wings. He neglected none of them—gentleman as he is in everything. All day long he was flying back and forth, without a moment in it for a song except his good-night carol.

Of course it was a pretty sight—this father-bird, yellow as some summer butterfly fluttering over a bed of thistles. But I wondered at his cheerfulness in meeting a situation for which neither of us had been prepared. My own patience was sorely tried, I confess, with ten birds, little and big, in the corner of my room, and more in prospect, for under Rebecca, among the four youngest, there were still two other eggs unhatched.

It seemed to me, too, that she took Hezekiah's devotion too cheerfully, was too complacent about the whole situation, as if his own duties must be a delight to him. It is so easy to be satisfied when a father-bird fails in nothing. I never saw her look so happy, at any rate, nor her pretty face so bright; nor did she ever really seem to enjoy his rare and exquisite voice so much as when he darted into her cage with some morsel in his mouth, and she lifted her head like a face from a pillow to receive it, while he murmured over her as she took it from his bill; or when in low notes he called to the little ones before playing with them. For he used to play with them, pretending to fight, bill open, wings outspread, and sham rushings back and forth before each other. He taught them all how to fly. Naturally she was happy—the best of all his accomplishments brought into service for her family, while she sat there knowing everything belonged to her. It required her to be less highly keyed, too, than when he had persuaded her to sing with him and she had to give up half an hour to *his* music.

"SHE MUST KNOW ALL THAT HE DID, AND WHAT THE JOY OF A REAL PLUNGE COULD BE, IN WATER INCHES DEEP AND SPARKLING IN THE SUNSHINE."

If Hezekiah's duties wearied him towards the last he never let her know it nor failed in one expression of devotion. But before June had passed I began to have my doubts. One is apt to have them when a devotion be-

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comes too punctilious. This, at least, is what happened.

My rubber tree had to be carried to the florist's, and for the first time Hezekiah, coming face to face with his own image in the mirror, without the confusion of intervening leaves between, saw a lovely yellow bird, valiant, graceful, beautiful as himself, the only yellow bird in the room, his family being all greens and browns. For three days every one who came to see me laughed at Hezekiah fighting the yellow bird in the glass, whose courage equalled his own, between battles going back to feed his wife and little ones. But at the end of the third day he fell in love. I knew it, feathers ruffling, while in his sweetest nesting notes he would try to beguile the yellow beauty whose mood—there was the marvel of it—exactly matched his own. Then suddenly overwhelmed with her loveliness, he would dash forward with open bill to kiss it. The movement was fatal, for the cotton dropped. Like one rudely awakened from some dream, he would discover that to touch the image was to lose it. Disappointed, he would go back to feed his wife and children, but he always returned to the mirror, carrying a fresh bit of cotton, only to drop it for the twentieth time when he came too near. I knew, because I have had twenty of these bits of cotton brushed up in a morning.

"WHEN IT GREW WARMER HE TAUGHT HER HOW TO BATHE."

though Rebecca did not, for she was sitting on her nest, happy with her eight children around her. But I saw Hezekiah take bits of cotton (pulled out of Rebecca's nest too), and going up to the mirror, call the yellow beauty to him. Rebecca, of course, thought when she heard these notes that they were for her. Sometimes she answered them. Then I used to feel sorry for Rebecca.

For days and days, until they were all sent to the bird fancier's for the summer, in fact, Hezekiah did the same thing. His family fed and quiet, he would take a bit of cotton, and darting down to the floor, he would run up and down before the mirror, tipping his little head from side to side as he went, his tiny black eyes shining, his

My sympathies were all with Hezekiah during this little episode, always called to a sudden halt by that invisible yet impenetrable barrier between him and his desires. How could he tell that the loveliness of the image that lured him on was but a reflection of his own exceeding charm? Perhaps my sympathies ought to have been with Rebecca, up there on her nest in her cramped position, her eight children about her, her husband below coquetting with his own image in the glass. Perhaps they were at first, but not for long. She let the habit of maternity grow too much upon her. Eggs and little birds belong to the spring, it seems to me, but she wanted them every month of the year. She is always making a nest, and has

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been ever since Hezekiah showed her how to build the first one. Even after she came home from the bird fancier's, her children now grown and in homes of their own, and when she could have been singing with Hezekiah, even then she began again. She, who used to be afraid to go about alone, is now afraid of nothing that will lead her to a string or bit of straw for building. She is all around the room, flying everywhere, sampling everything with an end to it, like a woman who thinks of nothing but testing materials for her children's clothes. She has quite destroyed the ruffles of a pair of curtains by tugging at them for threads.

Once, when the lining of her nest was taken away, she pulled every tail feather out of her four half-grown birds and lined her nest with them. Once she tried to pull the tail feathers out of Hezekiah. Even his patience went at that. She grew an extra row of feathers along her own breast, changing her looks completely, as cats shut up in cold storage will grow extra fur for warmth. Such a thing in a bird is rarely heard of. All this might be beautiful if she were not so queer about her children when they come. She has only to catch sight of me at the door, and she will utter a peculiar note, and quick as the drawing-in of turtles' heads, every little bird's head will disappear like a flash under her. Or she will call to them and make them remain motionless as carved images. It was all as if I were an old ogre coming to frighten babies in their cribs. If I catch her off her nest and speak to her, she will stand suddenly still, absolutely motionless except for the beating of her heart, never a wink of the eye or a twitch of a feather for ten minutes at a time. Such manners may do very well for wild birds in the forest, but I do not like them in my house. There is never any comfort to be had with birds brought up in that way. Hers are all as wild as hawks.

I have seen Hezekiah make every effort to get her away from her nests. He does his best to make her sing with him, and sometimes between nests he succeeds.

He will stand in his cage, she in hers, as they did at their first lessons together; his feathers will be almost smooth, not puffed up on his little golden head nor about his tiny throat, as they are when carolling or when playing the devoted to her. From

"HEZEKIAH COMING FACE TO FACE WITH HIS OWN IMAGE IN THE MIRROR."

his perch he will give her the key in that long-drawn-out note of surpassing sweetness which I know so well—a note like that from some rare old violin when a bow is drawn across it. She will catch it, and then from these two throats pitched in perfect unison there will come for half an hour or more bird music such as no one ever dreamed of—exquisite, melodious, liquid, full of reflected sunshine as a dewdrop of color. There comes to me, somehow, the feeling of one who walks the fields when "the wind hath passed" and "out of the north cometh golden splendor." I recognize her then, with her marvellous gift of song equalling his own, as a fitting mate to Hezekiah, and understand the tie between them. But in a moment the spell is broken. Suddenly her notes cease. Like a woman remembering all at once how long she has been out of the nursery, she will break off abruptly. Before Hezekiah is half done, and though he calls her again and again, and gives her the key, she will thrust her head through the bars and begin pulling at my curtain for threads.

Poor Little Miss Goosey would have died for one such opportunity to sing with him, and to be asked too, Hezekiah not fleeing at the sound of her voice, but giving her the very key in that wonderful long-drawn-

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out note. Yet Rebecca had the gift, there is the tragedy and pathos of it—the gift without the necessity of any struggle to express it—and she let other things interest her more!

"HE DOES HIS BEST TO MAKE HER SING WITH HIM."

At brief intervals, when Rebecca happens to have no nest and no egg and no little one, her behavior toward me will change. When I say "Good-morning" to Hezekiah, which I have never failed to do in all these years, she, too, will peep at me, but in an agitated way, never as he answers, looking straight into my face. Once I established sufficient intimacy between us to induce her to come for pieces of darning cotton for her nest, which I would put on a brass hanging lamp. She would come and take the thread, whisking her tail feathers in delight, and going off with it in great glee, until one unhappy day she caught her toes in the cotton, twisting them in such a way that to save her life I had to cut the cotton, taking her in my hand to do so. She never believed in me after that, nor came for more threads. I gave up trying, my motives were so misunderstood. Even Hezekiah begins to reflect her humors and suspicions. He will sing to me now only from the top of the mirror or the globe of the gas jet, but even this will agitate her so that she tries to frighten him off with a note of alarm, by darting up to the curtain rod and running back and forth on it, switching her tail and uttering peeps of warning, like a nervous woman always calling to some one to "look out."

She has taken my friend away from me, but even that I do not mind, for I have always counted that affection meagre which begrudges new interest to old friends. It is a certain influence she exerts over him, warping his nature, as it seems to me, which has always pained me. Her constant and unceasing suspicion of me first irritated then offended me. I think that one day I must have said so to the bird fancier. At any rate, once in the autumn, when I was in his shop, he offered me a beautiful yellow bird with a marvellous topknot, telling me how much more worthy she was of Hezekiah, and I listened to him.

I found her beautiful indeed. Every movement of her body was grace. She looked straight into my eyes, too, as Hezekiah used to do, with her head tipped on one side, just as he tipped his; no beating of the heart like Rebecca's, no gasping with open bill, no petrified attitude of alarm. I knew at once that she was Hezekiah's peer, and I determined to buy her. I had always chosen his mates before hap-

"FROM HIS PERCH HE WILL GIVE HER THE KEY IN THAT LONG-DRAWN-OUT NOTE OF SURPASSING SWEETNESS."

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hazard fashion, and because he was lonely. Now I would choose wisely. Would he like her? I wondered. Then, even as I asked myself the question, I remembered the yellow bird in the mirror.

Then, with a sudden sense of self-reproach, I thought of Rebecca. What would she do? "Grieve for a few days," the bird fancier told me, "until she gets used to being shut up with the other females in a cage." I looked toward the cage, high on a shelf—there were a dozen birds in it. I seemed to see Rebecca shut up in there, waiting to be sold again; no sunny windows, no rubber tree, no Hezekiah; only shrieking parrots about and barking dogs, and senseless gold fish. No; Rebecca might not like me, but I would not condemn her to such a purgatory nor break her heart with my theories of peers and fitting mates and sympathies in common. I turned abruptly away and told the man I would not buy his bird.

The bird fancier, however, was not of my mind. He likes Hezekiah. For three months during the autumn he kept the beautiful yellow bird for me, coming to tell me from time to time of people who had tried to buy her and of how he was keeping her for me. I began to feel that I was interfering with his business and for a mere quixotic whim, since many people took pains to assure me that Hezekiah and Rebecca were only birds. So I bought the new yellow topknot.

But I was ashamed. I pictured to myself Hezekiah's quick recognition and Rebecca's grief—dying of neglect too—too shy and timid to declare herself. I never remember such a feeling of self-reproach as that which was mine when the beautiful yellow stranger arrived and Rebecca first saw her. Rebecca was on a nest, of course, and in December, too. Nobody else but Rebecca would ever have been on a nest in December. She looked for a moment at that yellow bird, whose gay and careless topknot fell half-way over a pair of charming black eyes. Then she rose suddenly off her nest and stood there, feathers flattened, staring at the stranger. She grew suddenly so ugly and brown and thin, so unlike the cheerful topknot before her, tipping a head at her and flashing a pair of shining eyes, that for a moment all my tenderness and loyalty went out to Rebecca. But it was only for a moment. The next I had to save the yellow topknot's life. Rebecca would have had her torn to pieces had I not interfered. The yellow topknot was too surprised to move. She did not know there was any Hezekiah about, and he had taken no notice of her.

"HE MUST HAVE SEEN THE BATTLE, HOWEVER, FROM HIS SEAT UP BY THE PLASTER SINGING BOY."

He must have seen the battle, however, from his seat up by the plaster singing boy, for after it was over he went down and chirruped to Rebecca, taking a stand by her nest in the cage.

The yellow topknot was left to amuse herself. She did not find it difficult. Everything interested her; the pattern of the Cashmere rug, the flowers in the vases, the fireplace, the rubber tree, and then the wonder of getting in and out of her cage. She had never done that before. And how pretty she looked as she went about in her fearless way, stopping to cock her head with its gay plumage sideways whenever she saw any new thing. I loved her. But so far as I could see, she did not even ex-

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ist for Hezekiah. He was more devoted than ever to Rebecca, and I laughed to myself when I watched them all; the gay little topknot left to herself and Hezekiah all fidelity at his post by Rebecca's nest. I might have spared myself, I thought, my little heroics about them, my small philosophies born like so many creeds out of a limited experience, lacking in depth what they boasted in intensity. Hezekiah loved Rebecca and that was the end of it—as it always is when the father-bird is content. There are never any social problems or temptations then for him.

Rebecca was the only one disturbed. She never sat quite flat on her eggs—indeed those particular eggs never hatched at all. Her head was always up, like a head thrust over the bannisters, while she peered over the top of her nest to see what the yellow topknot was about and what Hezekiah was doing. Sometimes I would lock the yellow topknot in, and then Rebecca would go over to her cage and pick at her through the bars, or she would sit on the top of the topknot's cage with head lowered and eyes fixed on the graceful stranger below her. I have seen her there for half an hour at a time without moving, crouching like a cat before a mouse hole. I never could understand how she managed to get so flat with those long and awkward legs of hers. Nothing else, not even all Hezekiah's blandishments, had taken her off a nest before.

"REBECCA WOULD . . . SIT ON THE TOP OF THE TOPKNOT'S CAGE WITH HEAD LOWERED AND EYES FIXED ON THE GRACEFUL STRANGER BELOW HER."

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When Rebecca, on the other hand, was locked in, and the yellow topknot came anywhere near her cage, Rebecca was off her nest like a flash, and dashing against the bars or running up and down her perch with wings outspread, mouth open, uttering angry notes. And all this too when Hezekiah had made not the slightest advance towards the stranger. I could hardly believe it to be the timid and languid Rebecca, afraid of everything, but I thought it was funny, and I used to let the yellow topknot out near Rebecca's cage just to show different people what she would do. The programme was never altered.

Rebecca would be on her nest quiet and placid, Hezekiah on his perch below her, hunched up and uncomfortable, but—alone. (She always had to be sure of that.) Then I would drive the yellow topknot towards Rebecca's cage, and Rebecca, with a fierce cry, would dash at her against the bars. There was no timid Rebecca any more, but an angry awful fury bent on destruction. I used to think it was funny, as I said, until some old lady seeing one day what Rebecca did, told me that it was "not funny, but *sad*." No man had thought so. Every man had laughed, head thrown back. Some young girl had said that Rebecca had a "temper."

"IT IS THE WINDOW THAT LOOKS DOWN INTO THAT OF THE EXPRESSMAN'S WIFE, WHERE THE YELLOW TOPKNOT'S CAGE IS HUNG."

As the weeks went by and the yellow topknot became a familiar object in the room, he would, to be sure, sing out a note of welcome now and then to the pretty creature as she moved about, just as he had always done to me—nothing more than a "How do you do?" or, "The day is fine," or at most, "It is good to see some one moving." But even this Rebecca would not stand. It was astonishing the energy this languid creature displayed. Her head was eternally over the edge of her nest, her eyes peering everywhere. Hezekiah must sit still, too, if she was to stay on her nest, as if he did not always want her up and singing with him, as she alone of all other birds in the world knew how to sing.

Sometimes, I think, however, that I have really never known what Hezekiah wanted, nor that for all my long intimacy I understand him yet. I only know this: The yellow topknot, who, with her grace and sweetness, had won a way into every heart but Rebecca's, began, when February came, to pull strings out from the curtain for herself. Nobody helped her. She had only seen Rebecca do it. She imitated Rebecca's nesting notes too, and now and then going up to Hezekiah, she would hold up her open bill, begging to be kissed, just as poor Little Miss Goosey had done. Why should I have blamed her? Every one loved Hezekiah, a very prince among canaries. This little bird's topknot might give her a gay and careless air, but she knew that she could build nests as well as the green-brown Rebecca, and if that were the way to Hezekiah's heart she would build them.

Once when he had seen her tugging hard at a thread (helplessness has always appealed to this generous songster), I saw Hezekiah bring the yellow topknot a piece of cotton in his bill, just as he had carried one to the yellow bird in the mirror. Then he flew quickly back to his own cage and took up his post beside Rebecca. But that afternoon I carried the topknot away and gave her to the expressman's wife across the street. I did not want any lonely nest-building for the topknot whom I loved, Rebecca up on her nest claiming everything.

After that, though Hezekiah was as attentive as ever to Rebecca, he began to do something he had never done before in all these years—to sit on the sash of the eastern window and sing. It is the window that looks down into that of the expressman's wife, where the yellow topknot's cage is hung.

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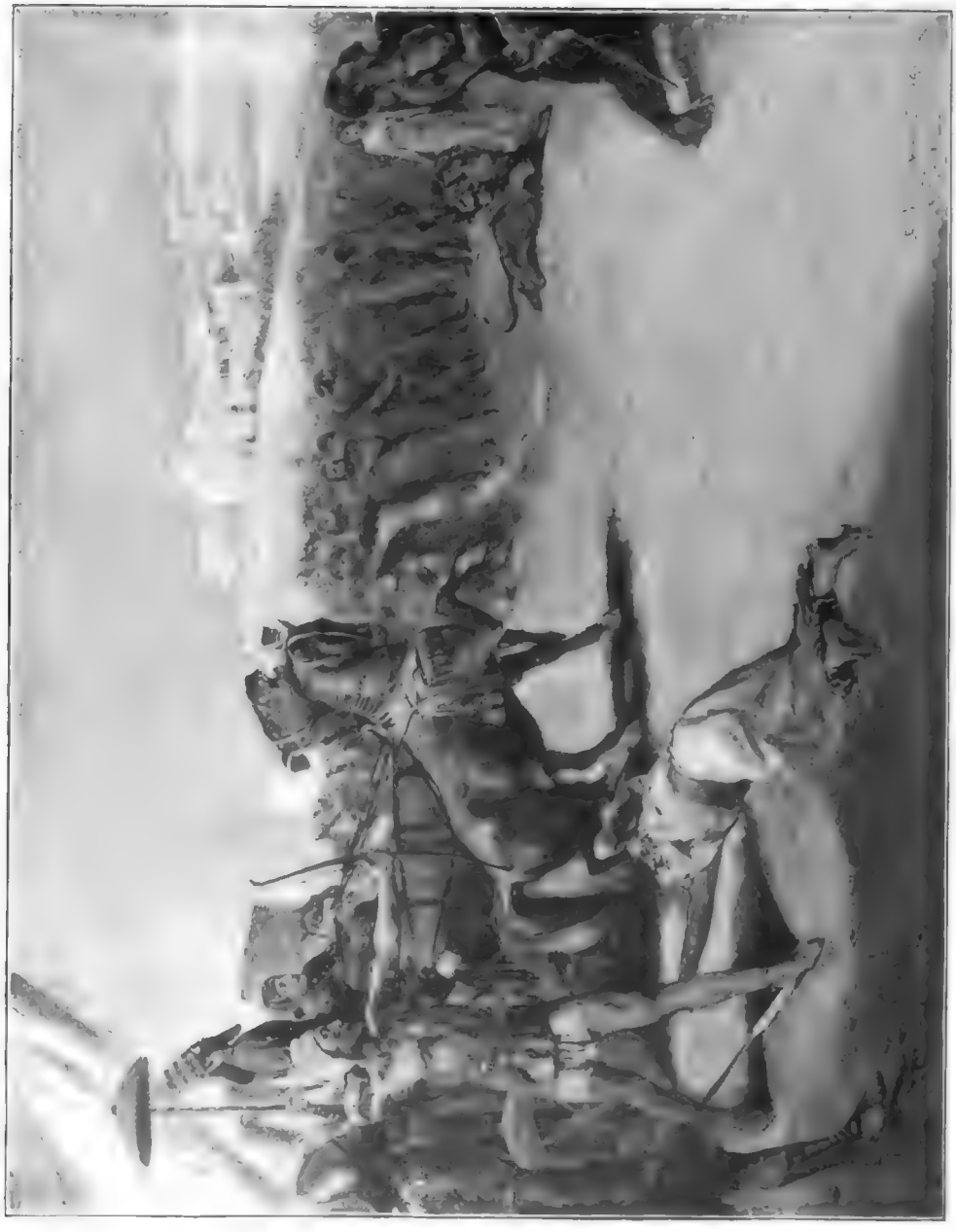

"DARIUS HAD PROVED HIS TITLE, 'KING OF THE BOW'!"

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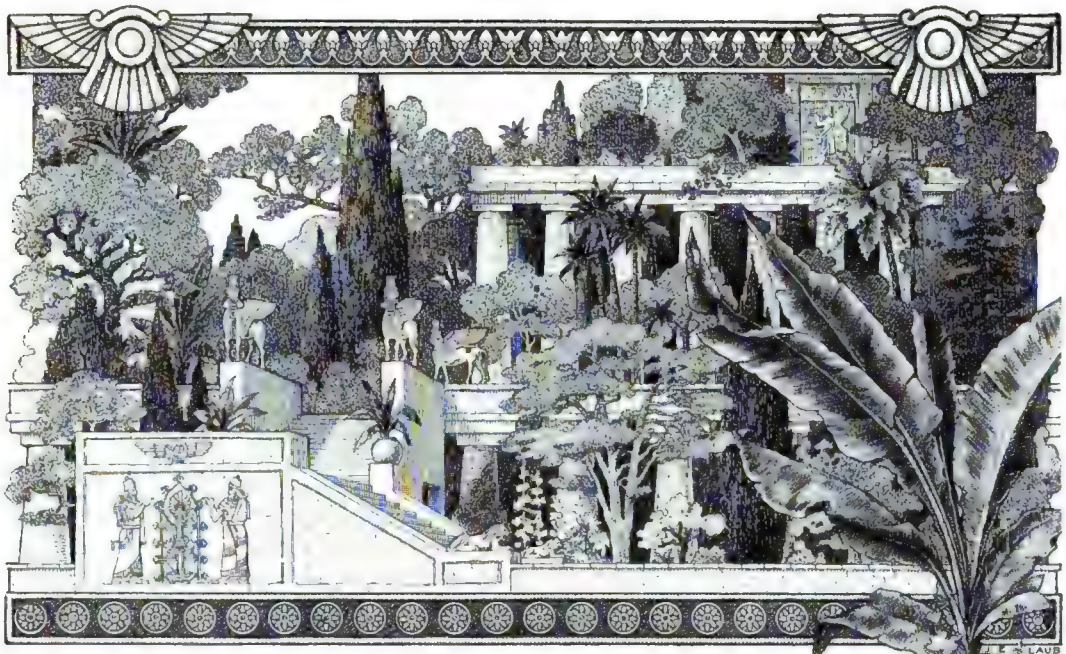

BELSHAZZAR

A TALE OF THE FALL OF BABYLON

BY Wm STEARNS DAVIS

CHAPTER I.

BABYLON THE GREAT.

ON a certain day in the month Airu, by men of after days styled April, a bireme was speeding down the river Euphrates. Her swarthy Phœnician crew were bending to the double tier of oars that rose flashing from the tawny current; and the flute-player, perched upon the upcurved prow, was piping ever quicker, hastening the stroke, and at times stopping the music to cry lustily, "Faster, and faster yet! Thirty furlongs to Babylon now, and cool Helbon wine in the King's cellars!" Whereupon all would answer with a loud "Ha!" and make the bireme leap on like a very sea-horse. Under the purple awning above the poop, other figures were scanning the flying waves, and counting the little mud villages dotting the river-banks. A monotonous landscape;—the stream, the sky, and between only a broad green ribbon, broken by clumps of tassel-like date palms and the brown thatched hamlets. Four persons were on the poop, not counting as many ebony-skinned eunuchs who squatted silently behind their masters. And just as the flute-player blew his quickest, a young man of five-and-twenty rose from the scarlet cushions of his cedar couch, yawned, and stretched his muscular arms.

"So we approach Babylon?" he remarked in Chaldee, though with a marked Persian accent. And Hanno, the ship-captain, a wiry, intelligent Phœnician in Babylonian service, answered:

"It is true, my Lord Darius; in another 'double-hour' we are inside the water-gate of Nemitti-Bel."

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The first speaker tossed his head petulantly: "Praised be Ahura the Great, this river voyage closes! I am utterly weary of this hill-less country. Surely the Chaldees have forgotten God created green mountain slopes, and ravines, and cloud-loved summits."

Hanno shrugged his shoulders.

"True; yet this valley is the garden of the earth. The Nile boasts no fairer vineyards nor greater yield of corn-land. He who possesses a farm here has a treasure better than a king's. Gold is scattered; the river yields eternal riches. Four thousand years, the tablets tell, has the river been a mine of things more precious than gems. And we approach Babylon, rarest casket in all this vast treasure-house."

"All men praise Babylon!" quoth the Persian lightly, yet frowning downward.

"Yes, by Astarte! I have seen India and the Tin Isles, the chief wonders of the world. Yet my heart beats quicker now. A hundred strokes bring us to the first view of the mistress of cities."

But Darius did not answer—only scowled in silence at the foam-eddy under the flying stern. As he stood, a stranger could have noted that his tight leathern dress set off a figure short, but supple as a roe's, with the muscles of a leopard. Fire sparkled in his steel-blue eyes; the smile on his lips, from under his curling, fair beard, was frank and winsome. His crisp blond hair and high forehead were pressed by a gray felt cap, and upon his untanned jacket hung his sole ornament, a belt of gold chains, whence dangled a short sword in an agate sheath. That he was a man of power the first glance told.

After no short stillness the young man turned to his companions. Upon one of the couches lounged a handsome elderly nobleman, dressed in a flowing white and purple robe, and with a felt cap like Darius's; and a lady, clad also in the loose "Median" mantle, beneath which peeped low boots of crimson leather. But her face and shoulders were quite hidden by an Indian muslin veil. Without speaking, Darius stood beside her for so long a time that she broke the silence in their own musical Persian:

"My prince, you grow dumb as a mute. Does this piping desert breeze waft all your thoughts after it? By Mithra! Pharnaces"—with a nod to the old nobleman—"has been a wittier travelling companion."

And, as if to gain a better view, the lady lowered the veil, showing a face very white, save as the blood of health crimsoned behind it, and deep-blue eyes, and hair bound by a gold circlet, though not more golden than the unruly tresses it confined. The lines of her face were soft; but despite the banter on her lips there was none in her eyes. Upon her breast burned a single great topaz, such as only kings' daughters wear.

There was no levity in Darius's voice when he answered:

"Princess Atossa, you do well to mock me. Let Ahura grant forgetfulness of that night in the gardens at Ecbatana, when we stood together, and heard the thrushes sing and the fountains tinkle, and said that which He alone may hear. And now we near Babylon, where Belshazzar will hail you as his bride. In Babylon they will proclaim you 'Lady of the Chaldees,' and I, Darius, son of Hystaspes, must obey Cyrus, your father—must deliver you up, as pledge of peace betwixt Persia and Babylon; must sit at your marriage feast"—with a pause—"must return to Susa, and forget Atossa, daughter of the King."

The lady drew back the veil and answered softly: "Cyrus is King; his word is law and is right. Is he not called 'the father of his people'?"

"Yes, verily," was the bitter reply. "In despair I went to him, and he professed great sorrow for us both. But 'he were unworthy to rule if he set the joy of a daughter and a friend above the peace of his kingdom.' Then he bade me ask any boon I wished, saving your hand; I should have it, though for ten satrapies. And I asked this—'to go as the envoy that should deliver you to Belshazzar.' He resisted long, saying I made the parting more bitter; but I was steadfast. And now"—hesitating again—"we are close to Babylon."

Atossa only looked away, and repeated, "Better to have parted in Susa! We should be learning a little how to forget."

But Hanno, who could not hear her, cried from the steering oar, "Look, my lords and lady! Babylon!" He was pointing southward.

The river bent sharply. Just above the topmost plumes of the palms on the promontory so formed hung a glitter as of fire, pendent against the cloudless blue.

"Flame!" exclaimed Darius, shaken out of his black mood.

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"Gold!" answered Hanno, smiling; "the crest of the queen of *ziggurats*, the uppermost shrine of Bel-Marduk, the greatest temple-tower of the twenty in Babylon." And Darius, fresh from the splendors of Susa, marvelled, for he knew the wondrous shining was still a great way off.

Yet without this bright day-beacon they would have known they approached the city. The shores were still level as the stream, but the palm-groves grew denser. They saw great cedars and tamarisks, blossoming shrubs, strange exotic trees in pleasant gardens, and the splendor of wide beds of flowers. Tiny canals drained away inland. The villages were larger, and beyond them scattered white-walled, rambling farm-houses. They saw dirty-fleeced sheep and long-horned kine; and presently Hanno pointed out a file of brown camels swaying along the river road—a Syrian caravan, doubtless, just safe across the great desert.

But never in her mountain home had Atossa seen a sight like that upon the river. For the Euphrates seemed turned to life. Clumsy barges loaded with cattle were working with long sweeps against the current; skiffs loaded with kitchen produce were drifting southward; and especially huge rafts, planks upborne by inflated skins, and carrying building-stone and brick, were creeping down-stream towards Babylon. In and out sculled little wicker boats, mere baskets, water-tight, which bore a goodly cargo. And, as the bireme swept onward, the boatman gave many a hail of good omen. "Marduk favor you! Samas shine on you!" While others, who guessed the royal passenger, shouted, "Istar shed gladness on the great Lady Atossa!"

So for the moment the young Persians forgot all cares, admiring river and land. All the time the tower of Bel shone with growing radiance. They could see its lower terraces. Around it other *ziggurats*, nearly as high, seemed springing into being, their terraces glowing with the glazed brickwork—gold, silver, scarlet, blue—and about them sprung masses of walls and buildings, stretching along the southern horizon almost as far as the eye could traverse.

Hanno stood smiling again at the wonderment of the Persians.

"Babylon the Great!" he would cry. "Babylon that endures forever!"

And truly Darius and Atossa thought his praise too faint, as they saw those ramparts springing up to heaven, worthy to be accounted the handiwork of the gods.

"Do you say now," asked Hanno, "that the Chaldees have forgotten the hills? Elsewhere the gods make the mountains; in Babylonia men vie with the lords of heaven! You can see yonder the green feathers of the trees in the Hanging Gardens. The great Nebuchadnezzar once wedded Amytis the Mede, who wept for her native uplands. In fifteen days, such was her husband's love and might, he reared for her this mountain upon arches, and covered with every fruit and tree. And this paradise shall be yours, O Lady Atossa!"

"Verily," cried Darius, half bitterly, "on this earth you will enjoy the delights of Ahura's *Garo-nmana*, 'the Abode of Song.'"

But Atossa, shuddering, answered, "Not so; in *Garo-nmana* there is no such word as 'farewell.'" And for a moment her eyes went back to the water. But now Hanno was thundering to his men to back water. A crimson pennant was being dipped on the staff before an ample country house by the river bank, and as the Phœnicians stroked slowly backward, a six-oared barge shot out towards the bireme. Behind the white liveries of the rowers one could see two figures sitting in the stern, and Hanno, with his hawk's eyes, cried again, "I am not deceived. The 'civil-minister' Daniel and the chief of the eunuchs, Mermaza, are coming aboard, as escort of honor, before we reach the city." Darius appeared puzzled. "Daniel?" he asked. "That is not a Babylonian name."

"You are right. His official name is Belteshazzar, but he is by birth a Jew—one from the petty kingdom Nebuchadnezzar destroyed. He has held very high office in these parts. All men honor him, for he is justice and faithfulness itself. The priests hate him because he clings to the worship of his native God Jehovah; but the government, old as he is, continues him as '*Rabsaris*,' the 'civil-minister.' His popularity strengthens the dynasty."

"And the eunuch with him?"

The captain laughed significantly. "There must be like pretty serpents at Cyrus's court. He was born a Greek. Men say he is soft-voiced and soft-mannered, yet with a brain sharp enough to outwit Ea, god of wisdom. But he is nothing to dread; never will dog run more obediently at your heels than will he."

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The boat was near. The two figures in the stern rose, and the elder hailed, 'God favor you, Hanno! Is the Lady Atossa aboard?"

"May Baal multiply your years! She is here, and the Lords Darius and Pharnaces." Then, while the boat drew alongside, the younger of the strangers, who was beringed and coiffured in half-feminine fashion, burst out into a flowery oration, praising every god and goddess for the safety of the princess, for the sight of whose face the King Belshazzar waited impatient as the hungering lion. The need of clambering upon the bireme cut short the flow of his eloquence. Darius had only good-natured indifference for the eunuch, who was, as Hanno said, quite one of his kind—handsome, according to a vulgar mould, rouged, pomaded, and dressed in a close-fitting robe of blue, skilfully embroidered with red rosettes; gold in his ears, gold chains about his neck, gold on his white sandals; the whole adorned with a smile of such imperturbable sweetness that Darius wondered if he were a god, and so removed above mortal hate and grief.

But the Jew was far otherwise. The Persians saw a man past seventy, yet still unbowed by his years; his hair and beard white as the wave-spray; in his dark eyes a bright fire; strength, candor, and wisdom written on his sharp Semitic features. His dress was most plain—a white woollen robe that fell with hardly a fold, a simple leathern girdle, around the feet a fringe of green tassels. He was barefoot, his hair was neatly dressed, but he wore no fillet. Upon his breast hung his badge of office, a cylinder seal of carved jasper, bored through the centre for the scarlet neck-cord.

Daniel had salaamed respectfully; Mermaza brushed his purple fillet on the very deck. The salutations once over, Darius began with a question:

"And is it true, the report we heard at Sippar, that my Lord Nabonidus, the father of my Lord Belshazzar, has been so grievously stricken with madness that he can never hope to be made whole, and that his son must rule for him, as though he were dead?"

Daniel's answer came slowly, as if he were treading on delicate ground. "The rumor is too true. So it has pleased the All-Powerful. Nabonidus is hopelessly mad, the chiefs of the Chaldeans declare. He lies in his palace at Tema. Belshazzar has, seven days since, as the saying is, 'taken the hands of Bel,' and become sole Lord of Babylon."

"And I trust, with Ahura's grace," replied the prince formally, "soon to stand before him, and in my master's name wish his reign all manner of prosperity."

Then, when the ceremonies of greeting were ended, rigidity fled, and the talk drifted to the wonders of the approaching city.

"And was it your own villa that your boat left?" asked Darius; to which the minister answered affably, "My own. As Hanno may have told, I am by birth a Jew; yet our God has blessed me in this land of captivity. I possess a passing estate; it will be a fair marriage portion to my daughter."

"Your daughter? Does God refuse a son?" A shiver and sigh seemed to sweep over Daniel at the question.

"I had three sons. All perished in the strife when Labashi-Marduk fell. They are in Abraham's bosom. Now, in my evening, Jehovah sends me one ewe lamb, Ruth, who now waits for me in Babylon. But, alas! her mother is dead."

"Ahura pity you, good father," protested the Persian, thrilling in sympathy; "in Persia there is no greater woe than to lack a son. You have much to mourn." But the other answered steadily, "And much to rejoice over." Then raising his head, he pointed forward. "See! We are before the great water-gate of the outer wall. The king waits in his yacht inside the barrier. We are sighted from the walls; they raise flags and parade the garrison in honor of the daughter of Cyrus."

Darius gazed not forward, but upward; for though not yet within the fortifications, the walls of brown brick lowered above his head like beetling mountains. The mast of the bireme dwarfed as it stood against the bulwark. Steep and sheer rose the wall, a precipice so high that Darius could well believe Hanno's tale that the city folk boasted its height two hundred cubits. At intervals square flanking towers jutted and rose yet higher, faced with tiles of bright blue and vermilion; and behind this rampart of the gods rose a second, even loftier; while Daniel professed that inside of this ran yet a third, not so high, yet nigh impregnable. As the current swept them nearer they saw the water-gates, ponderous

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cages of bronze, lowered from the towers by ingenious chainwork, ready to drop in a twinkling, and seal all ingress to the "Lady of Kingdoms."

Then, while Darius looked, suddenly the sun flashed on the armor of many soldiers pacing the airy parapets. He heard the bray of trumpets, the clangor of kettle-drums, the tinkling of harps, and soft flutes breathing; while, as the vessel sped between the guardian towers, a great shower of blossoms rained upon her deck, of rose, lily, scarlet pomegranate; and a mighty cheer arose, "Hail, Atossa! Hail, Queen of Akkad! Hail, Lady of Babylon!"

Daniel knelt at the princess's feet. "My sovereign," said he, with courtly grace, "behold your city and your slaves. We have passed the water-gate of Nimitti-Bel; before us lies the inner barrier of Imgur-Bel. Except Belshazzar order otherwise, your wish is law to all Babylon and Chaldea."

And at sight of this might and glory, Atossa forgot for a moment her father and the love of Darius. "Yes, by Mithra!" cried she in awe, "this city is built not by man, but by God Most High."

But Daniel, while he rose, answered softly, as if to himself, "No, not by God. Blood and violence have builded it. And Imgur-Bel and Nimitti-Bel shall be helpless guardians when Jehovah's will is otherwise."

But Hanno had given another shout. Daniel cut short his soliloquy.

"My lady," said the Jew in a changed voice, "the royal galley comes to greet us. Prepare to meet Belshazzar."

CHAPTER II.

BELSHAZZAR THE KING.

WHILE Hanno's bireme glided betwixt the portals of Nimitti-Bel, a second more magnificent galley had been flying upstream to meet her. On the poop, where the polished teak and ivory glittered, stood a group of officers, glorious as the orb of Samas. Here stood Sirusur, the Tartan, commander of the host; here Bilsandan, the Rabsaki, grand vizier; here, proudest of all, Avil-Marduk, whose gray goat's-skin across his shoulders proclaimed him chief priest of Bel, highest pontiff of the kingdom. Tall, handsome men were they all, worthy rulers of the city of cities. But at their centre was no less a person than Belshazzar himself, sovereign lord of "Sumer and Akkad," as myriads hailed him. The monarch sat while his ministers stood round him; yet even on his gold-plated chair Belshazzar seemed nearly as tall as they. The royal dress differed from that of the nobles' only as the embroideries on the close-fitting robes blazed with more than common splendor, and the gems on the necklet would have been the revenues of a petty kingdom. Upon the carefully dressed hair perched the royal tiara, white and blue, threaded with gold, cone-shaped, but the top slightly flattened. There was majesty and force stamped upon his aquiline features; force—and it might be passion—glittered in his dark eye, and shone from the white teeth half hid by the thick black beard. In brief, no diadem was needed to proclaim Belshazzar lord.

Avil-Marduk, a gaunt, haughty man, with a strident voice, was speaking to Sirusur, while the eunuchs behind the king flapped their ostrich fans to keep the flies away from majesty.

"I would give much," quoth he, "to know how long Cyrus will remain blind. We must dissemble to the envoys; chatter peace. By Istar! I wish the Egyptian treaty were signed! Pharaoh's envoy is timorous as a wild deer."

Sirusur laughed dryly. "I have less fear. There are two envoys—Pharnaces, an old nobleman, but the chief is the young Prince Darius. They say his eyes are only for hunts and arrow-heads, after these Persian babarians' fashion. We will give him a great *fête*, and show all courtesy. He will return dazzled to Susa, and tell Cyrus Belshazzar is friendly as his own son."

"Nevertheless," answered Avil cautiously, "be guarded. The Persians forgive twelve murders sooner than one lie. If Darius dreams we ask the marriage treaty but to gain time for an Egyptian alliance and war—" he broke off—"then, my gallant Tartan, you may have chance to prove your valor."

Sirusur shrugged his shoulder. "The power of Cyrus is great. Media and Lydia both swallowed by him; but Babylon, Bel grant, shall prove overlarge in his maw!"

"The ship of the princess approaches," announced Bilsandan. And even Belshazzar arose as the vessel of Hanno swept along-

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side. The king stepped to the bulwarks, the purple parasol of royalty held above his head by a ready nobleman. The nimble Phœnicians lashed the two vessels together, and laid a railed gangway between. Of the Persians, Atossa crossed first, followed by her eunuchs; and as she knelt at the king's feet, she unveiled. Her face was very pale, but marvellously fair in the eyes of the Chaldeans, accustomed to the darker beauty of their own race. Belshazzar spoke to her, his voice deep, melodious, penetrating. "Rise, daughter of Cyrus. Istar grant the white rose of Persia shall bud with new beauty in the gardens of Chaldea!"

Atossa stood with downcast eyes. "I am content to find grace in the sight of my lord," was all she said. Then Darius followed, bowed himself before the king, and delivered the good wishes of his master, to which Belshazzar made friendly reply. After these compliments were ended, and the Babylonians had salaamed before Atossa, Belshazzar commanded the Persians to sit beside him, and affably pointed out each new building as they entered the city.

"Before us, on the left, rises the citadel of Nebuchadnezzar; yonder flashes the brass of the great Gate of Istar; beside the great *ziggurat* of Bel rises that, scarce smaller, of his consort Beltis. These brick quays on either bank extend ten furlongs, yet do not suffice for the shipping. The high walls to the right are of the royal palace, a city in itself, and the forest of the Hanging Gardens is close by. Though all the rest of Babylon were taken," Belshazzar spoke proudly, "a host might rage against the palace in vain."

Darius could only wonder and gaze. The quays were a forest of masts. The houses that crowded the water front rose three and four stories high, were flat-roofed, walled with plastered wicker brightly painted. The windows were very small, and all the buildings were closely thrust together.

"By Ahura!" cried the Persian, "do your people forget the smell of pure air?"

And Belshazzar answered, laughing: "If one would live in Babylon, one must pay his price. Happy the man so rich as to possess a little garden in the midst of the city. As you go south, you find vineyards and country houses inside the walls."

"Verily," declared Darius, "better a reed hut in the forest, and good hunting, than a thousand talents and life in Babylon!"

The frankness and good nature of the Persian seemed contagious. Belshazzar laughed again, heartily.

"Now, by Marduk! you will never covet my kingdom. Tell me, do you love to follow the lion?" The prince's eyes flashed fire.

"What are the joys of Ahura's paradise without a lion hunt before the feasting? Understand, O king, that the name men call me by in Persia is the 'King of the Bow,' for I boast that I have no peer in archery."

"Then, by Nergal, lord of the hunting," swore the monarch, "you shall face the fiercest lions in my preserves in the marshes! And I will learn if a Persian can conquer a king of Babylon in the chase."

"Excellent," exclaimed the Persian. "Babylon and Persia are at peace; they shall test their might on the lord of beasts. And if I am not Cyrus's self, next to him there is none other of my nation that calls me vassal."

But now the water-gate of Imgur-Bel was passed, and while on the left the *ziggurat* of Bel-Marduk lifted its eight terraces to a dizzy height, on the right spread the royal palace, a vast structure, surrounded by a dense park, and all girded by a wall. On the river side the buildings abutted the very shores, rising from a lofty brick-faced terrace; themselves of brick, but splendid with the gilding on the battlements, with the sculptured winged bulls that flanked the many portals, the bright enamel upon their brickwork. Out of the masses of walls sprang castellated towers crowned with gaudy flags, and toward the centre reared a *ziggurat*, the private temple of the king.

For an instant Darius was at Atossa's side as she gazed.

"This is the dwelling of Belshazzar," said he softly, "a great king. Joy to be his wife." But the lady shivered behind her veil.

"He is a great king, but they will never call him, like Cyrus, 'the father of his people.'"

"You will soon forget Persia, happy as mistress in this wondrous city."

"When I have lived ten thousand years I shall forget—perhaps."

They had no time for more. A vast multitude was upon the embankment before

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the palace—white-robed priests, garlanded priestesses, the glittering bodyguard, all manner of city folk. A shout of welcome drifted over the river.

"Hail, King Belshazzar! Hail, Lady Atossa! May your years exceed those of Khasisadra the Ancient!" Then, amid tinkling harps, many voices raised the hymn of praise to Marduk, the conductor of the royal bride:

> "O merciful one among the gods,
> Marduk, king of heaven and earth,
> Mankind, the black-headed race,
> All creatures, and the spirits of the sky,
> Bow down before thee!"

More acclamations, while the staid citizens brandished their long walking-staffs in the air, cheering till the noise dimmed the harping. The royal party disembarked between two files of guardsmen. Chariots awaited. The king mounted the first and nodded to his driver; but just as the charioteer raised the lash, his steeds commenced plunging and rearing almost beyond his control.

Along the brick-paved terrace tugged several lumbering wains, for which great and small made way. As the wagons approached, a low rumble proceeded from them, which set all the chariot horses prancing, and the women and timid burghers uttered low cries and began to mutter incantations. The eyes of Darius commenced to sparkle.

"Lions?" demanded he of his chariot driver. The man answered, scarce reining the horses: "Yes, lord, twelve bull-lions just taken; being sent to Kutha for the king's preserves."

The Persian's nostrils dilated like a charger scenting battle. And as if in answer to his half-breathed prayer, lo! one of the oxen, stung by the goad and fretted by the roarings, commenced to shake his yoke, halting obstinately, and lifting a full-voiced bellow. Instantly his mates answered; the lions' thunders doubled; the wagon-train was halted.

Belshazzar called fiercely to the chief wagoner, "Quiet instantly, or fifty stripes!" His voice was drowned in the roar; the goads on the oxen were useless; the lions began to claw the wooden bars of their cages. "Danger! The wagon topples!" howled the people. But they were so closely pressed that escape was nigh impossible. The soldiers ran to aid the drivers and form before the chariots. Late—the unruly oxen strained their chains. Darius saw the heavy cage totter, fall—a crash, a murk of dust, a noise that thrilled the stoutest, hard wood giving way under harder talons and teeth—then a roar of triumph. Out of the dust he saw a kingly lion bounding, in all his panoply of tawny mane. As the beast leaped, drivers and soldiers sped back like leaves before a gale. The multitude was shrinking, trampling.

"The lion! The lion! Loose! Escape!"

Belshazzar's curse was heard above all else. "Take him alive, or, by Marduk, you are all flayed!" Some guardsmen sprang forward, but the lion, crafty brute, did not fling himself against those breasts of steel. There were bowmen present, but the king stayed their arrows. "Not a shaft. Better ten killed than have him butchered!" The soldiers stood impotent, while the lion ran with low bounds straight into the helpless crowd, that recoiled as at the touch of fire. Belshazzar was in a towering rage. "Nets and hot irons from the palace!" he thundered. "Impalement to all if he escapes!"

The people were screaming, panic-struck; priests were trampling down women; the noise grew indescribable. The other lions dashed against their cages. The brute ran like a great cat down the lane opened through the multitude. A moment, and he would have broken clear and ranged the streets. But from his own side Darius heard a cry of mortal fear. "Jehovah have mercy! Ruth! My daughter!"

In the next chariot stood Daniel, covering his face with his hands. The Persian glanced toward the lion. In the centre of the lane, before the escaping monster, stood a white-clad girl, terrified, shivering, her eyes upon the lion, fascinated by his gaze, held helpless as a dove before the snake. The beast forgot his own perils. Fair prey! The lion sank low upon the earth, and crept by little leaps nearer, nearer. The charming fire in the eyeballs Darius saw not, but he saw the red, lolling tongue, the bristling mane, the great tail undulating at the tip, the paws fit to crush an ox. Daniel was turning away his face.

"Arrows, O king! Shoot! My only one!" pleaded he; but Belshazzar flung back, "What is a maid beside a royal lion! Too far—no bow can carry!"

Many an archer's fingers tightened around

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his bow, but the king's eye was on them. Not a shaft flew. There was a moment's silence, lions and oxen hushed. A low moan seemed rising from the people. The lion had covered twenty of the thirty paces betwixt him and his prey. The maid was quaking, yet her feet seemed turned to stone. Belshazzar stood in his car, no god more splendid, more merciless.

"Pity me, O king!" was Daniel's last appeal. He had leaped down, and grovelled as a worm before the royal car.

"Too late," came the answer, "only Bel's bolt now can save!" What joy to the king to see those lithe limbs in the monster's clutch! But a great cry had broken from Darius.

"No, in the name of Ahura the merciful!" Few saw him bounding from his car, pluck bow and quiver from a soldier. The lion coiled his limbs for the final leap; men saw his body spring as a stone from a catapult; heard a twitter of a bow, and right at the bound the shaft entered the shoulder, cunningly sped. A roar of dying agony, the body dashed upon the pavement at the girl's feet. No second shaft needed —a twitch, a great, bestial groan. Darius had proved his title, "King of the Bow."

But Belshazzar, who had seen the shot but not the archer, blazed out in blind fury, "As Marduk rules, who shot? Impale him!"

Darius stepped beside the royal chariot; his pose was very haughty. "My lord," said he, "I give proof we Persians are fair huntsmen."

Belshazzar's hand went to his sword-hilt, but Darius met the flame in his eyes unflinchingly. By a great effort the king controlled himself, but did not risk speech. The drivers had mastered the oxen, the lions grew still. The people were shouting in delight, "Glory to Nergal! The Persian is peer to the hero Gilgamesh!"

Daniel was kissing Darius's shoes, his voice too choked for thanks. But a young man with a forceful, frank face, a manly form, dressed like Daniel, very simply, came and kissed, not the shoes, but the dust at Darius's feet.

"For life I am your slave, O prince! You have saved me my betrothed!" Then he ran among the people to lead away the girl. Belshazzar ventured to speak.

"How now, Daniel?" ignoring Darius. "By Nergal, your wench has been the death of an African lion! Why here? You keep her locked at home, safe as a gold talent. I have never seen her."

"She was with Isaiah, her betrothed. In the crowd they were swept asunder. The king saw the rest."

Belshazzar was still raging.

"Yes, verily. A rare bull-lion sacrificed for a slip of a wench like her!" Then to the eunuchs: "Run, bring the lass to me. Rare treasure she must prove, to make her more precious than the lion."

Darius saw a fresh cloud on the old Jew's face. In a moment Isaiah and the maid were before the king. Very young and fragile seemed the Jewess. The blood had not returned to the smooth brown cheeks. Her black hair was scattered in little curls, for veil and fillet had been torn away. She looked about with great, scared eyes, and all could see her tremble. She started to kneel before the king, but Belshazzar, regarding her, gave a mighty laugh.

"Good, by Istar! So this is your treasure, Daniel? Not the Egibi bankers possess a greater, you doubtless swear. Stand up, my maid. Bel never made those eyes to stare upon that dusty road. Closer. Look at me, and I vow I will forgive you the lion. There are more in the marshes, but only one daughter of Daniel."

"Look up, child, his Majesty bids you," the old Hebrew was saying, but his face was very grave. Ruth raised her great eyes; her lips moved, as if in some answer, but no sound came. Belshazzar smiled down upon her from his car. Atossa was to be his queen. But when was a king of Babylon denied a maid that was pleasant to his eyes? He turned to Darius.

"Now, by every god, I thank you, Persian. I was about to curse, but your archery saved one beside whom Istar's self must flush in shame. Well are you named 'King of the Bow.'"

Then he gazed again upon the maid. "Mermaza," he commanded, "put the girl in a chariot, and take her to the palace harem. Give her dresses and jewels like the sun. Do you, Daniel, draw fifty talents from the treasury. Not enough? An hundred, then. Fair payment for a daughter—ha!"

Daniel was on his knees before the king. "Mercy! Hear me, my lord. If ever, by faithfulness serving you and your fathers, I gather some store of gratitude——"

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Belshazzar cut him short. "Now does Anu, lord of the air, topple down heaven? What father says to a king, 'Mercy! Give back my daughter'? Oh, presumption! No more, or you forfeit the money."

"The money," groaned Daniel, "the price of my daughter? Kiss the earth, Ruth; and you, Isaiah, entreat the king to forbear."

Belshazzar turned his back. "Fool," he cried, "the money is truly forfeit! Away with her, Mermaza. Great mercy I leave the Jew his life."

But Darius deliberately thrust himself before the king, and looked him in the face. "My lord," he said soberly, "if to any, the girl belongs to me. I saved her, and restore her to her father."

"You beard me thus, Persian, barbarian!" broke forth Belshazzar, again in his wrath. The prince answered him very slowly:

"Your Majesty, in me you see the 'eyes and ears' of Cyrus, lord of the Aryans. What if I report in Susa, 'On the day I delivered Atossa to Belshazzar, he, before her own eyes, showed his esteem for her by haling to his harem a maid chance sent him on the streets'? Would such a tale knit the alliance firmer?"

Avil-Marduk was beside the king in the chariot, and he whispered in the royal ear: "Risk nothing. Dismiss the maid; the eunuchs can watch for her and secure her quietly."

Belshazzar was again calm. His passion was swift; he subdued it more swiftly. "Son of Hystaspes," said he with easy candor, "I am a man of sudden moods. The maid pleased me; but, by Istar, I did not think to insult the princess. Let the Jews go in peace, and to salve their hurts let the treasurer weigh to each ten talents. The Jewess shall sleep safe as a goddess's image in the temple. Enough, and now to the palace."

Darius was received with stately hospitality at the palace. He was told the arrangements made for Belshazzar's bride. The king would give her a great betrothal feast at the Hanging Gardens, but could not wed her for one year; for before marriage she must be taught the religious duties of a queen of Babylon. Darius paced the open terrace of the palace that evening. Below him and all about lay the city of the Chaldees, fair as a vision of heaven, with the white moon riding above the tower of Bel. But the beauty of the city brought no joy. Into the hands of what manner of man had Atossa fallen? The desire of Belshazzar to sacrifice the maiden for the beast, followed by the outburst of carnal passion—how unlike this king to Cyrus, whom the meanest Persian loved! At last, when it had grown very dark, Darius looked about him. No one was near. He lifted his hands toward the starry sky.

"Verily this Babylon is a city of wickedness, and most evil of all is its cruel king. But I am young. I am strong. Belshazzar shall not possess Atossa for one year. And in that year a brave man may do much—much. Help Thou me, Ahura-Mazda, Lord God of my fathers!"

CHAPTER III.

THE YOKE OF THE CHALDEES.

NEAR the meeting of the great Nana-Sakipat Street with Ai-Bur-Schabu Street stood the banking house of the "Sons of Egibi." The long bridge across the river was close by, and in and out the portals of the wide river-gate poured a constant stream of veiled ladies, with their guardian eunuchs, intent on shopping, of donkey boys, carters, pedlars, and priests. Under the shade of the great stone bull guarding one side of the entrance the district judge was sitting on his stool, listening to noisy litigants; from the brass-founder's shop opposite rose the clang of hammers; and under his open booth descended a stairway to Nur-Samas's beer-house, by which many went down and few ascended, for it was hard to recollect one's cares while over the drinking-pots. The Egibis' office, like all the other shops, was a room open to all comers, nearly level with the way, without door or window, but made cool by the green awning stretched across the street in front, and the shadow cast by the high houses opposite. In the office many young clerks were on their stools, each busily writing on the frames of damp clay in their laps with a wedge-headed stylus. Itti-Marduk, present head of this the greatest banking house of Babylon, was a plainly dressed, quiet-speaking man, and only the great rubies in his earrings and the rare Arabian pomade on his hair told

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that, saving Belshazzar, he could hold up his head before any lord of Chaldea. At this moment he was entertaining no less a client than Avil-Marduk, the chief priest, who came, as did all the city at one or another time, to ask an advance from the omnipotent broker. As for Itti, he was angling his fish after his manner, keeping up a constant stream of polite small talk, sending out a lad to bring perfumed water to bathe his noble guest's feet, and yet making it plain all the while that current rates of interest were exceedingly heavy. So at last the agreement was duly signed, and stored away in a stout earthen jar, in the strong room of the cellar, where lay countless jugs of account books. And Itti, to make his guest forget that he had just bargained to pay "twelve shekels on the maneh,"* inquired genially if the recent taking of the omens had chanced to be fortunate. He was met by blank faces both from Avil and his chariot companion, the toothless old "anointer of Bel," Neriglissor.

"The omens are direful," began the latter in a horrified whisper.

"Hush!" admonished the chief priest, "a state secret. To breathe it on the streets would send corn to a famine price."

The banker had pricked up his ears. "I am not curious in matters of state, Marduk forbid! Yet if in confidence I were told anything——"

Neriglissor was only too ready to begin. "The Persians," he whispered, "the Persians! Barbarous dogs! Faugh, I sicken thinking of the strong Median nard the daughter of Cyrus smeared on her hair!"

Itti smiled benevolently. "What Persian can have the delicate taste of a Babylonian? Yet you have not told the omen."

Neriglissor's voice sank yet lower. "These Persians are friends to the Jews, that race of blasphemers. Each nation worships the same demon; though the Jews style him Jehovah, the Persians Ahura-Mazda. Long have the pious foreseen that unless these unbelievers were kept out of Babylon the gods would be angry. Yesterday this Atossa comes to Babylon to be his majesty's queen. Thus we are about to strike hands with the foes of the gods, as if it were not enough to continue the old scoffer Daniel in office. And this morning comes the omen."

Itti was bending over that not a word might escape. Neriglissor continued: "As Iln-ciya the chief prophet and I stood by the temple gate, a band of street dogs, all unawares, strayed past, and entered the enclosure."

Itti started as he sat, forgot his manehs, and began to mutter an invocation to Ramman, while his lips twitched. "Impossible!" was all he could gasp.

"Too true," put in Avil solemnly. "You know the ancient oracle," and he rolled out the formula,

> "'When dogs in the court of a temple meet,
> The hosts of the city face swift defeat.'

"We brought the news to the king. He is all anxiety. There will be a special council and consulting of the oracles. We trust, by laying extra burdens on these stubborn Jews, we can in some measure avert the wrath of heaven. Yet this is a fearful warning, just as his majesty is about to marry a Persian."

Itti was still shaking his head, when an increased din rising from the street warned Avil that there would be no passing at present for his chariot.

"Way! way!" a squad of spearmen were bawling, forcing back the traffickers to either side. The banker and his guests stared forth curiously.

"Way! way!" the shout grew louder, and behind sounded a creaking and a rumbling. The chief priest glanced toward the gate.

"The new stone bull," commented he, "comes from Karkhemish. They landed it above the bridge; now they drag it to the old palace of Nabopalassar, which the king is repairing."

"Then the Jews," remarked Itti shrewdly, "are already being rewarded for their impiety. Has not the labor gang been taken from their nation?"

"You are right," said Avil, "they will fast learn that to keep clear of forced labor they must go to the *ziggurat* and the grove of Istar."

"Strange people," replied Itti, "so steadfast to their helpless god."

"If Marduk gives me life," swore Avil, "I will bend their stiff necks. His majesty promises the indulgence of former reigns shall end forever."

The rumbling in the streets drowned further words. Long before the bull came in sight appeared four long lines of panting men, naked save for loin-cloths, dusty, sul-

* Twenty per cent. annually.

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len. Each man tugged at a short cord, made fast in turn to one of the four heavy cables stretching far behind them. At times the march would come to dead halt; then every back would bend, and at a shout from the rear the hundreds would pull as one, and start forward with a jerk. The laggards were spurred on by the prick of the lances of the spearmen outside the lines, or felt the staffs of the overseers who walked between the cables. Young boys ran in and out with water jars, and now and then a weary wretch would drop from the line to gulp down a draught, and run back to his toil. So the long snake wound down the street, groaning, panting, cursing. Last of all thundered the bull. The stone monster was upon a boat-shaped sledge, itself the height of a man. Busy hands laid rollers before it. To steady its mass, men ran beside, holding taut the cords fixed to the tips of the huge wings. On the front of the sledge stood the guards captain, bellowing orders through a speaking trumpet. The bull reared above him to thrice his height. Last of all came many toiling from behind, with heavy wooden levers.

"Ah, noble Avil," called the guards captain, "who would say the chief priest makes way for Igas-Ramman, captain of a fifty?"

And Avil, recognizing a friend, called back: "Beware, or I beg your head of the king! Make the Jews give full service."

"They shall, by Nabu!" And Igas trumpeted: "Faster now! Wings of eagles, feet of hares, or your backs smart!"

The overseers' blows doubled, the bull swayed as it leaped forward, but suddenly Igas cursed. "Now, by the Maskim, foul genii of the deep, what is this? Down again, worthless ox!"

An old man had fallen from line. Overcome by weariness he lay on the stone slabs, while the strokes of the overseers' staffs made him writhe. Rise he could not. Neriglissor recognized him.

"A Jew named Abiathar, a great blasphemer of Marduk. Ha! Smite again, again!"

Igas leaped into the throng, waving a terrific Ethiopian whip of rhinoceros hide. At the second blow blood reddened the flags. The Hebrew groaned, tried vainly to rise.

"Beast," raged Igas, swinging again, "you shall indeed be taught not to lag!"

The great whip whisked on high, but just as it fell, a heavy hand sent the captain sprawling. Young Isaiah stood above the prostrate Igas, his eyes burning with righteous wrath, his form erect.

"Coward! You will not strike twice a man of your own age!"

The spearmen stood blinking at Isaiah in sheer astonishment. Igas crawled to his feet; rage choked the curses in his throat, then flowed forth a torrent of imprecations. In his wrath he forgot even to call for help.

"Beetle!" howled he, bounding on Isaiah. But the Jew had caught the whip, lashed it across the guards captain's shoulders, and raised a smarting welt. Then at last all leaped on the intruder, but he laid about as seven, till a stroke of a cudgel dashed the whip from his grasp; he was carried off his feet, overpowered, bound. Around the motionless bull a tumultuous crowd was swelling, when a squad of red-robed "street-wardens" hastened up to arrest the peace breakers.

"High treason against the king!" Igas was screeching. "His head off before sunset!" But the police rescued Isaiah from the spearmen, and their chief urged:

"Softly, excellent captain, he must be tried before the judge."

"A Jew! A Jew!" shouted many. "Away with him! Strike! Kill!"

The multitude seemed growing riotous, and ready to attack the police, when a new band of runners commenced forcing a passage.

"Way! way! for the noble Persian Darius and the Vizier Bilsandan!" was the cry; but to the astonishment of those in the banking house, they saw the young envoy leap from his chariot and plunge before his escort into the crowd. Dashing back the mob with sturdy blows from his scabbard, he was in an instant beside the Jew. For a moment few recognized him. Igas thrust at him with a lance, a quick thrust, yet more quickly had Darius unsheathed and struck off the spearhead. "Treason! Rebellion! A plot!" shouted a hundred. The police endeavored to arrest the new offender. "Death to the Jews!" rang the yell, as many hands were outstretched. But the Persian had released Isaiah, and thrust a cudgel in his hands. His own sword shone very bright.

"Guard my back!" commanded he, and braced himself. The crowd cut him off from his escort.

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Avil cried vainly across the deafening tumult.

"Hold, on your lives! Will you murder the Persian envoy?"

There was a rush, a struggle; those thrust against Darius shrank back howling, all save two, who had tasted his short sword.

In the respite following, Bilsandan had forced himself to the envoy's side. Mere sight of the vizier was enough to enforce quiet.

"Peace, dogs!" thundered Bilsandan. "Why this tumult?"

Darius had sheathed his sword, but looked about smiling—joy to show these city folk the edge of Aryan steel.

"I struck only in self-defence," quoth he to the vizier. "You saw the cruelty of this scorpion. Isaiah deserves reward for avenging the old man. I will mention the evil deed of this captain to the king. We Persians hold that he who reveres not the gray head will still less reverence the crown."

Igas was falling on his knees before Darius. Well he knew Belshazzar would snuff out his life so cheaply to humor the envoy of Cyrus, if only Darius asked it. But the Persian laughed good-naturedly, forced him to swear he would pay old Abiathar ten manehs, for salve to his stripes, and the king should hear nothing about it. As for Isaiah, spearmen and police were glad to leave him at liberty. They bore the two wounded away. Darius was about to return to the chariot in which Bilsandan had been driving him about the city, but gave Isaiah a last word. "By Mithra, I love you, Jew! You are like myself, swift as a thunderbolt, striking first and taking counsel later."

"Jehovah bless you again, my prince!" cried the other. "How may I repay? They would have taken my life."

But Darius was gone. The bull lumbered on its way. Isaiah alone remained to help home the wretched Abiathar. As he bargained with a carter to take him to his home on the Arachtu Canal, Avil-Marduk called from the banking house: "Praise Bel, Hebrew, you are not on the way to execution! Be wise. I love men of your spirit. Enter our service at the *ziggurat*, and, by Istar, you may wear the goat's skin in my place some day!"

Isaiah held up his head haughtily. "I would indeed enter the service of a god—not of Bel-Marduk, but of Jehovah. I am a Jew, my lord."

Avil smiled patronizingly. "Excellent youth, you are too wise to think I do not set your wish at true value. No offence, but where does Jehovah rule to-day? Fifty years long we have used the dishes from his temple at your village of Jerusalem, in our own worship of Bel-Marduk. Your god is helpless or forsakes you; no shame to forsake him."

Isaiah bowed respectfully. "Your lordship, we gain little by debate," replied he, and said no more, but walked beside the wagon until Abiathar was safe at his little house by the great western canal. Then he left him, and went in the bitterness of his spirit to the palace of Daniel, near the Gate of Beltis in the inner city.

Like all Babylonian gentlemen, the civil minister had an extensive establishment, though the exterior was gloomy and windowless. When Isaiah had entered the narrow gate he found himself in a spacious court, surrounded by a two-story veranda, upborne on palm trunks. In the court were ferns, flowers, and a little fountain; an awning covered the opening toward the sky. In a farther corner maid-servants were pounding grain and sitting over their embroidery. Isaiah entered unceremoniously, but just at the inner door met Daniel himself with one or two servants, as if waiting for a chariot to be made ready.

A single glance at the official's face was enough to tell Isaiah that Daniel needed to be burdened with no troubles beyond his own.

"My father," cried the younger man affectionately, "what has befallen? Where are you going?"

Daniel's grave face became a shade graver when he answered:

"To Borsippa, to my good friend Imbi-Ilu, chief priest of Nabu, to see if he can give sanctuary to Ruth."

"Merciful Lord God!" came from Isaiah. "For Ruth? Where is danger?"

"The king's promise to Darius was a lie." Daniel spoke softly; he could not even trust his Jewish servants. "I have many friends in the palace, and they warn me that Mermaza, the chief eunuch, is even now lying in wait to kidnap the girl, if only he may do it quietly, and nothing blow into the Persian's ears."

Isaiah staggered as he stood. "We have Belshazzar's promise," he protested.

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"Promise? Belshazzar will let few oaths stand betwixt him and a passion. Avil-Marduk urges him each day to ruin me and mine. The Jews are to be driven to the *ziggurats* like swarms of cattle, and forced to blaspheme Jehovah. If no succor comes we shall forget our God and be merged with these Babylonians. Before a peril like this the dangers of a few of us are but dust on the threshing floor. But this is an old danger to you."

"And there is *no* hope?" groaned Isaiah despairingly. Daniel plucked him by the mantle, and led him one side.

"I am watched and suspected, you are young and of less account. To-night the king gives a great feast at the Hanging Gardens in honor of his bride and the Persian envoy. Contrive to see Darius in secret. You must act to-night, for none can tell when we shall be all in prison and helpless. Tell him that I, Daniel, who knows all the king's secrets, though they think it not, say the treaty is a snare for the feet of Cyrus. The hand of Atossa was asked to lull him into security. Belshazzar negotiates with Amasis, the Egyptian, for a league against Persia, and Babylonish agents sow sedition in Media and Carmania. Belshazzar is collecting troops and munitions. His bolt will fall as lightning from a smiling sky."

The young Jew was indeed startled. "Jehovah omnipotent! I did not dream this."

Daniel laughed bitterly. "Fifty years long have I served the kings of Babylon, faithfully as a born subject, nor betrayed one secret. My fealty ends now. Cyrus's gratitude, and the Persians' might—the Persians who worship the one God like ourselves—these are the only hopes. Farewell now. Guard Ruth till, the Lord granting, I return from Borsippa."

So Daniel departed, and Isaiah was left fearful, yet in a strange way possessed of hope. Darius was his friend. Darius, he felt, though no reason appeared, was the enemy of Belshazzar. Why might not Jehovah raise up this prince, as a second Moses, to lead His people out of their new and more grievous bondage?

(*To be continued.*)

THE TEMPTATION OF EZEKIEL.

By U. L. Silberrad,

Author of "Princess Puck," "The Lady of Dreams," "The Enchanter," etc.

IT was during the days of the blessed fast, while spring was still very young, that the stranger came to the priory. A mendicant friar, a man of some standing he must have been, for the good Father received him as an honored guest, a rare thing and contrary to his wont. Ezekiel knew nothing of this, being under a vow of silence with the brethren, a Lenten penance, though but a small matter to him, seeing that he was a man little given to speech. So it befell that he knew not that any stranger was come until he saw him as he was about to leave the chapel when vespers had been said.

Then it was, when he raised his eyes, he beheld the mendicant, and lo! he was looking upon him steadfastly. And as he looked a strange feeling as of a vision grew upon Ezekiel; it seemed as if the eyes of this man saw into his soul, and seeing, smiled. For a space, while one might count ten, they two so gazed. Then Ezekiel went out with the brethren, but in his heart he knew it was he whom the mendicant had come to seek.

Far into the night did the good Prior sit, wrapt in deep converse with his guest, holy perchance, perchance not.

The devil is never without his own, and though the black art lay a-dying outside the Church, within one may not speak. Only, let it be said, the good Father was a learned man.

In the darkness Ezekiel lay in his cell watching. "It is a vision," he said; "the man has no message for me," and the night drew close. At midnight the great bell tolled, and he went forth to the chapel to pray. Brother John was there, and An-

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drew; none other. Each prayed and went, but Ezekiel stayed, and the night drew yet closer. Deep silence lay low among the pillars; the world all slept, Ezekiel only woke and prayed—prayed till it seemed he must look up; then it was he saw the mendicant waiting in patience to speak with him.

"I have come for thee, brother; wilt go?"

So he spoke; but Ezekiel only gazed, still kneeling.

"Come," he said, drawing nearer, while from his bosom he took somewhat. In the small light from the shrine Ezekiel saw it was the sign of the abomination, yet he was not greatly afraid.

"Thou hast adored it in secret; now proclaim thyself to them that worship like to thee. There is no fear; more priests and pontiffs than thou wottest of bow the knee to Baphomet. The brotherhood is great; our father the Prior will speed thee with blessing and honor."

But Ezekiel shook his head. "I cannot come," he said. "I cannot worship. I am under a vow to other service; verily, moreover, there can be no god but God."

It was then that the wind arose and swept down upon the building with a sound as of great wings. Even by some means it entered the holy fane and wailed high up in the roof, which was like to interlaced branches, and low down among the slender pillars, which were like to the stems of pine trees. Then did Ezekiel fear greatly, for he called to mind the gods of elder days whom men now named "devils," to whom the world outside the church was given up. And as he so minded, it seemed to him that the chapel passed away, or rather became a forest, the pillars pine trees in very deed, the roof overarching branches, a grove such as those in which his forbears had bowed to the Spirit of the storm. And wonder grew in his mind, overspreading fear; a wonder whether in truth the old gods were dead, banished to the nether world, whether in truth the Christ lived and reigned, whether God were great as the devil. And the wonder was no new thing. It had been in his mind oft before, when he conned the learned page, reading between the lines that which the simple could not know; when he stood in the sacred shrine, seeing in the holy rites that which the brothers did not see; when he thought on his own dark soul and the altars twain raised thereon.

Who might tell if the gods still lived? Deep in the wind he heard their voices; loud in the many-tongued sea came the sound of them. If not they, who rode the storm-horses? Who hurled the lightnings and piled clouds to battle? They lived! They lived! And he was free with them, free as his fathers were, free from the Church and cloisters! Free from this God of Love, God of Priests, this swinging of censers and singing of chants long-drawn, monotonous. Free for the woods with the gods olden!

And for a great while the mendicant watched. It may have been that he saw into the mind of Ezekiel; one cannot tell. At last he touched him, holding forth once more the sign of the abomination. Thus did Ezekiel wake to himself and see all round the dim pillars and feel above, pressing as it were upon him, the weight of the dark arches, while ever before faintly shone the sign. And it came to pass at that time a knowledge grew in his mind, slowly, as the light grows at the coming of the day—the knowledge that the old gods were in truth dead, that that which was called by their names was they no longer, the sign of the abomination was not the sign of Him whom his fathers had worshipped in the groves, but rather of some newer evil called by an ancient word.

And the mendicant read his mind, and after a season, how great or how small Ezekiel did not know, he spoke, saying unto him, "The old gods are dead?"

And he answered "Yea."

"Thou wilt then remain within the Church, believing in God and in Him only?"

And again he answered "Yea."

"Apostate! Thou dost not believe! With thy lips thou doest service, but in thy heart thou dost not believe this God of Masses, this Christ of Candles. Is He greater, thinkest thou, than he who rules the storm, he who rides the pale sea-horses? It is in thy heart to serve the Light-Bringer. Fain wouldst thou have knowledge—knowledge which the Church names 'Sin.' Yet wilt thou bow to this God of closed books, of latched doors. Thinkest thou He will live?"

"Yea. Till comes a better. The old gods of a truth are dead. What, then, is left? Though I like not greatly all things appertaining unto this new, yet perchance there comes a time when the daylight will fall even here as under open heaven. Until such time I must e'en wait. for, of a surety,

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I know thou hast not to give that which is better."

"Thou wilt wait long, brother, long, and wilt fret thyself in the waiting; for this curse is laid upon thee—*Thou must think*. For that reason I will see thee again; till then, remember me by this."

It was not till cock-crow that Ezekiel knew the token put upon him. At that hour Brother John came again to pray with Andrew, they two being under a vow. Seeing that they found Ezekiel still there, John saith, "Truly our brother is an holy man."

But Andrew answered, "I know not. The form of his countenance is changed this night. Moreover, there is a sign upon his hand—sawest thou it? On the right hand it is, very clear and strange. I cannot tell what these things may mean."

So speaking they passed on, for they had now left the chapel, not marking that Ezekiel was behind them; but he stayed, hearing what they said, and when they were departed he drew to the light. The dawn was about breaking, though the day had not yet come; the sky was like to a new polished shield, the great wind of the night having swept away the clouds of yesterday. So Ezekiel drew near to the light, standing between the pillars, for he was in the cloisters, and looked down upon his hand. There he saw, drawn small and cunningly, as if in blood, the head of a goat bearing between the horns a flaming torch. And he knew it was the secret sign of the soldier monks, and knew also that He whom they served had sealed it there. In those days the devil did sometimes appear unto men, speaking with them and forcibly persuading them, for he was of great power then, not as now, when none can say whether there be such an one or not.

And Ezekiel knew the devil had been with him that night; yet could he not then find it in his heart to thank the Lord. Though he had been delivered from so vast an evil, he was very weary. The day was breaking over the great marsh which lay betwixt him and the sea. An easterly wind came up before the sun, very salt from the ocean. It kissed all the runnels and pools of standing water till the face of the whole land smiled. And there arose in Ezekiel's heart but one wish—to be as the earth was, as the gulls rising to salute the day, as the little weeds growing in the slime; to be no more within closed walls, rather to lose himself in the sea, to go back to the still world whence he came. For the old gods were gone, and this "Christ" he but little knew, and his heart ached, for it was bound to the heart of the ocean. So verily it seemed it were good if he were dead.

Doubtless this also was a temptation of the devil.

Yet for all that the Lord was merciful unto Ezekiel, and about the feast of the great St. Michael did visit him. It befell in this wise. At that feast the good Prior made unto the brethren a homily on the angels—very proper. But the Prior had not the gift of tongues; his speech was not eloquent, nor altogether very wise. The brethren were not greatly troubled thereby, for they were holy men and brought not the ways and thinkings of the world to bear on matters of the Church. But Ezekiel, who carried with him the devil's curse, *Thou must think*, did think of it, even as if it had been a matter of this world.

So it came to pass that night, as he thought, judging the words of the good Prior, that he said in his heart, "This is folly." And even as he so said, the might of the Lord swept down upon him and the power of the Holy Ghost overshadowed him so that something sprang to life in his soul, a great thing that rose within him, making him to fear utterly, and yet, withal, to rejoice. And for a while he sat as one stricken. Afterwards he slept, for as yet he scarce knew that the gift from God was the power of utterance, being, as it were, almost in fear and shame of it. But on the night that followed he knew it more fully; then, while others slept, he rose, and in the silence of his cell he, too, made a homily on the angels, even as the Prior had done; not like unto the good Father's, but very beautiful and wonderful. It was not for naught the curse of thought had been laid upon him. He had thought much and long, and now, most marvellously, he uttered those things on which he had thought, and yet other things, also, which he did neither think nor believe, but which were, nevertheless, very beautiful and goodly to hear.

Then did Ezekiel rejoice, not so much that he was highly favored of God, but because this was to him as the breaking of bonds and the loosening of cords. Also because it was very good to feel the might of his own power when the thoughts arose within him and came forth in beautiful shape. But of this

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gift he told no one, speaking only in the night time, when there was none but the rats to hear. It is said, during the nights of that autumn, that the rats gathered in great numbers to hear him preach. Of this one may not speak with surety. If it be true, doubtless they profited greatly. Nevertheless there arose in Ezekiel's mind a fear that this was not altogether righteous. Then he said, "It is born of the Holy Ghost," and was at peace for a time. Afterwards, when the matter troubled him afresh, he strove to make a bargain with the Lord, saying, "I will give Thee the daytime, give Thou me the night; I will do penance for this happiness, much penance; I will live very holy." Thus did he do, living so holy that the brethren looked upon him with wonder and envy; and for one hour in the night, or two, or peradventure it was three, he was happy after his own fashion, saying, furthermore, to himself, "Doubtless the brothers, when they are alone, satisfy, each one according to his sort, the desires of their nature. I but satisfy mine."

Now it came to pass, at the joyful season of the Nativity, there arose a discussion among the brethren as to the land from which the Wise Men of the East did journey to Bethlehem. Those who were learned among the brothers spake what they knew; but Ezekiel sat silent, till one, knowing him to be well instructed in Eastern lore, and indeed in all learning, prayed him to tell them what was in his mind. Then did he rise up in his place and speak as none before had spoken since the priory was raised to the glory of God, and as none hereafter will speak while one stone is left upon another. And the brethren sat as if they had been stone, not able to look but upon Ezekiel, not able to think but as he would, smitten with astonishment at the beauty of his words and the music of his utterance.

There were two strangers in the priory that day, Dominicans; they also were present at the time of the speaking. At night time one of the twain came, brought even by the Prior himself, to converse with Ezekiel in his cell. When he was come in and the door closed upon them he said many things pleasant to hear, urging upon Ezekiel that he should not hide his so great gift, but rather that he should come forth and preach to the glory of God and the advancement of the Church.

At these words Ezekiel's heart leaped within him. To come forth into the world was pleasing unto him. To preach—ah, it was, beyond words, happiness! To have folks listen as one man! To-day for the first time he had felt it, and even as he thought, in his mind he saw the listening faces and heard the deep drawing of the bated breath, felt the throb when the heart of the multitude answered to the heart in his breast. It would be well! He could tell things so beautiful, so beautiful—not always true, yet so good to hear.

But if not true, how good to hear? Might a man speak that which he did not believe?

And the Dominican, answering his thought, said: "Yea, verily, for the glory of God. Of a surety these things are what thou shouldst believe, wilt believe by-and-by."

But Ezekiel shook his head. The Dominican laughed. "Aye, wilt believe by-and-by; a man believes many things in his day—perchance now thou believest I am the devil?"

"It is possible thou art."

"Possible? Then for that thou wouldst fear to-come with me?"

"Nay, not for that. I care not for thee even if thou art he."

Then the Dominican laughed again. "That is well spoken," he said. "Thou dost not care nor fear; thou dost not greatly fear God nor devil. And since thou dost not, were it not well to choose for thyself, when in the doing thou canst glorify the one, and, peradventure, please the other? Then shalt thou stand well with both, and, moreover, train thy great gift, living as a man should live."

And Ezekiel thought a while, but in the end answered him "Nay," heavily, saying: "I reck not if I glorify God or please the devil. It matters not; I understand none of these things. This only matters, that I speak no lies; for my own self's sake I will not lie. Therefore, if so be thou art devil, go, for I will no more lie. And if so be thou art not devil, still go, for I can no more preach."

"Aye, brother, I will go, but thou shalt see me yet again. In the meantime thou wilt find the world but an ill place for a man who will speak only that which is true. A man, moreover, to whom the Lord has given the gift of utterance and the devil the gift of thought."

Then the Dominican left him, and Ezekiel kneeled down and prayed after a fashion in

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which he had not prayed before—"God, from a long way off, take Thou this gift from me,—take it,—dost Thou hear?"

And there was a great stillness in the land at that hour, as if God and the angels all slept, as if even the devils slept too; only the snow fell softly, softly.

Now the priory was a fair building, and passing rich; it stood stately, with lands, orchards, and cornfields on three sides, but on the fourth, in those days, the marsh extended to the margin of the sea. The marsh was salt, so that nothing, excepting only some small weed, grew thereon, and so exceeding soft that none might pass over it save only by the path, and, indeed, not even by that when the flood tide was high. In the midst of the marsh, far from the priory, there rose one piece of dry land. A holy man had lived hermit there in the days gone by. His cell yet remained, serving, if for naught else, to mark the way for the country folk, who would fain cross the marsh. The path did traverse the soft land and pass by the cell, going from near to the priory even unto the village, which lay on firm earth on the other side, much nearer unto the sea. For this marsh was as a bite that the sea had taken from the land and could not all hold, but would not all resign, very curious.

Now it came to pass, when spring was again in the land, that Ezekiel's blood stirred in his veins, and his heart within him yearned to be free. It is not easily that a man learns to subdue a great gift, neither doth the Lord answer prayers in haste. It was, then, after much wrestling, that Ezekiel bethought him of the cell, and in due season he made petition to the good Prior that he might live hermit. And the Prior, mindful of his godly living, his great austerity and many penances, did give permission. So, after preparation with praying and fasting, he dedicated himself unto a life of solitude and holy contemplation.

Thus it was that Ezekiel came to abide in the cell amidst the marshland, and so abiding, for a time found peace. None came to him there save only the few folk who would pass that way, and they looked upon him with reverence, knowing his holy life. But for the most part he was alone, naught around but the stretching land and the stretching sky, with ever the ceaseless murmur of the sea in his ears. "Truly a man can serve God better here," he said, and he did serve with prayer and contemplation. But it may be more than the God of Heaven he served—a god of earth, a god of wind and sea waves, of sunshine smiles, and dreaming marshland. For so did he love these things that soon he knew them better than his breviary; knew every cloud that came, every wind that blew, every shadow that crept up over the land, and every tone of storm or calm that spoke in the sea voice. Each gull and sea-mew was his friend, each peewit and great black goose. Oft did he speak to them, answering their calls so that they came to him, fearless.

It was at this time that among the folk who would cross the marsh was one, Judith, a woman not yet of much age, though no longer a young damsel. It was very oft she would go, for she bided with her father hard by the priory, and her grandmother, a woman well stricken in years, had her dwelling in the village beyond the marsh. So she came and went, but Ezekiel noted her not, it being contrary to his vows to look upon women; moreover, he had no desire.

But one even, as she returned, it befell he did look upon her, unthinking, his mind elsewhere, and as he looked, unseeing, gradually his soul woke within him, so that he did see and his eyes sought hers. Then there went through him, as it might be, a sword, a fire that kindled his vitals, so that he trembled exceedingly and his hands became wet with sweat. And he stood like one amazed, a great fear and a great joy striving within him, the while his heart beat terribly and his inward parts were moved.

And it was about the time of sunsetting. The clouds had caught the smile of the dying sun; the air was very full of gold. They two stood a space as if wrapped in a mantle of light. Then Judith bowed her head and passed on.

But Ezekiel sought his cell and spent the night in prayer and fasting, not able to look up for shame. Yet in his heart he knew he was glad it had befallen thus. Even though it was sin and bitter shame, still it was passing sweet. And for days did he hide himself when Judith came that way, but after a season he said, "I have not sinned; why should I not look? My heart is pure; I desire nothing." After that time he did look, very oft. Never again did the fire pass through him; yet was each look a thing of great gladness, and, withal, holy. And in those days the whole earth blossomed for

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him, the myriad voices of the land and sea and sky sang carol, earth and heaven kept holiday. Then did it seem as if God had come to dwell among men, and as if in some dim way this weary one might find Him too. Eagerly in those days did Ezekiel stretch forth feeble hands, reaching that he might lay hold of God.

But of these things none spoke; neither of these twain spoke, the one to the other. And the summer waxed and waned; the days of harvest came upon the land, and even the days when the fields are bare and the skies are pale and low, when the orchard tree shakes himself, and our fathers say the little elves fly away on the brown oak leaves. And to these followed the days of storm and wind, when the white mist crept upon the marsh at morn and even, when the tempest shouted loud o'nights and the sea moaned without ceasing. It befell in those last days that Judith crossed to tend her grandmother, who then lay near her death. And when she would return, lo! the waves, being driven of a mighty wind, were coming up over the marshland. Then did she hasten with all speed, and even with much danger might hardly reach the dry land by the cell. There she stayed a breathing space, gazing fearfully upon the path she must take, and anon glancing behind her, where in the twilight the gray waves leapt white-mouthed upon the soft fen land. And as she gazed Ezekiel opened his door to look out upon the gathering tempest. When he saw her he was overcome of astonishment. Then for the first time he spoke to her.

"Hast thou crossed to-night?"

And she answered "Yea," but she called him not "Father," as was custom. Peradventure her heart called him otherwise. It is said she was a woman much given to truth.

Then did Ezekiel look towards the priory, and after a space said, "Thou canst not go farther."

And Judith looked too, and she knew that she might not go with safety, yet she said "I know not," and gathered her black hair with her hands, for the wind blew it to her eyes.

Ezekiel waited a time, for he feared even while he was glad; but at last he said, "Thou must even bide here. Enter," and he held the door open for her, and she, after she had stayed as if in doubt, did enter, and he closed the door upon them both. Then he kindled a fire and set a stool, bidding her dry herself the while he prepared food. But he did not eat with her, neither did he speak, and when all was done he betook himself to the far end of the cell and conned a book of prayer.

Without, the tempest howled and the waves snarled angry and the sea birds screamed ever and anon, till to Ezekiel it was as if the souls of the damned were abroad that night. But in his own soul there was strife—greater than the strife of the elements. And at last he turned from his book to Judith, and behold, when he looked upon her, she was even looking upon him! And in her eyes there was that he had never seen before, that he had sought unknowing, that which is heaven and worship and man's best heritage. Aye, is God himself, and the law, and the fulfilling thereof.

"Beloved!"

His voice was low and exceeding tender, for he was a man given to worship, and he knew the love of a good woman is more holy than the vessels of the Church. And for a moment Judith started as if shamed; then did she put shame aside and said, speaking low also, "Aye 'beloved,' even so."

Then Ezekiel left his book and came and stood over against her.

"My love and my life," he said, breathing the words into the darkness of her hair. "My star, my soul, my all!"

But she turned from him, crying as if in anguish, "Stay! These things cannot be! Thou art pledged to the service of the Church; thou mayest not look upon woman!"

"I am pledged to the service of God," he answered her, "and I may look upon woman if I look with pure eyes and a clean heart. I have prayed unto God oft and with great earnestness, prayed that He would show me Himself, for I knew Him not, and now He is revealed unto me, for God is love. Until such time as I loved thee I knew not what love was, what God was. The world lay dim and dark about me, but now is the sun risen, now hath the light come, for thou art come, O Soul of my Soul!"

And Judith rose and put her hand into his, and he, holding it, said, "Thou fearest me not?"

And she answered him, "Nay, I fear thee not; this is a holy thing."

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Then he knelt down before the hearth and drew her beside him, and for them both he said: "God, we thank Thee that Thou hast shown Thyself unto us, that Thou hast come close to us and blessed us. Dear Father, we thank Thee very much in that Thou hast given us this best, greatest gift. And now that we have found each the other, and Thee in each, and Thee in all, we will die or live even as Thou willest, for we know that Thou art with us, now and for evermore."

Without, it seemed, the old gods held high festival—the gods of the wind and sea foam, the gods of night and storm. They it was who circled about the cell to sing anthem to this troth, to chant "amen" to this prayer.

And once Judith whispered "Hark to the wind! I fear me, I fear me for the wind and the sea!"

"Fear not, beloved; there is naught to dread," and her voice was hushed.

And again she said, "There is water about my feet; the sea hath entered here."

"Then must thou come to my arms, beloved; then thou wilt not fear," and her voice was hushed on his breast.

"It is as if spirits were out this night; I hear them in the storm."

"Fear not for them, beloved; I reck not for man or devil. God have I found, and thee. Naught else is here but thou and me; naught else but the good God above us—the God who holds the world. Fear not, for all is God, night and storm, and the day that shall dawn. Fear not, for since we have found Him, come life, come death, there is no room in our hearts for dread."

"Nay, then, I fear not; in life, in death, in earth and heaven and hell, now and for ever, I am thine."

And the devil heard those words, for he was abroad that night. Yet he entered not the hermit's cell. "This love is not of me," he said, "though whence it cometh I cannot tell; of a surety it is not of the Church and cloister."

None can tell at what hour the mischief befell, though certainly it was before midnight, for but little after then the Prior looked forth if haply he might see the light from the cell. For he feared for Ezekiel, the tempest being very great and the cell but a feeble building. At that hour the Prior did fail to see the light, and his mind was troubled, though he said, "The thickness of the night obscures it."

When the day crept gray and shivering from the skirts of the night, he looked forth once more, and as he looked a great fear seized upon him, for, before him, in the place where the marsh had been, there was now naught but sea. From the very foot of the priory wall, even as it is to this day, was there gray water that heaved and tumbled in the pallor of the dawn. And from that time until now, so it has been, no marsh, no dry land, no hermit's cell—naught but water.

And the good men of the priory said the Lord took the holy Ezekiel unto Himself on the night of the great tempest, when the sea overwhelmed the land. Another did lose her life that same night—one Judith, but none knew how, nor greatly troubled, for Ezekiel was chiefly mourned. Of him the brethren said such an one had never before been amongst them, nor was it likely that after there would rise up another of so blameless life, who should never in thought, word, or deed stray from the laws of their order—a true and worthy son of the Church.

But also of him is told the tale which is herein set down, the which, if it be true, doth show him to be no saint, but a very erring man, and one like to fall under the ban of the Church. Yet doth it appear that he was sore tempted; and in any case the matter resteth not with us—there is another that judgeth, and "shall not the Judge of all Earth do right?"

FOR JANE'S SAKE.

By Elizabeth Sutton.

THE dishes were all washed and dried and put away in their particular places in the closet; the kitchen floor was swept; the brown painted, wooden chairs were arranged in their accustomed positions against the whitewashed walls. Then Alice Adams took off her big blue gingham apron, and hung it up. "There, I'm glad I'm through," she said to her sister Jane, who sat in a rocking-chair by the win-

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dow. "I feel kinder tired to-night somehow."

"My! if I had my health, I wouldn't think much of washin' up a few supper things," Jane remarked sharply. "If I had my health, I'd be too thankful fer it to go an' growl over a little housework."

"Oh, I'm not growlin', Jane," Alice answered cheerfully. "I wuz a little more hurried in the mill to-day then general, an' it kinder played me out. I don't mind washin' up the supper things a bit."

There was something the matter with Jane Adams's spine, and she sat most of the time in the big, old-fashioned rocker that stood by the kitchen window. She was a little, angular old maid, with a sharp, much-wrinkled face, a mouth with peevish lines to the corners, and faded blue eyes. Her gray hair was brushed back smoothly and done up in a little hard knot on top of her head. Alice was little and thin like her sister, and her gray hair also was brushed severely plain. But Alice had a pretty pink-and-white complexion, and nice blue eyes, and the curves to her lips betrayed much amiability of character.

"I guess I'll go upstairs an' change my clothes," Alice announced. "You know it's We'n'sday night."

Jane looked over at the clumsy wooden clock standing on the mantel between vases gorgeous in gilt and flowers. "Why, you've got lots of time, Alice," she said. "It's not seven o'clock yet, an' Tom wuz never known yet to come before eight. You've got dead loads of time, unless you wanter primp up extra to-night."

"Oh, no," Alice said softly. "I didn't want to do any primpin'. I just thought it wuz later. We must hev had supper a little early to-night."

There was silence for a few minutes after this; then Jane suddenly leaned forward in her rocker. "Alice," she cried, "hasn't it ever struck you ez bein' kinder queer this here gittin' ready for Tom Miller, every single We'n'sday an' Sunday night fer goin' on ten years, an' here you are to-day just ez far off gittin' married ez I am, an' the Lord knows I'm cut an' dried fer an old maid. Hasn't it ever struck you ez odd?"

Alice's thin skin flushed red as a poppy. "Why, I never thought much about it, Jane," she stammered.

"Well, I would think it wuz about time fer you to begin to think about it, if yer ever goin' to," Jane said. "It seems to me mighty queer about Tom; I'm blest if it don't. I can't fer the life of me make out what he's up to. Here he is, callin' on you fer goin' on ten years, an' like ez not now yer just ez far from the point ez ever. Do you know what I'd do if I wuz in your place, Alice? I'd up an' ast him what his intentions wuz. Ez sure's my name's Jane Adams, that's just what I'd do."

"Oh, Jane," Alice cried, with utmost reproach in her voice, "you wouldn't be ez bold ez that, surely. Yer just sayin' that. I know you don't mean it a bit. Why, that'd be ez good ez astin' Tom to marry me! I'd die before I'd do sich a thing."

"He deserves to git ast to marry you, considerin' the way he's actin'. It wouldn't be a bit out the way, ez I kin see, to bring him right to the point. Besides, I think it's yer duty, Alice, to bring him right down to bizness, an' that quick. The idee, him goin' with you fer ten years, an' never so much ez hintin' at anything. I tell you, Alice, people's beginnin' to talk."

"People talkin'," Alice gasped, and again her thin skin flushed very red.

"Of course they're talkin'," Jane answered. "You ought to know by this time that they'd talk about less'n that in Boisville. I kin tell very well by the way people's actin' with *me* that they're talkin'."

"I don't see what they kin say," Alice said in worried tones. "I never did nothin' in my life to give people a chanct to talk."

"Well, I'll tell you what they say," Jane responded, "if you wanter hear, an' I'm sure it's fer yer own good that you do hear it. They say they wonder if you an' Tom's goin' to go on keepin' steady comp'ny till one or the other of you step in the grave. They say that surely by this time you must know one another good enough, an' if you don't, they don't know what's the matter with you. Yer not two foolish young things that can't make up yer minds. An', Alice, which is worst of all, they say if anything would ever happen between you'n Tom, you'd never git another man so long ez your name wuz Alice Adams, you'd be that disgraced. It makes me feel real bad havin' people talk like that. I never did nothin' in my life I wuz ashamed of, an' now I hev to be looked down on, an' made feel mean because the way *you* carry on."

Alice's eyes filled with tears. She clasped and unclasped her hands nervously. "I

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never thought fer a minute people would be so terrible ez to talk that way about any one. I'm sure I can't help it if Tom don't ast me. I'm sure I've waited long an' patient enough. I don't see why people goes an' blames me."

"They blame you because yer ez slow ez frozen tar, an' God knows, that's slow enough. Any one 'd blame you fer bein' so poky. I tell you, Alice Adams, you just bring Tom to the point. I can't stand this any longer. If anything 'd happen between you an' him, I'd never be able to hold my head up again. I'd never be able to look a body in the face."

Alice had grown quite pale. Her lips trembled a little. "I think Tom means all right by me, Jane," she said, "an' I don't think I'll ever be the cause of yer holdin' yer head down. But not fer anything would I so much ez hint at him marryin' me. Then people might have a chanct to talk. Now they haven't any."

Jane's eyes brightened suddenly with anger. "I know somethin's goin' to happen between you an' Tom. I just feel it in my bones somethin's goin' to happen. An' it'll all be your fault, Alice Adams. I'll blame you fer it all. We'll be the talk of Boisville. I wish I wuz dead. It couldn't come soon enough to suit me."

Alice bit her lips to conceal their trembling. Her sister's words struck very deep. "Jane, mebbe to-night I'll find out. Mebbe somethin'll happen that I kin. I wished you wouldn't feel so bad. Things'll come out all right. Wait till you see."

"Well, find out to-night what he's up to, is all I hev to say," Jane snapped. "Lord knows he's had time enough to make up his mind what he intends doin'. The idee, goin' with you fer ten years, an' here you are to-day not knowin' the first thing 'bout his intentions. I don't blame people fer talkin'. I'd talk myself, blest if I wouldn't, if I saw any one goin' on like that."

"I'll go upstairs an' git dressed, Jane," Alice said. "Tom'll be here in a little while now."

"Yes, go," Jane answered; "an' mind you, Alice Adams, you bring Tom Miller to the point this very ev'ning."

Alice went upstairs to her little room in the attic. She sat down on the edge of the bed, and burying her face in her hands, wept bitterly. Then, remembering that Tom would call in a short time, she dried her eyes. "If he only knowed all the trouble he wuz causin' me he'd ast me long ago," she thought bitterly. "Not that I care any. I could go on this way forever, if it wuzn't fer Jane's worryin'. Oh, dear, I wish'd he'd remember, an' ast me."

Then Alice started to dress. She was very precise and particular that evening. She put on her best gown, an old-fashioned, black taffeta, beruffled and trimmed with narrow ribbon velvet, that was worn but on Sundays or special occasions. She fluffed her hair out in a half-hearted pompadour—she would have liked to puff it out good, but she feared Jane's sarcastic criticism; and she twisted a light blue ribbon around her neck, and tied it in a coquettish bow underneath her chin. Her cheeks were flushed with color, her blue eyes sparkled. In the ruffled, shimmering taffeta she looked like some quaint old picture come to life. She was all ready when Jane's shrill voice reached her from the kitchen, "Alice, Tom hez came."

Alice hurried downstairs. She had never before been so excited over Tom's coming. She first went into the kitchen. "My, but yer rigged up to-night," Jane said, when she beheld her sister. "Got yer best on, too, yer black taffeta. Tom's settin' in the front room." When Alice turned to go, Jane called her back, and pulling her down close to her, whispered, "Now you make him pop to-night. Other wimmin could do it, an' I guess you kin, too, if you try." Alice drew herself up erect, and answered gravely: "I hope I'll never hev to do sich a thing ez ast any man to marry me, Jane." Then she rustled into the little parlor opening off the kitchen.

Thomas Miller, a portly, red-faced, middle-aged man, with thin gray hair and keenest blue eyes, was sitting by the window. When Alice entered he did not rise to greet her. He just tapped the cane he held in his hands two or three times on the floor, and said, "Lor' Zee, Alice, but you're got up to kill this evening. My, but you look good—good enough to eat." He looked her over critically, his sharp eyes expressive of much admiration.

Alice sat down on a chair near him. "This dress I've had an awful long time," she explained. "I thought I might ez well put it on, an' wear it out before it gits too old-fashioned."

"I always liked blue on women," Miller

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said, noting the blue ribbon twisted around Alice's neck. "Blue says I for women and children. That's what they look best in, and what they should always wear. You're looking mighty pretty to-night, Alice; better than I've seen you look in a long time." He tapped the floor with his cane again; he looked out of the window at the bloom of roses and lilacs in the little front garden. Then he stood up, leaned his cane carefully against the wall, and taking his chair, drew it up quite close to where Alice sat. He took both her hands in his. "Alice, I'm going to talk to you about something to-night," he said slowly. "I suppose I should have spoken to you long ago about it, and I would have done so if it wasn't for one thing that always held me back. Alice, it's about our getting married that I want to talk with you."

Alice's thin skin betrayed her terrible emotion; her thin little hands trembled in his big ones. He gave them a tender squeeze. "Great guns, you needn't be so surprised. Why, we've been cheating the people of Boisville out of a wedding so long that I do believe they've begun to dislike us." His voice then grew very grave. "Alice, I would have asked you long ago, I would have married you long ago, but for one thing."

"Why, Tom, whatever do you mean," Alice cried.

"I mean that the one thing that's kept me from marrying you is your sister Jane," Miller answered quickly. "Alice, I like you, and I'll marry you, but I can't have your sister Jane around. I can't have her living with us. I know I am hurting your feelings, Alice, but I can't help it. I might as well tell you now as any time. Alice, I'll marry you on condition that you get rid of Jane."

"Tom!" Alice cried. He could not look at her reproachful face.

"Yes, get rid of her," Tom went on. "She could go to some institution or asylum, and be well taken care of. I couldn't stand the same house with her. I needn't try it to know that I'd live according to her views of living and not my own. My eggs wouldn't be cooked to suit me, but to suit her. If I liked my beef underdone, and she didn't, why I couldn't get it underdone, that's all. I am not a young man, and pretty set in my ways, so I know I couldn't stand any woman like that around. That's just what has kept me from asking you long ago. If you think anything of me, Alice, you'll let Jane go. A wife, you know, should give up all for the man she loves."

Alice's voice shook. "You know that Jane's a cripple; you know she's dependin' on me; you knew it all the time you wuz goin' with me."

"I'll get her into some good home," Tom said.

Alice arose. She looked very tall in her trailing black silk. Her face was ghastly. "I can't marry you, Tom Miller," she said.

Miller got up, and secured his cane. "Do you refuse to marry me, Alice Adams?" he cried. "Remember, I'll never ask you a second time. I wouldn't ask the best woman created a second time to marry me."

"I can't marry you if you make me put poor Jane away," Alice moaned.

"Keep your sister, then, since you prefer her to me," the man said, and then he walked out of the room. He closed the street door with a vicious bang.

Alice went out into the kitchen, where her sister still sat. "Why, what's the matter—what hez happened?" Jane cried when she beheld Alice's face.

"Tom's gone," Alice responded, "an' I'll never see him again. We ain't goin' to be married, Jane. It's all over between us."

Jane sank back in her chair, quite limp. "Well, if I didn't see this all comin'," she cried. "I just thought it'd be like you, Alice, to let a man make a fool of you. Now people kin talk. They hev enough to keep their tongues goin' fer many's the day. It's pretty hard on me, though. So Tom Miller's given you up after keepin' you on a string fer ten years. Well, before I'd be made a fool of like that by any man. I hope you'll like bein' the laughin'-stock of the place."

Alice moved towards her sister. She was going to tell her all. She looked at the poor, crooked back, the peevish, cross, little face. Then she turned away and went upstairs to her room in the attic. "I'll never, never tell her what hez come between us," she said, as she took the blue ribbon from her neck, and unhooked the black taffeta. "She kin say what she likes to me, but I won't tell. It's bad enough to hev my heart broke without makin' hers sore, too. I'll never tell her, no matter what she sez to me."

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A SUMMER TOUR *in* BOHEMIA

By ELEANOR HOYT

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CECIL CLAY.

"A POET?" said Bobby in tones of deep disgust. "Really, Nancy, I think you might draw the line somewhere."

"Speaking of lines," Nancy went on cheerfully, "there was also an artist."

"Good Lord!" groaned Bobby.

"Incidentally, there was a sculptor and a man who wrote problem stories."

"And I've been abroad only two months."

"It was your going abroad that did it, Bobby. It wakened a longing for travel. I couldn't go to Europe. We were too poor even to go to the country. That Wall Street fracas complicated our summer plans dreadfully. I said to myself, 'I really must travel, but it must be a journey without money and without price.' Then I shut myself in my room and concentrated my mind upon a purple iris in a glass vase. (By the way, Bobby, there has also been a yogi, but that's quite another story.) Did you ever concentrate your mind on a purple iris in a glass vase?"

Bobby shook his head emphatically.

"Well, of course, I really ought to choose something yellow, but I prefer purple. I get just as many ideas when I meditate upon purple, and the ideas are much livelier. After I had put in about fifteen minutes on the iris, I said, 'Go to. I will travel in Bohemia.' I got my tickets from Mrs. Wallace. I was to be personally conducted. When Mrs. Wallace couldn't do the conducting, she was to provide a substitute; but I didn't bother her much about substitutes. I furnished them myself. Do you know Mrs. Wallace?"

Bobby didn't.

"What does Wallace do?" he asked.

"He stays at home."

"What does Mrs. Wallace do?"

"She travels in Bohemia."

Bobby sat up very straight.

"Now, Nancy, see here."

"But she's all right, Bobby. She was a Schuyler, but she has a taste for bear leading. She doesn't have to live in Bohemia, but she worships at the shrine of genius. She has at least one rabid enthusiasm each fortnight."

"You seem to have hit her pace," said Bobby rather grimly.

"Exactly; only I doubled up. Sometimes I drove my enthusiasms tandem. You see my time was short."

"Why?"

Nancy blushed; and when Nancy blushes, she is adorable. Then she looked embarrassed. Bobby knows she never is embarrassed, but he always finds the exhibition entertaining.

"Well, I knew that after August I couldn't be happy outside the Philistine camp," the young woman said vaguely.

Bobby returned the last day of August.

It was too transparent. He laughed, so did Nancy.

"Tell me all about it," he said, taking out his cigar case. Bobby always smokes cigars, and good ones. Even the most casual observer would never expect him to be guilty of a cigarette.

Nancy put an ash-tray at his elbow, and offered him a sofa cushion.

"It will probably make you very tired," she said sweetly, and he took the cushion.

"Mrs. Wallace gave a dinner," Nancy began.

"A good dinner?"

"Yes."

"That's not Bohemia."

"No; but it introduced me to Bohemians. They did the rest. I've been where verses and hair and *vin ordinaire* flowed

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like water, Bobby; but that came later. Mrs. Wallace's wines are distinctly Philistine."

"Where was Wallace?"

"He had an important business engagement at his club."

"My heart warms toward Wallace," murmured the man who came often.

"I went out to dinner with Mrs. Wallace's latest enthusiasm. Wasn't that noble of her, Bobby? He's a poet, and she had told me that he was the most fascinating being she had ever known. She said he was like the Angel Israfel, whose heart-strings were a lute."

"I'll bet you made the lute play ragtime," said Bobby.

"Not at all. You evidently don't know Bohemia. There aren't any Ten Commandments in Bohemia. There is only one; but that one is, 'Thou shalt not drop thy pose.' It's fairly inspiring, Bobby, to see how devoutly they follow that one law. Israfel might covet his neighbor's wife and run amuck through the Decalogue, but never, never would he play rag-time. It's this way. Everybody in Bohemia falls in love early and often, but no good Bohemian ever forgets himself in loving. An egoist rampant on a field purple. There you have Bohemia's coat of arms."

"But he did tune his lute to sing thy praise?" urged Bobby.

Nancy smiled.

"He wrote twenty-six sonnets to me."

"Suffering Moses!"

"I've never been called out of my name as I was in those sonnets, Bobby. My worst enemy wouldn't have recognized me. Now, Bobby, tell me seriously. Do you think I have a sinuous, serpentine smile?"

Bobby grinned.

"And would you like to be a pomegranate flower and a marble sphinx and an old-world melody, all in fourteen lines?"

"Well, it's a good thing to hurry through a stunt like that," suggested Bobby consolingly.

"He found out before we were half through the soup that my nearness troubled him strangely. He asked if I ever felt a haunting premonition of approaching pain. I told him I seldom felt that until after the salad. Then we talked about the Gospel of Pain. Don't ask me what it is, Bobby. I don't know; but it's very beautiful. I almost wept over it during the *entrée*.

"We had Maeterlinck with the salad. No; it isn't a cheese. It's a man who writes prose that makes one yearn, and plays that make one squirm. Either process is a delirium of exquisite pain. The poet said so. Would you rather yearn or squirm, if you had your choice, Bobby?"

"I don't think I've ever squirmed, and we don't yearn in Philistia. We just want things."

For no apparent reason Nancy blushed. Then she returned hastily to her poet.

"We reached Swinburne by dessert time. You see the agony of protest ended with Maeterlinck and salad. With the nesselrode and Swinburne we resigned ourselves to indigestion, physical and moral. On the whole, I think I liked it better. It's more restful. Still I didn't like sanguine grapes of sorrow, and purple blood of pain, and dead sheaves, and ruined fruit, and all that

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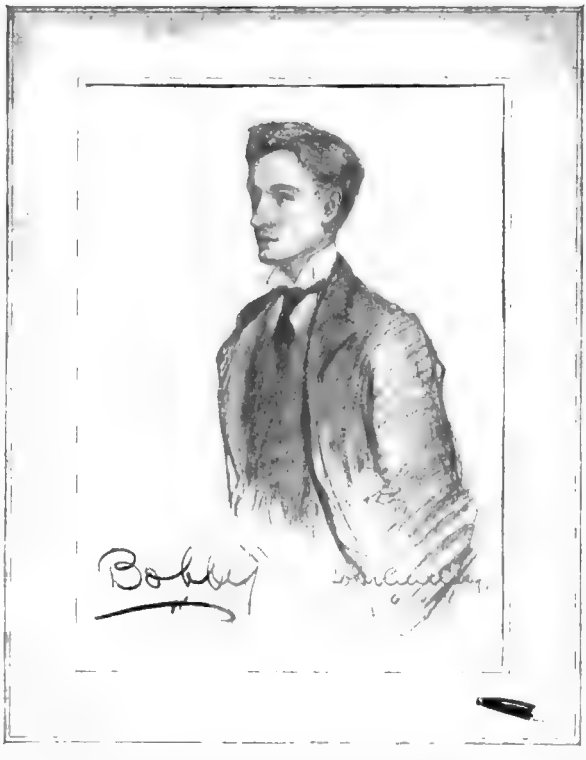
sort of thing with nesselrode. It seemed so messy. I bore up for a while, and then I asked him if he hadn't a nice clean little Felicia Hemans bit of verse, by way of cordial.

"He wasn't offended. He smiled a beautiful, wistful, far-off smile, and said that a star-eyed, dewy-souled child like me could not be expected to find in her heart an echo to the sob of world agony.

"It made me feel very young, Bobby. He looked at me across a great gulf of years and experience, and yearned for the snows of yesteryear. Anybody could see him yearn. There was no mistaking the fact that, personally, he had been steeped in sobbing agony. It was very impressive. It was calculated to make any girl long to be a healing spirit. I quite understood why women called him fascinating.



"Bobby, why do women find an unsavory masculine record interesting?"

"They don't," said the man who came often. "At least good women don't. It is the hurt of the record that interests them, the possibility of healing. It is romantic, foolish. Men trade on the folly. But when good women stop yearning over worthless men, God help the world!"

They were silent for a moment. Then Nancy put out a slim little hand and patted his pillow. There were times when she was distinctly fond of Bobby. He apparently did not notice the friendly hand. He had learned to know Nancy.

"And with the coffee?" he asked.

"We had coffee in the drawing-room. The artist was served with it. He wasn't really as beautiful as the poet, but then he is very young. He is a symbolist. No; I don't know what it is. That's just it. If any one knew what it is, it wouldn't be. The ineffably subtle is what my artist is after. He told me so at once, so that I wouldn't nurse any vain hope of satisfying his quest. But then, a little later, he decided that my smile had the subtlety of a Da Vinci smile. That's because it is sinuously serpentine, I suppose. I'm going to suppress that smile, Bobby. I don't believe it is fit for publication."

The smile was rioting over the piquant face—a gay, wholesome, infectious smile. Bobby watched it with indications of approval.

"A smile is in the eyes of the observer," he remarked sententiously. "Don't rob the general public because a few Bohemians have astigmatisms."

"It was the next night after that dinner that I really set sail for Bohemia," Nancy went on. "Mrs. Wallace went with me. The man who writes problem novels took us."

"Was he beautiful too?" Bobby inquired, with fine scorn in his tone.

"Bobby, he was lovely. He looked like a cross between an oatmeal advertisement and a spanked cherub. You never saw anything so round and rosy and innocuous and serious. Psychological! Why, my yogi wasn't a circumstance to him. Anything one says sets him off, and if one keeps still, the silence sets him off. He says silence is so full of question that it drives him mad—that he can endure very little of it at a time. And he looks like a mild, benignant full moon when he says it.

"We went to a *table d'hôte* place way

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uptown. It is the last refuge of the chosen few, the last stronghold of Bohemia. The artist begged me, with tears in his eyes, not to tell any one about it.

"'As soon as it is known,' he said, 'the crowd will rush in and spoil it, as they have spoiled our other haunts.'

"Isn't it pathetic, Bobby, to be so great that the vulgar horde follows one and hangs upon one's words and gestures? There's something positively epic about that retreat of the Bohemians. It reminds me of all sorts of things in history, only I can't think what they are. Driven back from one rocky fastness to another."

"Rocky they are," agreed Bobby.

"Don't interrupt me when I am seeing noble visions, Bobby. Making one stand after another, only to be pursued and routed. Why, it's like Homer or Poland or the Boer War or the Tenderloin.

"I suggested to the artist that he ought to make a picture of the devoted band planting their standard on the Harlem height, sort of a Custer's Last Rally group, you know. He didn't think it would be symbolic. He was afraid it would tell a story, and no one who paints a picture that tells a story can be saved.

"It's a very nice little place, this refuge of the elect. There's a garden and a long grape arbor and a delightful French *patron*. He would make an excellent Bloomingdale warden. He believes in humoring them, *ces gens la*. He told me so. He confided in me. It was my hopeless Philistinism that moved him to it, I suppose. He said he had already known *cette espèce* in the Quartier Latin, so he understood them.

"'*Ils sont des braves garçons, mademoiselle, mais un peu—vous savez, un peu—*'

"I saveyed.

"'C'est toujours comme ça avec les vers et les tableaux. Ils rendent un peu drôle. Mais avec de cœur! Mais oui, mademoiselle. Ah, si on pouvait acheter des poulets avec de cœur!'

"It would be jolly, wouldn't it, Bobby, if one could buy chickens with goodwill in any of the world's markets?"

"It has been done," said Bobby.

"Oh, no, it hasn't. Some men think they are doing it, but they always pay in something else, sooner or later—pay to the last farthing."

"How many were eating the chickens on this particular night?"

"About fifteen, I fancy—mostly men. I met them all. It was quite a little family, sort of a mutual relief association. Everybody was allowed to talk about himself for a certain length of time, provided he'd give the other man a chance to talk about himself for the same length of time. Reciprocity is a great thing, Bobby. I've never seen men and women so frankly and absorbingly interested in themselves as those Bo-

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hemians. It's delightful to see such simplicity of motive. I should think Bohemia wouldn't be complex enough for the problem novelist; but I suppose he goes, not for copy, but for a chance to talk about his copy."

"We seem to have lost the poet," prompted the man who came often.

"Oh, no, we haven't. He was in a corner alone, his eye in fine frenzy rolling—toward me. He wrote the sonnet on the back of an envelope (addressed to him in a feminine hand), and sent it over to me. It was my second that day. He sat up late the night before to write the first one. This second one was most depressing. It seemed there wasn't even a faint auroral gleam of sympathy about me. I smiled on all. I was *la belle dame sans merci*, and he suffered cruelly.

"Later he recited some of his poems. It's a way they have up there, a Latin Quarter importation, and part of the mutual relief."

"Beastly hard on the artists, I call it," said Bobby. "What do they get for their money?"

"Oh, they just talk about their pictures. The things the poet recited were rather warm for a July evening, Bobby. He went on until the stoutest held his breath, for fear that he wouldn't stop in time to avoid a raid. Swinburne would have hidden his diminished head and thought himself a cold-storage plant if he could have heard my poet. Everybody drew long breaths when he had finished. Mrs. Wallace was tremulous with rapture. 'What temperament!' she gasped.

"He was quite prostrated after his outburst. So were we. He came over to our table and apologized for being silent. The urge of song is a masterful thing, he says, and leaves a man limp."

Bobby grunted discourteously.

"I don't like your being in it," he said, with a certain decisive set of his jaw.

"But I've come back to the fold, Bobby. I wandered after strange gods, but now I dwell in the tents of the Philistines, where the conversation wears rubbers, and the people only do disreputable things. They draw the line at singing about them.

"There was another poet at that *table d'hôte*. He recited, too, but he wasn't lurid. His wife said his poetry had a wan, moonlike mystery. He told me that he and a few others had found the secret. Bless you, I don't know what secret. 'Mallarmé was nearer than I,' he said humbly. Your true great man is always modest, Bobby. But his wife smiled and shook her head. It was all very well for him to be modest, but she knew his worth. She begged the problem novelist to help wrap her poet up. They

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tucked a muffler around him, and put him into a cape that made him look like an anæmic brigand. '*You can't know what a responsibility it is to have the care of such a soul,*' she said to me in italics. Then she took him home."

"Well, at any rate, they were married. I thought that was out of fashion in Bohemia."

"Oh, no, Bobby. You're all wrong. Most of them are married, but they are dreadfully ashamed of it, especially if they are happily married. It isn't so bad if the marriage is a tragedy or has spoiled a life, or there are some other extenuating circumstances. There usually are. The poet and the lady who has the responsibility of caring for such a soul assure every one that they married under protest. They thought it a degradation of soul union, but the poet's publishers would have it. They said it was hard enough, at best, to float his books, and the American public wouldn't stand for an American poet who personally and openly outraged decency."

"They do these things better in France."

"I did meet some Bohemian couples who took a pose of transcendent matrimonial bliss, something sort of subliminal and unearthly. We went to a studio supper one night, and the wife stopped us in the vestibule. She drew the curtains behind her, and put her finger on her lips. She didn't say, 'Hist!' but she looked it. It chilled our blood. We were on the verge of a stampede when she whispered:

"'Hush! HE is speaking of his art.'

"We hushed.

"Wasn't it lovely?"

"Wasn't there any salt in Bohemia, Nancy?"

"Lots of it. Frank, jolly young fellows who were poor as church mice, but pegging away cheerfully at magazine stories and illustration and that sort of thing. They were usually married and proud of it; and they talked shop, but they didn't believe they were the cream of literature and art. But they aren't real Bohemians. They don't assume the pose. They only eat the cheap dinners."

"Wait till they arrive," prophesied Bobby darkly. "If they arrive, they'll shake the dust of Bohemia from their feet, and if they don't arrive, they won't think they have arrived. I like them. They have a sense of humor. That's why they don't pose as Bohemians. Your Bohemian, so called, hasn't really a sense of humor. If he were presented with one, it would be another case of Undine and a soul. He'd flicker and go out at once."

"But about that poet? He seems to be a wandering minstrel."

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"Oh, yes, the poet. He lasted four weeks. I went out to dinner with him often—and we met in the Park—— I thought you never squirmed, Bobby.

"It was a trifle hard to get away from 'Arry and 'Arriet in the afternoon, but a glimpse of primitive methods only accentuated the charm of esoteric flirtation.

"Oh, Bobby, Bobby, why don't you talk to me about star-cool glances and shadow-girdled brows and stirring ghosts of dead dreams?"

"Rot!" exclaimed Bobby.

"Did you ever notice an aureole woven, flower-like, in my hair?"

Bobby eyed the fluffy hair anxiously.

"I'm afraid you aren't observing, Bobby. That aureole has been seen."

"What became of him?"

"He went away
One summer day,"

Nancy chanted. "It was in August. That was the only graceful Bohemian thing to do. He couldn't go on, because he was a trifle afraid of me, and he wouldn't go back, and there was no fun in standing still. As it was, he had just time to show what he could do in the way of reverential love-making, and then there was a golden opportunity for parting and despair and dumb resignation. I knew the resignation was dumb, for he told me all about it.

"I was left with the twenty-six sonnets and a sweet memory. The sonnets are to be published in February, so his time wasn't wasted, and I needn't reproach myself. Yet they say there is no thrift in Bohemia.

"I asked one of my nice boys why the poet fled. He said the old chap had gone up to Harvard to see his oldest son, and after that was going to Indiana to stay with his wife and family until his creditors got discouraged and quieted down.

"Then the artist—but that's another story; and weren't we going out to tea?"

Bobby rose from the couch, rammed his hands in his pockets, and stood staring out of the window while Nancy put on her hat and veil.

"Your mother oughtn't to allow it," he said, turning around and speaking very slowly and distinctly. "Yes, you may laugh, but you ought to show some discretion in your whims. That sort of thing isn't wholesome. It isn't your sort. I tell you I don't like it."

Nancy moved toward him. He fancied she was angry, for her face was serious; but he stood his ground.

"I don't like it," he repeated defiantly.

Nancy stood quite close to him.

"I'll tell you a secret," she said very softly. "Neither did I." Then she added inconsequently, "Oh, you nice, clean, sensible, ordinary man!"

There was a queer little note in her voice.

Bobby gave the beggar at the corner a dollar.

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"But why this tumult and uproar?
They never faw a wig before."

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A new FABLE.

Addreſſed to the Politicians of the Day.

(Reprinted from THE WORCESTER MAGAZINE for the Third week in JANUARY, 1787.)

A Parſon once, when age and care
Had laid his upper ſtory bare,
His tottering frame now lean and old
Began to ſhrink from winter's cold;
With wig bran-new and neatly dreſſ'd,
Supply'd the want of nature's veſt.
But lack-a-day! how people ſtar'd;
How *Gaffers* were and *Goodys* ſcared.
Next Sunday's ſermon all was loſt,
The very text forgot by moſt,
Concord, and time, miſtook by all.
The *pſalm* out-ſcream'd a watchman's call;
Each eye, detach'd from Heaven and prayer,
Full on the wig was ſeen to ſtare.
A comet 'twas—tho' void of motion,
That threaten'd down-fall to devotion;
But why this tumult and uproar?
They never ſaw a wig before.
Now griefs ſwell'd high in every breaſt,
And viſits crowded on the Prieſt.
Lame Goody Squeakum firſt appear'd;
On noſe her ſpectacles ſhe rear'd,
And view'd the *monſtrous thing* from far,
Juſt as Aſtrologers, a ſtar—

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O frightful! Sir, is this the way,
Men muſt be dreſſ'd to preach and pray?
Was't thus the Prophets us'd to rig;
Or did the Apoſtles wear a wig?
O *putt* it hence, let *varty* ſhine,
And handſome *due*, and you'll be fine.
His reverence here, was forc'd to plead,
The ſufferings of his naked head;
But found the curl upon the top,
Was what ſtuck moſt in Goody's crop;
So arming her with fatal ſteel,
He lower'd his topſail to her will;
And on ſhe flash'd, and did not ſpare
Until it ſuited to a hair.
Next came a neighbour well affected,
Who much his reverence had reſpected;
Who paid his annual tythe of cheeſe,
Who ſpar'd not turkey, no, nor geeſe.
(If holy men love dainty cheer,
Such men are to the prieſthood dear.)
His cauſe being good, his influence known,
H' attack'd the Prieſt in higher tone;
Why, Sir, that there is ſomething due,
To men of ſacred rank, I know;
But *what a thing*, was it well done,
To expoſe yourſelf 'fore all the town?
Thus in the church to make us ſtare,
And fright away both praiſe and prayer?
That *wig*, good Sir, O put it hence,

"Next came a neighbour well affected."

"Lame Goody Squeakum firſt appear'd."

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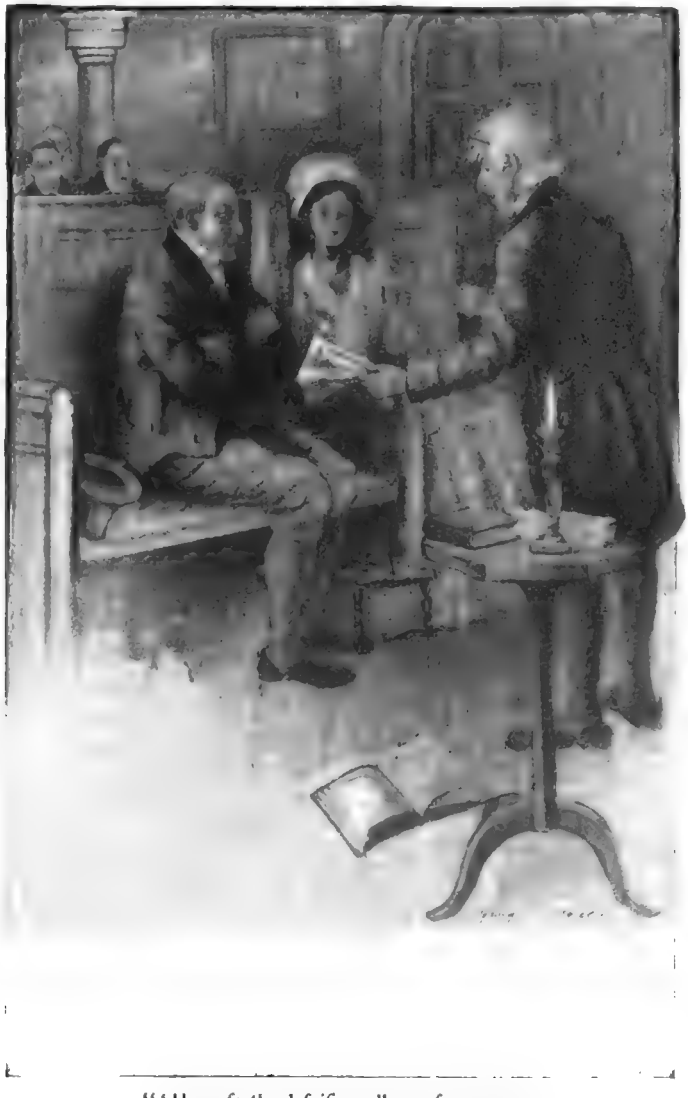
Or much I fear the conſequence.
"Dear Sir, remember I am old,
"This wig defends me from the cold.
"But as to form, I am not nice,
"Betty, the ſciſſars, in a trice;
"If altering, can make you eaſy,
"Here, Sir, amend it till it pleaſe ye."
Forthwith he, arm'd with fatal ſhears,
Attacks the curls above the ears;
Gaſh above gaſh, appear'd in courſe,
Like ſhingles on the top of houſe;
Yet thro' the work he boldly went,
And ſhear'd it to his heart's content.
A parſon this of pliant manner,
He knew the vulgar mould and nature;
H'd not amendments large, refuſe,
Unleſs the menders ſpoil'd its *uſe*.
A ſpice of craft he had I ween,
Sometimes in parſons to be ſeen.
At laſt a Deacon, grave and ſlow,
To's reverence made obeiſance low:
"I'm ſorry, I have cauſe to grieve,
"But rev'rend Sir, now give me leave;
"I always lov'd you, ſo do ſtill—



"'Henceforth, deſpiſing all you ſay,
I'll dreſs mine head, in mine own way.'
The clamour ceaſ'd, and from that time,
To wear a wig was tho't no crime."

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"The ſciſſars came, and *once in haſte*,
The Deacon ſhear'd it to his taſte."

"But Sir, permit me, if you will;
"My heart is full—with grief ſo big,
"I cannot ſpeak—
but Sir, *that wig*.
"What part of-
fends?" "The
bottom, Sir,"
"Haſte Betty, bring
the ſciſſars here."
The ſciſſars came,
and *once in haſte*,
The Deacon ſhear'd
it to his taſte.
"Well then, good
Deacon, does it
pleaſe ye?"
Yes Sir, "Then *all*,
I hope, are eaſy."
Who would not
think ſuch meek
ſubmiſſion,
Enough to quell all
oppoſition;
So thought our par-
ſon, and was
pleas'd,
To think he now
might live in peace.

But all in vain—the next Lord's
day,
Some laugh'd, ſome cry'd, ſome
run away;
And *all* confeſſ'd, tho' each *was*
loth,
Too many cooks, had ſpoil'd the
broth.
A grievance of ſuch vaſt dimen-
ſion,
Brought all the pariſh to conven-
tion;
But what the mangled wig to
call,
Or how deſcribe it, puz'd them
all:
But as *new things* are *idols* ſure,
This idol, they cannot endure;
A graven image, they aver'd
It was, forbidden by the *Word*,
"And ſhall we break divine
commands,
"And bow t' the work of our
own hands?"
The parſon ſpoke, and almoſt
ſwore;
(A thing he never did before,
Then firſt his holy anger roſe)
"Can any man of ſenſe ſuppoſe,
"That there's in Heaven, Earth or Seas,
"Another thing that looks like *this*.
"Henceforth, de-
ſpiſing all you ſay,
"I'll dreſs mine
head, in mine
own way."
The clamour ceaſ'd,
and from that
time,
To wear a wig was
tho't no crime.

MORAL.

Now, my dear Maſ-
ſachuſetts friends,
If every man the
State amends,
In his own way,
much do I fear,
To find in *fact*,
what's *fable* here;
Your *Common-
wealth*, once neat
and trig,
Will ſoon be like *the
parſon's* wig.

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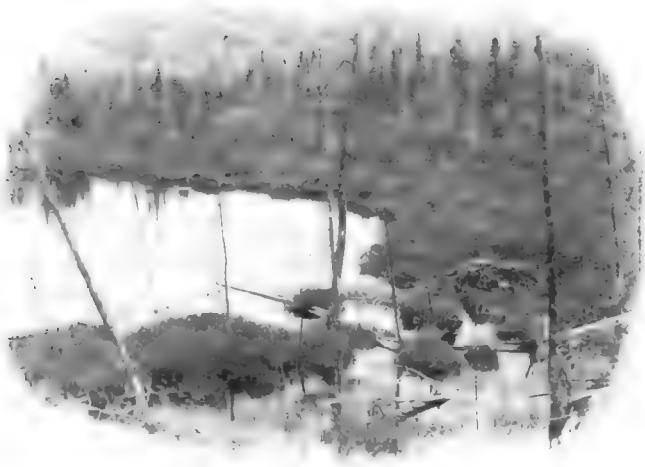
NORTHWEST END OF BEAVER POND.



THE HAUNTS OF THE BEAVER.

By A. Radclyffe Dugmore,
Author of "Bird Homes."

Illustrated from Photographs and Sketches by the Author.

WHEN man desires to change the course of a stream, he first surveys the land with the aid of many elaborate instruments; then, after still other various complicated mathematical calculations, he succeeds in producing a drawing, from which he and his assistants may study the task that is set before them. Thus, when the work of changing a minute portion of the earth's surface is accomplished, the result will be found to be due entirely to man's *Reason*. On the other hand, when an animal does anything which we consider clever, we call it *Instinct*, and congratulate ourselves on our immense superiority, forgetting that, with all our instruments, we are yet unable to do this thing which even the lower forms of animal life can accomplish every day. But in the work of the beaver, closely resembling our own, we may, perhaps, better realize that animals, too, are endowed with reason.

Call it instinct, intelligence, or what you will, the fact remains that their work is evidently planned, just as our own is, and the way in which it is carried out shows how carefully all the existing conditions are taken into consideration. What more can be said of our own work?

From our earliest days we are taught to regard the very name of beaver as synonymous with work and industry. We read of their remarkable houses, or lodges as they are also called, and of their well-made dams, but it is all so very far away and remote that, even while making a lasting impression on our minds, we are apt to think of the beaver and his work as an abstract idea rather than as a reality. Seeing is believing, and unless we have, actually before our eyes, an example of the beaver's skill, we never fully realize how wonderful it is.

Away up in the Nipissing district of Ontario, between the long and narrow lake named Temiscaming, and the irregular, island-bedotted Lake Temagami, there is a vast expanse of virgin land, heavily timbered in the drier parts with pines of several varieties, while in the damp places are found red cedar, spruce, hemlock, and tamarack.

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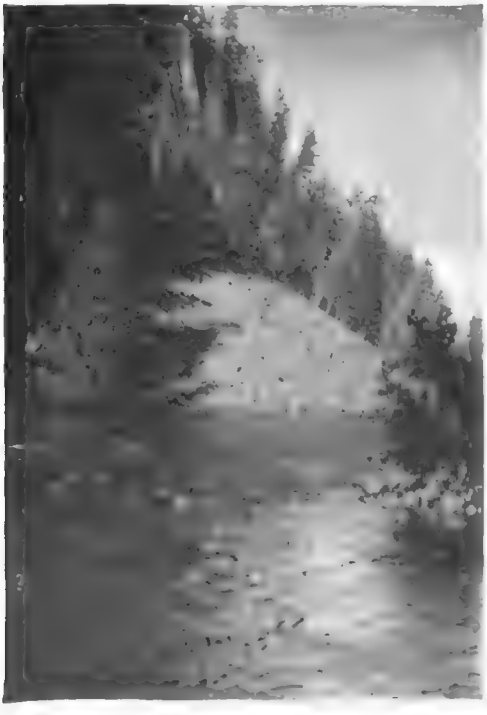
Among them all the poplar waves its trembling leaves, and the birch stands out shining and white, in dazzling contrast to the sombre darkness of its evergreen cousins. In many parts the woodman's axe has never broken the sacred silence of the great forest. The white man, whose very presence seals the doom of a wilderness, seldom visits this land of the unknown, excepting along the shores of the endless waterways which intersect the entire country. The Indian still holds sway, and makes his living by trapping, as he has been doing ever since the formation of the Hudson Bay Company so many years ago.

In this country may still be found an occasional beaver colony—occasional, because the long years of persecution have very greatly reduced their numbers, and now it is only in the most remote and inaccessible places that they ever venture to build their famous lodges.

For some years past there has been a close season for beaver; but the law, made for the benefit of both the beaver and the trapper, is but a nominal one, for had it been enforced, the little engineers would have increased and not diminished in numbers, and large colonies probably would have sprung up in every available place. Unfortunately, however, the cupidity of man, and his shortsightedness, has caused the law to be, to a great extent, disregarded, and, as an inevitable result, the beavers, as each year goes by, become more and more scarce. Unless extreme measures are taken, it will be but a short time before they will cease to exist as wild animals, and only in the parks and reservations will they be found.

MONTREAL RIVER.



MONTREAL RIVER.
On the way to Rabbit Lake.

Some miles north of the northern end of Net Lake, which lies north of Lake Temagami and Rabbit Lake, there is a land of many hills, whose upper sides are rock-bound, sparsely covered with trees, and dotted freely with immense charred stumps of the pine trees which were burned by the great fire that played such havoc throughout this country very many years ago.* Between these hills, in the more sheltered valleys, the ground is moss covered, and there is a moderately thick growth of fair-sized trees. Many small streams, having their birthplace in the rugged slopes of the

* This fire cleared an immense tract of country of all the game and fur animals, with the result that the Indians were nearly starved.

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ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE POND, SHOWING A BEAVER LODGE. THE HILLSIDE IS PARTLY DENUDED OF TREES, THESE HAVING BEEN CUT DOWN BY THE BEAVERS TO BUILD THEIR DAMS AND LODGES AND FOR FOOD.

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A LONG BEAVER DAM.

surrounding hills, thread their way daintily through these woods, and along them may be seen curious weather-darkened stumps, varying in size from four to twenty inches in diameter, but all having the same shape —blunt-pointed, like a badly sharpened pencil, with gouge-shaped cuttings. On the ground there are trees in every stage of decay, all dismembered, the same curious gouge-shaped markings showing where the branches have been cut from the trunk. All this is the work of the beaver, done many years ago, for there are no fresh signs. Following some of these streams, it will be seen that from a few feet wide, they swell at places to a width of twenty, or perhaps fifty feet, forming small ponds. These are caused by the dams which were built by the clever little beaver engineers in the time when they had their town nearby. A close examination of the surroundings will reveal the dam itself—a mass of earth, roots, and stones, supported by sticks placed with the large ends down. Above this pond there will be found another dam—possibly several more—and then above the last, or rather, the first one, a large extent of meadow-like country, perhaps several miles long, and in this a lake will be seen shining like polished crystal in its rich green grass setting. Here it is that the lordly moose comes to eat the tender stalks of the water lily—a rare sight, which but few have the good fortune to witness. Here it is, too, that the great blue heron is at home as he stalks about in the shallow water, searching eagerly for some unlucky frog. Or perhaps it will only be a pair of ducks that dive and swim among the lily leaves, disturbing the quiet of the water's surface with long ripples that cause the reflections of the slender birch trees on the hillside to tremble violently. There is no other sign of life, and in vain we look for the builders of the lake which is so carefully

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BEAVER LODGE IN THE CENTRE OF THE POND.

Ten beavers lived in this house. There is reason to believe that the entire family was trapped a few days before this picture was taken.

tucked away among the hills. Not even the lodges remain. There is nothing but the result of their tireless energy left; and when another century has passed, and the dams have lost all outward sign of their origin, people will build houses overlooking the lake whose very existence, they will scarcely suspect, was due to the thinking perseverance of these little beavers.

Within three miles of the north end of Net Lake, all the "signs" are old, except an occasional freshly felled tree—usually a

AN EARLY MORNING ACCIDENT.

Mending the canoe after going through the rapids.

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POND MADE BY BEAVERS.

Where this was formerly woodland it is now rich meadows. The beavers were all caught some years ago, so that the dams, no longer kept in repair, have broken down and allowed most of the water to escape.

small one that has been cut down by some poor wandering beaver who is searching vainly for some place, quite away from any man sign, where, should he chance to meet a mate, he may found a new colony, and rest undisturbed by the perpetual fear of the cruel steel trap.

Another mile farther from the lake there stands a mountain, abrupt, rocky, and forbidding. This is the mighty guardian of a comparatively new beaver colony, one that is but three years old. At the mountain's base, almost hidden from view, is the small pond, about half a mile in length. On its east and west shores the hills rise abruptly, and for a hundred yards or so back from the water, the ground is strewn with fallen trees and very short stumps. The stumps are all pointed and more or less white, and the prostrate trees are without branches. It is the recent work of the beavers, for there are the fresh tooth-marks plainly visible, while the ground near each stump is scattered with chips, clean and white. Down the steep banks are well-worn slides, which show clearly where the branches were carried, first down to the

BEAVER LODGES AT THE NORTHWEST END OF THE POND.

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water, then along regular canals, worn through the mossy bogs which partly cover the lake, to the scenes of the building operations. Whether it be for the lodges, or the dams, or for food, the wood is equally needed.

We can easily picture to ourselves the busy scene of the dark autumn nights, when the beavers land, after a preliminary swim round the lake as a sort of precautionary measure, and when each one selects the tree most to his fancy. Then, standing on his hind legs, the beaver begins by tearing off the moss and bark, his sharp teeth crunching through across the grain of the wood. Round and round he goes, cutting deepest into the side nearest the water, in the direction he wishes the tree to fall; and, strange as it may seem, nearly every tree felled in this vicinity had been successfully dropped waterward, and judging from the trees still standing, there is really no reason for supposing that they inclined naturally in that direction. If the tree selected by our beaver is a very large one, it will require many hours of patient work to gnaw it through, but a small poplar, of perhaps twelve inches in diameter, falls after about one hour's work —so, at least, say the trappers. Let us imagine the beaver as he gives the final cut. The tree trembles slightly in the gentle night breeze, and then, leaning over, commences its downward fall, crashing through the branches of its neighbors, shaking off their few remaining dry leaves, and filling the woods with the fierce echoes of its dying struggle. Such noise may attract the attention of enemies, a fact so well known to the beaver that he scurries away, hiding until long after the echoes have lost themselves among the hills and valleys. Then, all being quiet, he returns, and, perhaps with others of his kind to help him, after cutting off all the smaller branches, away he goes, carrying, pushing, and pulling a load large enough to try the strength of a well-grown boy. In this manner the work continues throughout the nights of the autumn months, for then it is that all the building is done, and the food supplies gathered in for the long siege of the cold, desolate winter.

ON THE EDGE OF THE POND.

Showing how the trees, felled by beavers, have each one fallen *toward* the water.

Returning to the lake, we discover no less than five lodges. Two of these, in a state

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A TREE FELLED BY BEAVERS.

of ruin, prove to be no longer inhabited. Two others, built close together at the north end of the lake, are the largest, and near them the supply of green sticks, partly submerged in the water, gives ample evidence that in these lodges are good housekeepers. For during the long winter months, when all is frozen, the beaver lives on the roots of the water lily, and the bark of the branches collected before the ice "makes." These branches are stored near the lodge, with their ends sticking firmly into the soft muddy bottom, and the tops occasionally protruding above water, so that when the surface of the lake freezes, the beaver comes out from his house by way of the submarine passage (the entrance being always under water), secures a desirable branch, poplar by preference, and returns with it to his home, there to enjoy his simple meal of bark. The stick, when denuded of its covering, is carried out, usually through another passage, and left in the water, to be used when material is needed for repairing the house or dam.

The lodges are built of sticks, mud, roots, and weeds, with large sticks, some of which are twelve or fifteen feet long, laid on the outside. The form of the structure is not regular, as one is led to believe by the pictures so frequently seen; neither has it windows, such as the early artists would have us believe; but is, rather, a rough-shaped mound, about five or six feet in height, and ten to twenty feet in diameter at its base, while the sticks, both large and small, project from all parts. In the centre of the mound is an ill-defined air shaft, which is scarcely visible unless the weather is cold, when the snow, melted by the warm air coming from inside the house, forms a crater-like entrance to the shaft, from which the warm air rises in a vapory volume and betrays the presence of the beavers to their arch enemy, the trapper.

The interior of the lodge varies greatly in size, according to the requirements. Some will hold as many as eight or ten beavers. The floor, which is kept perfectly clean, is made of earth with small sticks beaten into it. It is said that the animal uses his queer,

A BEAVER LODGE.

On the left the winter supply of wood (for food) may be seen partly submerged in the water.

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flat tail to beat the floor hard and smooth. The distance from the floor to the water is only two or three inches, and when the water drops below the usual level, the beaver knows that something has befallen the dam, and as soon as night's protecting darkness covers the land, one or more of the animals will make a tour of investigation. This is a task requiring the greatest amount of intelligence, not because of the difficulty of repairing the breach (that, to them, is an easy task, and is quickly performed), but because of the steel trap, so often met with by the wretched animal who would perform this duty. The trapper, anxious to secure the pelt that may bring him, at most, ten dollars, after breaking the dam, at its upper edge, a few inches beneath the surface of the water, he places the trap, to which a large stone has been attached, while the chain is secured to a pole driven into the bottom, where the water is deep. To make still more sure of his work he leaves a scent of castoreum, or some other "medicine," on the twigs nearby. When the beaver discovers the breach, it is probable that he examines the neighborhood for the trail of man; should he find it we may reasonably suppose that he either leaves the dam to take care of itself, or else goes very carefully about the work of repairing it. Perhaps, however, the trapper has been sufficiently cautious in concealing his trail; if so, the beaver returns with a feeling of security and goes directly to the break. With a snap, noiseless and without mercy, the iron jaws close on his leg. Instantly making for the deep water, where he is usually able to escape his pursuers, he is now dragged to the bottom by the combined weight of trap and stone, and after a brief struggle, so desperate and ineffectual, this harmless, energetic, clever, *thinking* animal becomes a useless piece of mere flesh.

A BEAVER DAM IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

Let us go back to the pond and examine it carefully. Originally a stream (the dotted line on the map marks its approximate course) ran through the centre of what is now the pond, flowing from south to north. This evidently suited the needs of the beavers who were hunting for a place where they might found a colony. The water supply was good, poplar trees abundant, and pre-

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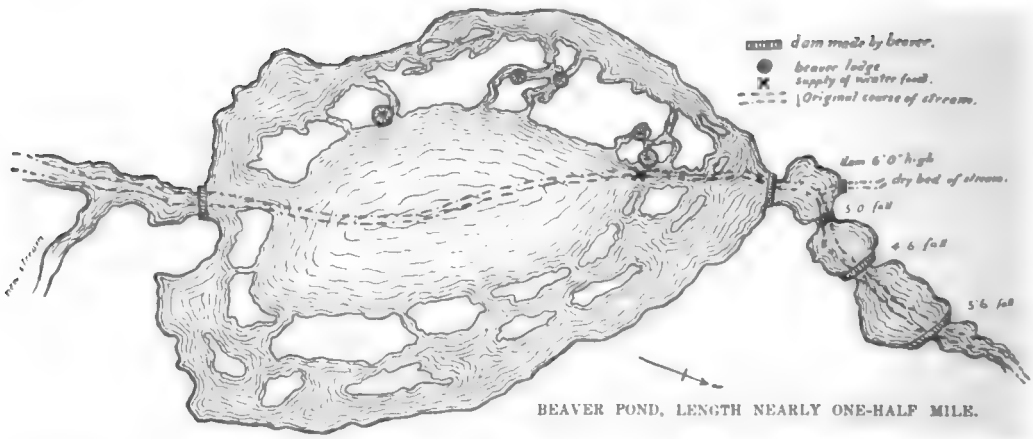


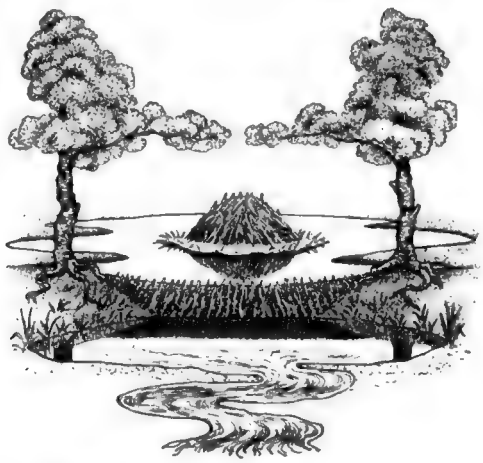
BEAVER POND, LENGTH NEARLY ONE-HALF MILE.

sumably the place was remote from man. What more could they ask?

The first thing to be done was to build a dam at the lower or northern end of the little valley. The place was most admirably chosen. The hills sloped down in such a way as to form a narrow gully through which the stream ran, and it was, therefore, necessary to build a dam of only about thirty feet in length. As the water rose, the pressure on this structure increased to, perhaps, a dangerous degree; so as a means of additional security two more dams (two because the bed of the stream forked at this point, as shown in the diagram) were built, and the water backed up from these and helped to support the main structure.* Then, for some reason that can only be guessed at, a dam was placed at the upper or southern end of the pond. A close examination of the ground leads one to believe that when the pond was raised a few feet it would, owing to the contour of the land, have backed or forced the stream down the gully where the new stream now runs, as shown in the map; so in order to allow of sufficient depth of water in the pond, this dam was built. Now the pond appears to be fed by only one tiny rill, not more than two or three inches in width. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that the pressure of the water has caused springs to flow, in this way causing a constant supply of water.

From all this one realizes that the face of the country—only a small piece truly enough—has been completely changed by the work of a few small animals, and further, what we can *not* realize is to what extent the entire country has been altered by the beavers that have been working for countless ages. The changing of a stream's course is in itself a small thing, but who will say where its effects will end?

* The other dams shown in the diagram are of much more recent date.



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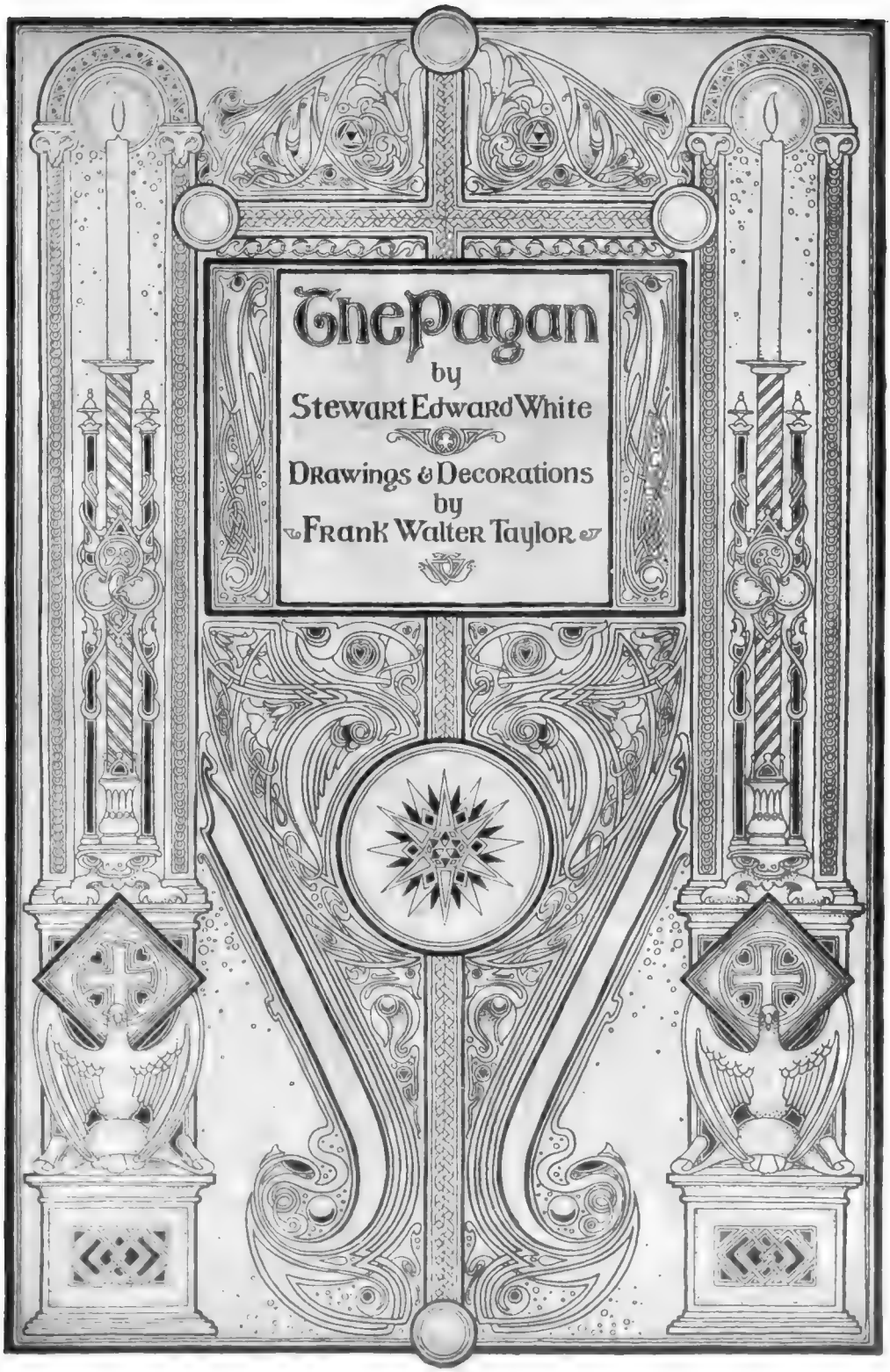

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The Pagan

FAR down on the coast of Brittany, overlooking the south, stands a church quite alone. The cliffs of its foundation front a wild and troubled bay whose shores are deep and formidable, and under whose restless waters a hundred dangers await the mariner. A single narrow channel leads to Douarnenez, wherein a fleet might ride with safety. In the old days the savage peasantry were accustomed to lure ships to their destruction by means of false lights cunningly suspended between the horns of oxen, whose noses and whose forefeet were so closely shackled together that the hobbling mode of their progression gave to the lanterns the motion of boats at anchor. So the wild men of the country gained their spoil.

Back of the church lies a country-side of distances, of great bowlders, of gorse and furze, and of rare and twisted trees. Here and there on an eminence perches a peasant lad, his hair streaming behind him, blowing his pipes ecstatically in the teeth of the wind. Villages of stone, massive and old as the hills themselves, crouch in the earth's gashes. Men of the country, in broad hats, long of locks, fierce of countenance; women of the country, grave-faced as granite, in stiff white *coiffes*, in decent dress, thick woollen stockings, and *sabots;* beggars, with their bag-pipes and staffs; horses and two-wheeled carts—these drift slowly down the winding, stony roads, without relieving in the slightest the savage aspect of the scene. When men pass, they salute one another gravely. On Sundays they gather at the church and hear Mass, kneeling on the grave-stones of their ancestors. Then they go out on the cliff and look abroad over the seething waters, and talk together of the White Horses of the Sea, and of the Candles of Death, and of Anne des Iles, the last of the pagans, but chiefly of that wonderful fabled City of Ys which lies sleeping under the waves of the bay. For this is a strange people, steadfast, with few ideas, but those strong.

The church has stood there for many centuries. It is strong, four square, with five painted windows, a carved nave, and a Virgin of silver. Before the Revolutionists had scourged Brittany, there had been as many again of the painted windows, and other things of great value, which the slow-passing generations of men had wrung from the reluctant sea or the stubborn soil, and presented triumphant to Nôtre Dame de Bon Secours. These things have disappeared. Some the vandals pillaged, others they destroyed. Men will show you to-day the marks of hoofs under the choir, and the charred marble of their camp-fires in the sacristy itself. Also they impiously overturned the many granite calvaries of the cross-roads. But these things their souls expiate, as any dark, windy night will prove, for you may hear their groans as they vainly strive to place, one on the other, the fallen granite blocks. And strive they must through all eternity until these affairs are accomplished.

That was a wild and stormy time. Men and women gathered on distant eminences and watched the spoiling. Silently, gravely, without making a sign, they had gathered these things together through the long gray years. Their enthusiasm had been still and deep and of the patience that hopes, but dares not believe until the fact is achieved. Now their despair was the despair of fatalism. They had risen in their faith, as symbolized by such rude treasure, a little above the level of their harsh lives, and had been ruthlessly pressed back. At bottom they had expected little else. Life was rude and storm-swept, like these barren moors and the white tumbling shroud of the City of Ys.

But one man cursed the vandals from the hill-top. He must have presented a curious and picturesque sight to the ragged ribald army that passed below him, for he stood on the crest of an old Druid stone, and he raised his arms aloft, and hurled after them, down the wind which fluttered his garments, the mighty anathema of Rome. They filed past and mocked him.

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"AND THE FOUR BARE WALLS WERE ALL THAT REMAINED."

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"We will return and destroy your belfry," shouted a soldier, "so that you will have nothing to recall to you your old superstitions."

"You will always be forced to leave us the stars," replied the priest. "We can see them from farther than our steeple."

And then he, sombre, terrible in the still might of his displeasure, descended and viewed the four bare walls of his tabernacle. And the four bare walls were all that remained.

The next day he held service as usual. Standing in what was left of the pulpit he looked about at the worshippers kneeling in the *débris* of a people's life-work, and when grand Mass was finished, he stepped to the centre and spoke to his people in Breton. He had never done this before. Ordinarily he was a gloomy man, wrapped close in the mantle of his thoughts and the exigencies of his calling, infinitely remote in the grandeur of mystery from those who surrounded him.

"My people," he said, "Our Lady has lost her treasure. We must replace it. By the Feast of Toussaints next year the painted window over the chancel must be restored. For this purpose it is permitted —permitted, I say—that you save the tenth of your possessions. God and Our Lady be with you."

Then he strode down the long aisle to the great iron-bound door of oak, which clanged to behind him.

He was a large man, this Father Aloysius, and a black. His hair was black, black his straight brows, with their level frown of purpose, dark his skin, and blue-black his chin and lips where his shaven beard showed through. When he looked at you, you shuddered slightly, as at the presence of an elemental force. He held to his fixed ideas, for he had not many of them, and those he placed with his tenets of belief. Because of this he would have made a good soldier. He was Breton to the backbone. All the mysticism of his race and people had entered into him when he was Neil Troadec, and not yet a neophyte of Rome. Even now he seemed to be but twenty-six, a young man still, with all a young man's fire and enthusiasm, which, however, were made only the more potent by the mature repression to which he subjected them. He spoke rarely, but then to the point. And his people worshipped him because he was a man.

For forty years he had toiled in the service of the despoiled church. At the *pardon*, when the people knelt one by one before the shrine of Our Lady, such was the influence of his look that the little silver bell which marked the deposition of alms was rarely still. At the Feast of Noël he was out before cock-crow, using the privilege of the day to demand gifts; and at evening, after the last echoes of the last chant had died at the foot of the granite calvaries, his voice was heard demanding imperiously his tax from some farmer's closed door. It was strange, this—the three voices of the men, the women, and the priest—of joy, of question, of assured authority. The neighboring peasants, laying piously the Repast of the Absent, heard them afar.

"*What is there new upon the earth that the ways are so thronged? Why do the crowds press towards the churches by night, the calvaries by day?*" came the voices of the men.

"*Rejoice! rejoice! to-day is the Mystery of the Nativity!*" replied the voices of the girls.

And when the last mingled strains of "*Sing! sing! with all your hearts and souls! Noël! Noël!*" had floated down the wind, and again one could hear plainly the grumbling of ever-restless Douarnenez, came the three heavy blows, and the resonant command, "Give! Give! In the name of Our Lord and Lady!"

Then the good women would cross themselves and mutter a prayer.

"It is the good father," said they, but with fear; for to such simple souls there is something a little terrifying in the unchanging pursuit of an ideal.

Sometimes after the family had sat to its evening meal, and had marked the bread with the blessed cross before cutting it, the door would open to admit the always welcome kloäreck, or bard. He was given instant refreshment. Yves ran for their neighbors, and Alain sought logs for the chimney. Then there was an evening! The *grandmère* in the *lit clos;* the older people on the carved bench beneath the clock; all the little ones about the floor; the bard with his flowing hair, his hawk face, and his strange costume, in the centre, directly in front of the great roaring fire; no other light than the flames, and the reflections from the utensils hung in shining rows along

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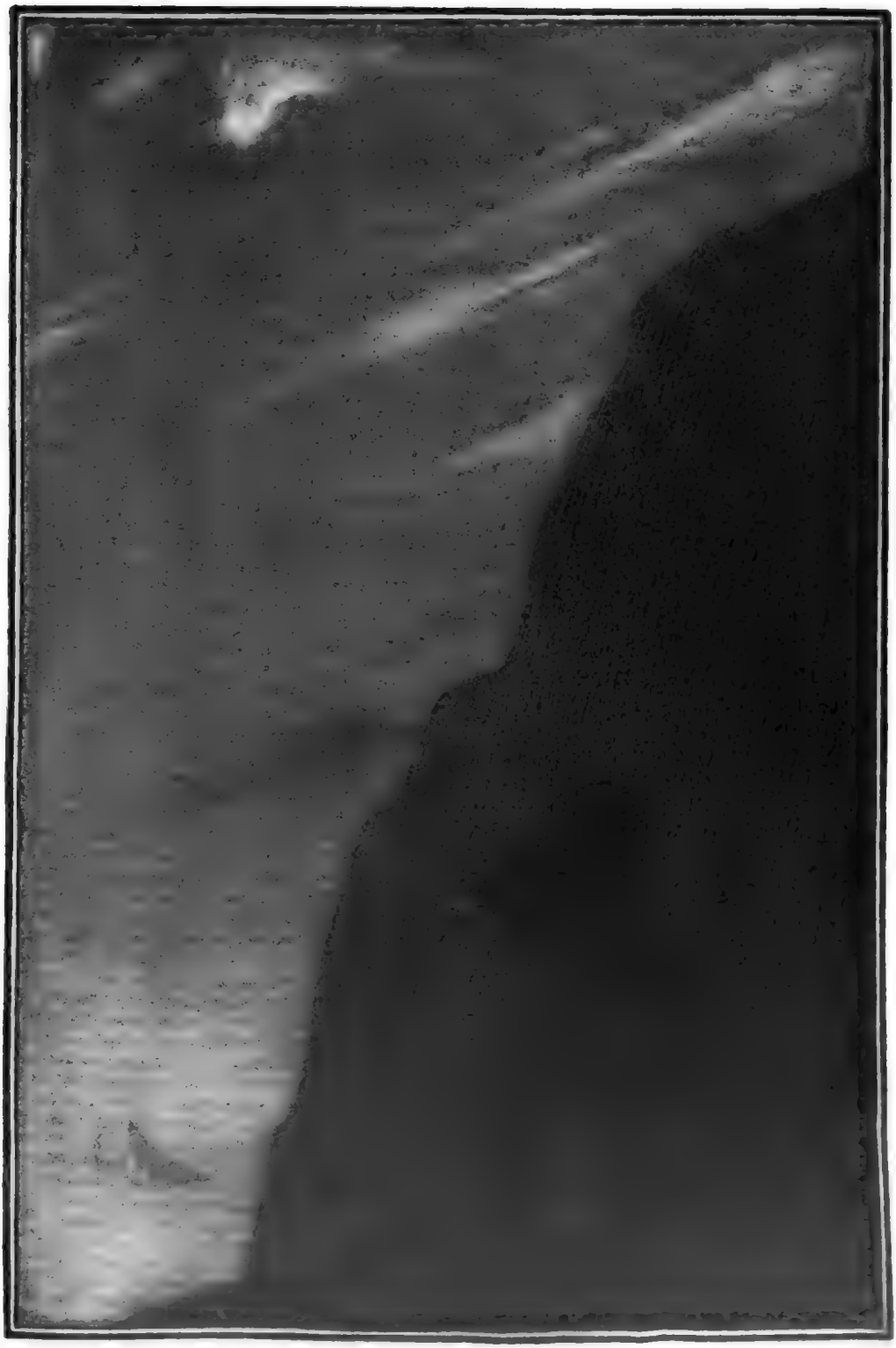

"THE MAN ON THE CLIFF AGAIN FOLDED HIS ARMS AND FACED THE GALE, STRIVING FOR A CALMNESS WHICH WOULD NOT COME."

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the rafters; outside, the wind and the bellowing of Douarnenez—cannot you see the picture?

Then the bard would sing the Roman du Renard, or the lay of Ignaurès, or the songs of Arthur de Bretagne; or he would recount the tale of the Man who would not Eat or the Belfry of Treguier. Or still better, as the evening dwindled, he would describe the White Lady of the Marshes, who lured men to destruction, or tell of the Princess Dahut and the ancient City of Ys.

"And so, in the name of misfortune and a humble heart, give alms," the kloäreck would conclude.

"Nay, give rather in the name of Our Blessed Lady," would come an unexpected voice from the shadow of the wall. It was Father Aloysius, who had entered unseen, and who thus claimed his due.

And so for two score years.

Never were taxes heavier, nor levied more ruthlessly. Yet his people loved him because he was a strong man.

Once a year he said Mass from a boat in the bay, and the peasants, kneeling in other boats, chanted the responses, which the wind and the roar of the waters carried away.

Once a year he led the procession at the *pardon*, the many-bannered mediæval procession.

Twice a week he said Mass. Once in seven days he heard confession.

When the lighted candle floated from the clouds and descended the chimney of a house, he forestalled the death which that candle had foretold. He christened the children by the good old Breton names. When a fishing-boat set sail from the harbor, he knelt on the sands, and offered up the touching prayer of the Breton mariner: "God of mine, protect me. My boat is so little, and Thy sea so great!"

And ever he became more silent, more stern, more aloof, more muffled in the terrible folds of a single purpose.

The church had gained four painted windows, an oaken pulpit, a carved nave, a Virgin of silver, and some vessels of the service.

Father Aloysius was an old man of sixty-five. He had accomplished in forty years the labors of ten of his predecessors. Now he would shortly die. He knew he could not finish the work of restoring the little stone church on the cliff to its pristine grandeur—that must be the task of his successor—but he was obstinate in arriving at the half. For that there still lacked a window, perhaps an embroidered stole or two, and some vessels of silver. It was an affair of about five thousand francs. Father Aloysius did not despair. But the years had not been fat, and the country could do no more than is possible. It was a pity that Father Aloysius could not have seen the great church of Nôtre Dame at Paris, or the cathedral at Rouen. And yet, perhaps, it was not so great a pity after all.

One day in the autumn, when Father Aloysius was walking from the church to the Druid stone, he suddenly turned dizzy and fell. Two hours later Jean Tanguy found him where he huddled and carried him home. Women came to him. After a time he returned to consciousness and lay staring straight up before him from under his thick brows. The doctor arrived from distant Quimper, grumbling at being summoned, for the moon was ringed, and the City of Ys was awakening beneath the floods. He was a little fussy man, the doctor, who had studied in Paris, and who had abandoned the dress of his commune. Only rarely would he condescend to speak the Breton. For this reason, and because of his high bald cranium and his gold chain, the peasants and fisherfolk held him in awe. He looked at Father Aloysius and turned his back. Outside, the roar of multitudinous breakers was rising across the wind. He was anxious to be gone before the storm.

In the corner old Mère Colinée talked low-voiced with her cronies. To her the doctor addressed himself briefly. He was a free-thinker and loved not the clergy; and, besides, his vanity was stirred by the sight of one who, his instincts told him, was a greater than he. Mère Colinée nodded comprehension. The doctor drew on his gloves to go, hastily, without the decency of farewell. The woman followed him to the door.

"It will be a wild night," she shivered, coming back to the fire. "A wild night! May Our Lady of the Seas watch over those who have trusted themselves to her."

The women were three. One of them was an old crone who leaned on a staff, and muttered to herself, and remembered strange things. People called her a witch.

"A ship set sail this day from Brest for Spain, laden with laces and honey and corn

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from the region of Morlaix," said Mère Colinée.

"What spoil! what spoil!" muttered the old witch.

"Come here!" cried Father Aloysius strongly from the bed.

The three women started, for these were the first words he had spoken since his seizure. Mère Colinée hurried to him.

"What did he say?" asked the priest.

"That it was nothing—a mere nothing."

"Do not lie to me," said he quietly.

Compelled by the sheer power of the man, she burst out weeping.

"Ah, Mother of God forgive me!" she wailed.

"Tell me!" he commanded sternly.

The woman looked up with defiant eyes,

"That you have but a little time to live."

The place fell suddenly still.

"How long?" he asked at length.

"Three months at most."

"Ah!" said Father Aloysius.

The woman crept back to the fire. Outside the wind rose. The shadows leaped grotesquely across the furnishings of the room, the tall clock, the pallid features of the Man on the crucifix, the strong, still face of that other man stretched on the cross of his life's disappointment there on the bed. Not a line of his countenance altered. He lay staring straight before him ruggedly, like some great captain driven to bay, but dying as beseemed his mettle. The women watched him in silence, fascinated, although nothing happened. By and by they slipped away, for there was nothing more to do.

When the clock struck midnight, Father Aloysius arose and clothed himself, and with long, majestic strides he went out from the cottage to the cliff-top, in the teeth of the raging storm.

Below him Douarnenez was white with the smooth-hurrying waves, tossing troubled over the sunken rocks. He remembered that on the crest of each of these waves rode the soul of one perished in shipwreck, seeking always the soul of a brother, a friend, or a loved one, as a light and fugitive foam. Father Aloysius fancied he could hear the sad and plaintive murmur as they rushed together in a last embrace before being hurled against the coast. From that his thoughts ran to the tempest, and he knew that until the sea had given up the bodies of the drowned, it would not cease from this dread travail. And then he strained his eyes abroad to see the Ferry of the Dead. He knew, for he had heard many times, that across these waters souls journeying to paradise accomplished the first step of that voyage which led past the Sea, the Valley of Anguish, and the Lake of Blood. Often the fisherman would be awakened at midnight by a knock and a command in the name of the Dead. And then piously he would arise, and ferry across men muffled to the eyes who would speak no word.

Father Aloysius stood on the cliff-top in the shrieking night, staring out into the blackness, with vacant mind through which flooded these thoughts.

All the great mystery of pagan Brittany came back to him and filled him. The gorse at his feet crouched and shrank spasmodically as the great fierce wind clutched at it. Below thundered the bay. Occasionally in the distance lightning flashed, revealing the tossing and the sinking and the tumult. The cattle of the uplands were feeding calmly. They were a hardy race, and used through many generations to the beatings and battlings of this savage coast. Some of them sniffed inquiringly at the erect and oblivious priest.

Father Aloysius drew himself to his full height. Some bushes bowed before him in the wind. Far out against the semi-phosphorescence of the foam he thought he saw a black object near the lost City of Ys. And he remembered the story of the beautiful Princess Dahut, the beautiful wicked princess told of by the kloärecks, who had made for herself a crown of her vices, and who had taken as pages the seven mortal sins; and of how to please her devil lover she had opened the flood-gates on the sleeping city and had been herself destroyed. One by one the mystic tales of the kloärecks came to him. And each touched a drop of Breton blood and sent it shouting to his brain. The priest fell from him. He was once more Neil Troadec, and Neil Troadec began to sing in the harsh old Celtic tongue the battle song of Brittany:

"O land of Bretons; O my dear country; my country so long wept, so strongly defended; thy sons arise!"

Then, after a moment, he fell silent again and began to mutter. Something bound his head and prevented him from thinking. Something had always prevented him.

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"God in heaven!" he cried, "Thou hast forsaken me! For Thy glory and honor have I labored all my life, and Thou deniest me that little thing which I have asked."

Out by the City of Ys a light was swinging. Father Aloysius saw it dimly through the veil of agony which shrouded his soul.

"Père Galatée who returns from his fishing," thought Father Aloysius. "God keep him safe."

Then the lightning flared, and he saw that it was a ship, a ship on a lea shore, pointing bravely to sea, but lifted remorselessly nearer the coast as each successive wave rolled under her.

The first thought of Father Aloysius was, that if the vessel's captain could be guided into the smaller haven of Douarnenez, all would be well. He ran to his house and lit his lantern, which he muffled under his cloak. When he returned to the top of the cliff, the light was still rising and falling with a certain erratic regularity. He paused.

The momentary excitement of a new discovery passed. Again something oppressed his head to prevent him from thinking. Again the wild winds beat the priest from him and sent the racing Breton blood shouting through his veins. Again Neil Troadec stood on the top of the cliff, wresting from the tempest savage chants of a half-remembered childhood. And the song he sang this time was the Song of the Sea.

After a little he fell silent. The light was nearer.

"What spoil! what spoil!" said he, quoting the old woman who had sat by his fireside.

He was standing very straight and tall, staring from under his thick, level brows. So might have stood a Druid priest fronting a sacrifice, or a captain about to hurl the weight of his forces; never a minister of God.

Far over the water a gun boomed faintly. To many it might have seemed only a greater wave than the ordinary detonating against the coast. Father Aloysius knew it for what it was; and he realized, moreover, that in case of its repetition, a dozen folk whose senses had been tuned to the song of the sea would know it too. He looked about him once fearfully, then once proudly, then once exultantly, and set to work.

He placed his lantern behind a bush. He removed his thin priest's robe, which he tore into strips. With one of the strips he bound a steer's nose close to its hocks, with the other he suspended his lantern between its horns. This accomplished, he set to driving the animal back and forth in a limited space. It hobbled, tossing its head slowly with each cautious thrust forward of its forefeet. The lantern rose and fell.

Out in the blackness Father Aloysius could distinguish an indeterminate murmur, fainter than the rush of the sea, but so different that it could be heard. It was made up of the creak of blocks, the slatting of sails, perhaps the shouts of men. The distant light took on a different motion. Then it began to sweep inshore and to grow larger. Even between two whoops of the wind it loomed with startling distinctness. Father Aloysius drew a deep trembling breath of satisfaction.

The man on the cliff again folded his arms and faced the gale, striving for a calmness which would not come. He was mad with excitement. From his lips fell short, disjointed sentences in the Celtic, the Breton, the rough-syllabled language of his fathers.

"Spoil! spoil! spoil!" he shouted. "Oh, great sea, bring spoil, the riches of the earth! . . . Equal sharing! To me the gold, to you the bodies of the dead! . . . And to hell their souls!"

He laughed.

"To hell! . . . You others there, do you know what hell is? You are driving to it straight. It is fire; fire everywhere! . . . It burns, but it gives no light! . . . It burns like the fever, so that no one can see it. . . . Are you hungry? Eat fire. . . . Are you thirsty? Drink of it!"

At this moment, out of the blackness loomed swift as an arrow the huge phantom of the ship, vividly near, rushing before the wind. From the fore-yards flapped a tattered sail. Its tall masts were bent by the force of the tempest. Three brilliant flashes of lightning showed those crouched on her decks their peril. A wail of despair ripped the darkness like a sheet of silk.

And the priest, standing there above them on the cliff, intoned in a solemn voice the Latin prayer for the souls of those about to die.

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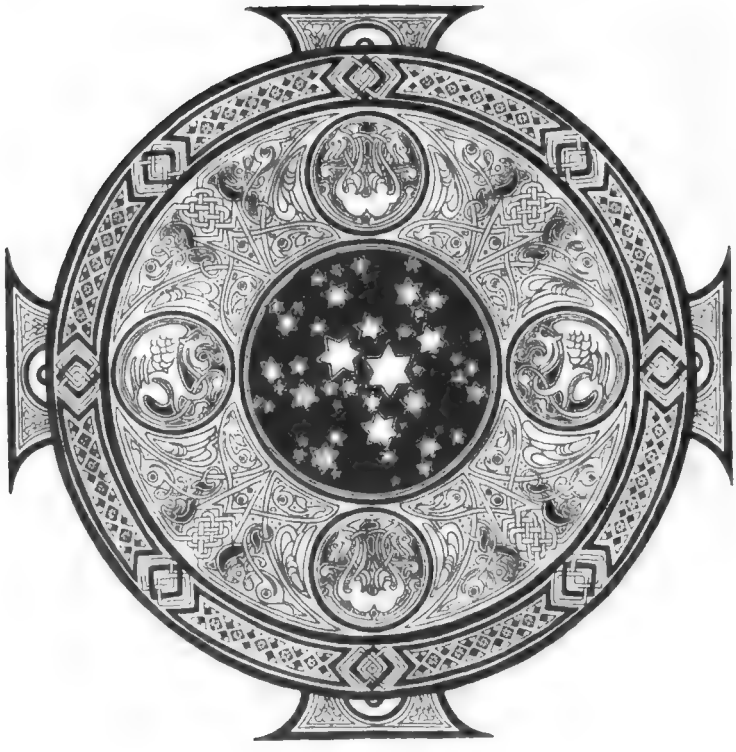

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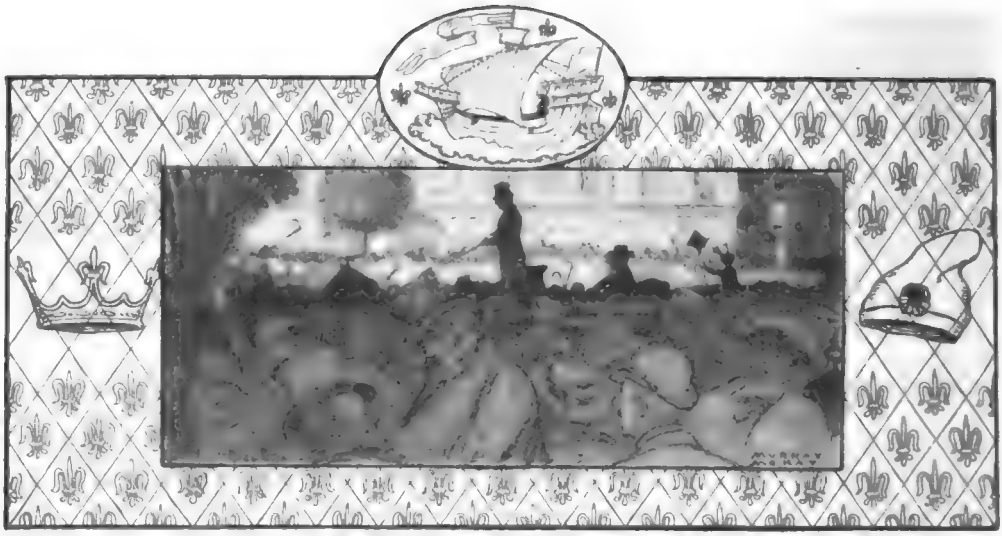

"Déroulède could have been dictator that day."

1870.

THE REVOLUTIONIST

Paul Déroulède as a Master of the Big Game of Revolution.

By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

1901.

A FRENCH revolution is not of the same breed of opera bouffe as our Latin American's hysterical jumping out of the latest *status quo*. It is a bigger game. In fact, it has become such a Big Game that the player who can sit in must be a genius. He is certainly a rarity. Nowadays the sleek bourgeois forgets to ask, along with his morning coffee, what form of government he is living under. Nevertheless, century before last, on discovering that a king's head came off just like any other man's, the French contracted a new habit. After that a chief magistrate's tenure of office and of head took on a precariousness that was delightful—for the governed. Changing rulers proved a seductive pastime, and though it's a long time between revolutions just at present, yet the remembrance brings on sporadic fits of restlessness. The men who tempt the Big Game are generally too small. Boulanger was. But there was another man looking over the pitiable Boulanger's shoulder. Quite a while before, this other man had been mixing into the Game, and recently he has been playing the most sensational of lone hands. What makes the thing exciting is that he is *almost* big enough. One time, during an hour, he was virtual dictator of France. But he did not play right. After all, he was not *quite* big enough. Just at this moment he is in exile. But he has not promised to be good. He is a typical wild Frenchman, with all the brilliant fascination implied thereby: a very lion and hero-fool among Frenchmen, and as picturesque a gallant dare-devil as any Frenchman ever was.

THE RISE OF A MODERN D'ARTAGNAN.

Paul Déroulède was bred in youth for the tumultuous phase of the Game. And to this

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day it is easier to imagine him amid uproarious blows than in stealthy conspiracy. He is not dark-browed, sinister. He is frank, even ingenuous, and a fighter in the open. When heads and governments are being cracked around him with much noise, he is very happy. But he is too much the Don Quixote to get a correct perspective of the confusion and turn it to his own ends. Yet, if he were a crafty plotter, he might not be the reckless, popular hero who can start the confusion in the first place. He is a storm-centre by instinct. As a student of law he heaved conspicuously in the froth of Latin Quarter politics. Though aristocratic salons welcomed the vagabond artist and poet, and the nobility quoted his verses and applauded his plays, he much preferred to harangue his fellow Bohemians. When the imperial court sought him out with its honors he cried, "Down with the tyrant Napoleon!" He could have been dangerous even then, but he does not seem to have had bitter enemies. I believe his enemies rather like him. This is not saying, however, that he does not hate them, for he does, with a strenuousness that is refreshing. The idea of German invasion was to him a personal affront, and we can well understand that he fought the Prussians on the most personal grounds. To get at them the quicker with his own individual clubbed musket he threw up a lieutenant's commission in the home guards and rushed to the front as a private among the veteran zouaves of the Crimea. They were already near the enemy when a carriage overtook the battalion. A woman's voice within was inquiring for Paul Déroulède. It was his mother. "I bring you your brother André," she said. "He wants to fight at your side." The brother was a boy of seventeen. So much for heredity.

As for Déroulède's bravery, it is romantic magnificence, like D'Artagnan's. During the retreat from Sedan, André was struck full in the chest while trying to break through the Prussian lines. Paul went back, picked him up, stumbled, and fell. Their deaths were reported to the mother and father in Paris. But a Saxon officer had lifted the boy into an ambulance and allowed the elder brother to nurse him. Both are living to-day. Paul gave his parole to deliver himself a prisoner at Berlin, but he promised that he would escape afterwards to fight them again. He kept his word in both instances. Then followed his exploit at Montbéliard, which is more operatic than real, only it is true. The walls were defended by two companies of the enemy while he charged toward them through the open at the head of fifty Algerians. With twenty men left he plunged into the town and stormed up the main street through a cross-fire from roofs and windows on either side. Wielding a soldier's bayonet, he flung himself over the last barricade in the Grand' Place and drove out the defenders. An hour had elapsed since they disappeared in the town, and General Lannes, coming up with the main troops, supposed all had perished. Then he was astounded to hear firing. It was a hopeless note, but angry. He hurried forward his forces, and within he found Déroulède and his surviving Algerians holding the last barricade. Déroulède's clothes hung partly in ribbons. Things in his pockets were shattered; but he was unhurt. The Algerians henceforth looked on the big Parisian as the pet of Mohammed.

One other quality that a revolutionist should have is audacity, and Déroulède's audacity is impudence nigh to the sublime. When a stripling lieutenant he thought nothing of protesting against an entire campaign to the general commanding. After the war and the Commune, he was not content with his Legion of Honor ribbon, nor with his Soldiers' Songs crowned by the Academy, nor with his plays acclaimed in the Odéon and the Comédie Française, nor with being a fondled hero everywhere. Therefore he turned to politics as the most fecund source of trouble in times of peace, and by an impertinence simply astounding he began his career proper. He annoyed one of the safest premiers France has ever known, Jules Ferry. And when Gambetta was called to the same place, what does the young man but demand that a certain general be made Minister of War. And, what is inexplicable, Gambetta finally consented to name this man general chief-of-staff.

MAGNETISM THE POWER, AND THE MOTIVE, REVENGE.

But more than bravery or audacity, that which has made possible the works of our chronic revolutionist is his magnetism as a man. He inspires a blinded and frenzied devotion. François Coppée, the author, writes that Paul Déroulède has ever stood ready to sacrifice his liberty and life for his

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cause, and beyond a doubt this is strictly true.

Now why should Déroulède, a sincere patriot, seek to overthrow the government? If ambition has aught to do with the case, it is not of the vulgar sort, insatiate for power or loot, as with the Central American dictator. Déroulède is willing that another should reap the honors, provided only that his country obtains certain reforms. These reforms, moreover, are worthy of a statesman. By the Constitution of 1875 the President of France is elected by the *Congrès*, or Senate, and Chamber of Deputies in joint assembly. Such is not Déroulède's idea of a true republic. It is parliamentarism. The people should elect their President by direct vote. He is quite sound, theoretically. But if Frenchmen had this direct vote?

The motive back of the platform is not so creditable to its author as the platform itself, for the motive is revenge. To understand, one must first appreciate the spirit of "soreness" that prevails almost universally in France against everything and everybody foreign. As a vanquished people, the French are no longer generous hosts. They are ridiculously jealous of any commercial advantage or tourist's pleasure that a foreigner may derive from their country. They are sore, very, very sore. A Parisian was once with an American friend in an omnibus, when a fellow-countryman rebuked him loudly for talking with his friend in English. The fellow-countryman was not only an entire stranger, but perfectly sober. The automobilists who raced to Berlin were scolded for so far forgetting the old grudge. A British ship innocently taking soundings in the Channel became a menace to the French ministry, because an ultimatum was not despatched straight off. Thus it appears that, as to reasoning, France is a delightful woman among the nations. But her sulking is that of a spoilt child crossed in its waywardness, and it is petty, almost beyond belief. Her loves are synonymous with least hate, as for the Boers against the English, the Spaniards and, later, the Filipinos against ourselves. And thus the French go on curdling their charming natures, and making of themselves the unhappiest of peoples. The most rabid are the Nationalists, such as the "vieux clown" Rochefort, who heaps indecent abuse with venom, and every day bellows forth that this or that ministry is betraying the *patrie*. But the real aggressive embodiment of Nationalism is the gallant and violent Déroulède. For thirty years he has been a monomaniac over the Lost Provinces. No ministry, though, has rushed into war to recover them; but a ministry chosen direct by a hot-headed people might. Hence Déroulède's platform.

BECOMES A PROFESSIONAL REVOLUTIONIST.

Despairing of peaceable means of shattering the Constitution, Déroulède took to revolution as his life's work. In 1882 he forged his notorious lever for prying up passions; namely, the *Ligue des Patriotes*. The League's ostensible object was to instil the military idea into the minds of youth, with the retaking of the Lost Provinces as the goal. Turgot, Félix Faure, Gambetta, Carnot, and Victor Hugo were among the charter members. The League has always had a daily paper for its organ, the *Le Drapeau*, which is edited at present by Mons. H. Galli, Nationalist alderman, and Déroulède's devoted lieutenant. The new society caught the popular mind as flame in straw. Within a month the roll of membership numbered three hundred thousand, a fair working start for revolution. Beyond question the League gave heart to the stricken nation in opposing militarism to the militarism of Germany. In so far its organizer was unwittingly a prophetic statesman, for the whole world is to-day deeply concerned over the Teuton's strides for empire. But with Gambetta's death the League became the foe of all ministries whatsoever; and the several hundred thousand members kept right on learning how to shoot. The government took fright at such militant politics, and tried to discourage the patriots. About this time, 1885, Déroulède stood for Paris at the general elections, and though he was defeated, his 105,000 votes indicated the League's alarming strength in the capital.

THE MAN BEHIND BOULANGER.

The next year marked the rise of Boulangerism, which is important here because it reveals Déroulède for the first time in the Big Game. General Boulanger had just been named Minister of War in the Freycinet cabinet. Previously he had deplored parliamentary power in France, and he was known as an enemy of Germany. Dérou-

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THE CAPTURE OF MONTHÉLIARD.

"With twenty men left he plunged into the town and stormed up the main street through a cross-fire from roofs and windows on either side."

lède pricked up his ears at the appointment. At last he had found his man. By that he meant an axe for the Constitution. He hurried to the new Minister of War, without, however, distancing his own audacity. He proposed, all simply, that they should top-

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DÉROULÈDE (IN THE CENTRE) AND MARCEL HABERT (ON THE RIGHT) ON THE TERRACE AT VERSAILLES WHILE THE VOTING WAS GOING ON FOR PRESIDENT AFTER FAURE'S DEATH.

"The time was ripening for his postponed revolution. . . . The Big Game was on."

ple over the government. General Boulanger was merely to do as Déroulède told him, and within a year he would be President. Boulanger did not agree, so his tempter says, but, notwithstanding, Déroulède went forth and proclaimed the advent of a popular chieftain. Then he travelled over Europe to tell the different friendly rulers the same thing, at the same time advising them how to snub Germany. He ascribes to this pilgrimage part credit for the Franco-Russian alliance. Tramping on, he would have fought with the Greeks in emulation of Byron, only the frightened Turks hastened to finish the war before he could arrive. When he reached France, Boulanger had been dropped from the cabinet, whereupon Déroulède proceeded to recommence the troubles more according to his own notions. His first weapon was the polls. In 1889 Boulanger was easily elected deputy from Paris. Other victories followed. Then came the shouting—that most effective of forces in French politics. The night of the election, thousands yelled before a restaurant in the Boulevard de la Madeleine where Boulanger was dining. The din brought the psychological moment to a head. Déroulède used his eloquence from the shoulders of his friends. Next the general appeared, and the Leaguers bore him in triumph to his carriage. "*To the Elysée!*" everybody cried. Revolution waited on a gesture. But Déroulède's man did not play the card trembling between his fingers. He did not drive to the Elysée, and there was no revolution. Other opportunities were muddled. Royalists let into the plot brought discord. Boulanger—the general who had coddled the private soldier and the chieftain who was to be liberator of the people—this Boulanger ran away. He was afraid to come back, but not afraid to kill himself. Déroulède, disgusted, caught up the standard of Boulangerism. Lacking a better, he would be his own man from then on.

One day Ernest Renan thus reproved Déroulède: "Young man, France is dying. Do not trouble her agony." But her agony is the revolutionist's opportunity. Déroulède adopted the watchword, "*Quand même!*" which means "Keep on fighting, even though you know you are going to be most beautifully thrashed." Within a few days the Panama tumor burst. But the Boulangerists had gone back to their earlier political loaves,

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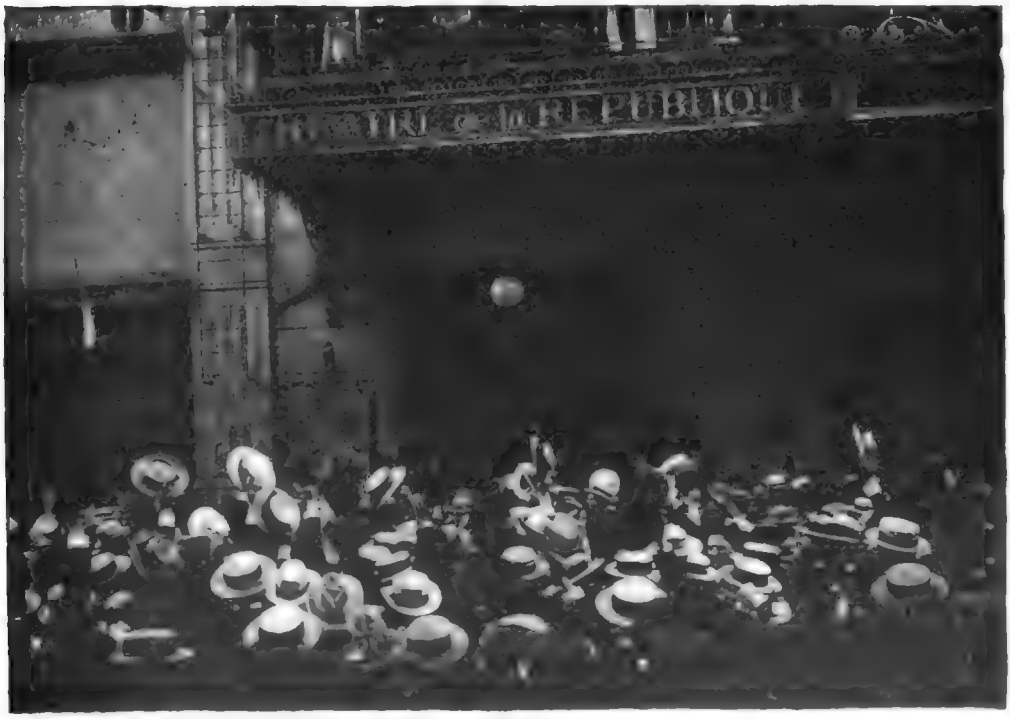
and the shouters were hoarse from recent efforts. Déroulède could arouse no more noise than a duel with the dead-shot, Clemenceau; so even this being a failure, he rose one day in the Chamber and told his fellow-deputies that they made him tired. Such was his resignation. Then he strode out, went home, and wrote poetry for four years.

DID THE DREYFUS AFFAIR PROVE DÉROULÈDE TO BE BUT ANOTHER BOULANGER.

Another agony was due. After her long rest, France was keen for a stirring up. The Dreyfus revision proved ample. The furious boiling of the kettle spewed Déroulède up from the calm depths at the bottom. Though anti-parliamentarian, he ran for deputy. He abused the "traitor Jew" satisfactorily, and he was elected. Next he openly avowed revolution. He pulled the League out of its slumbers. He told President Faure how to save the country from the Dreyfusards. He urged him to make a *coup d'état*. But Faure was either not ready yet or was afraid of such an impetuous follower, for he declined. Déroulède then took to shouting. He broke up Dreyfusard meetings, and was very poplar. Once he forced his way into a Dreyfus assembly, impudently broke into a speech to cry, "*Vive l'Armée!*" then made his escape, flushed like a gamin running to regain his fellows after breaking a window.

For a few minutes during the day of October 25, 1898, the Third French Republic dangled from the end of a frazzled thread. Had the right man been there to cut the thread, there was an abyss below. It was the day for the reassembling of Parliament. Déroulède rode in a carriage to the Chamber of Deputies, there to take his seat. Thousands of people waved their hands toward him. They were crying frantically, "*On to the Elysée!*" But, like Boulanger, he let the chance go by. He was thinking of his programme in the Chamber. There he made a speech—fierce and ominous. He denounced revision and the Brisson ministry.



THE ANTI-GOVERNMENT SPEECH AT THIS THEATRE WAS DÉROULÈDE'S LAST BEFORE HIS FINAL ARREST ON AUGUST 12TH.

"The government decreed that the *Ligue des Patriotes* should not be admitted to the cemetery. Déroulède promptly filled the town with protests, in which he called upon the people to resist."

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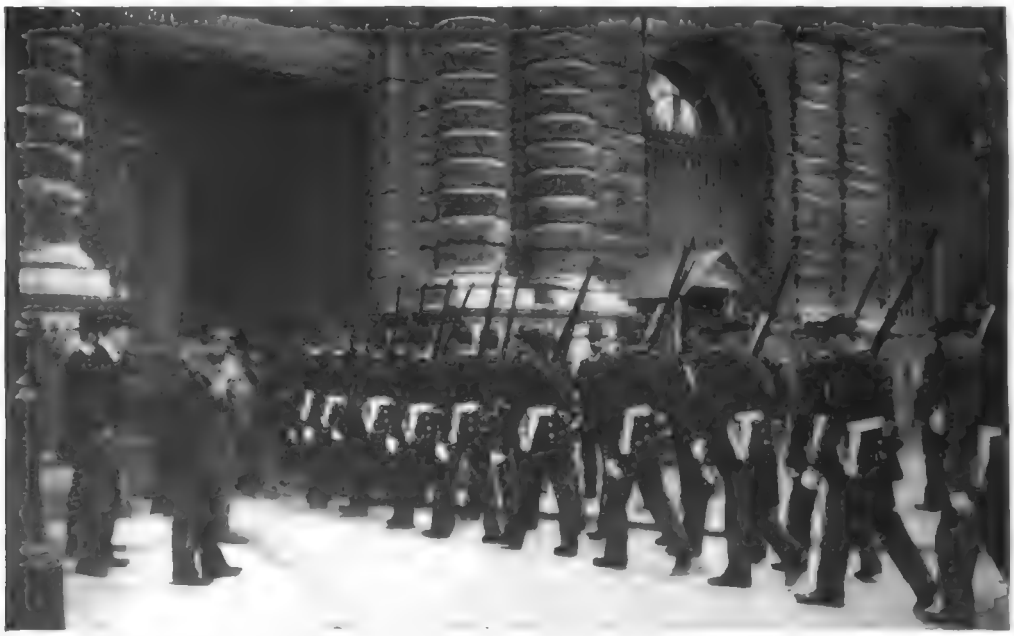
Such was the effect of his words that, even as he descended the tribune, General Chanoine had already mounted and was resigning as Minister of War. Chanoine thus repudiated the second trial of Dreyfus. A vote followed, and lack of confidence was hurled in the faces of the other ministers there present. The expectant multitude without, from the Palais Bourbon to the Place de la Concorde, heard of the cabinet's fall with joy, but the policemen and guards who held them back were but at best indifferent. The country was at the mercy of a street move-



THE REPUBLICAN GUARD OCCUPYING THE SENATE BUILDING (LUXEMBOURG PALACE) BEFORE COMMENCEMENT OF THE HIGH COURT TRIAL OF CONSPIRATORS.

ment. Déroulède could have been dictator that day. All who could reach him urged him to the step, but he refused. The royalists were prepared to profit by any such move, he replied; and, besides, he had not lost all hopes of Félix Faure. Thus he let the great opportunity slip by. Perhaps it was the patriot that held back, hoping to gain his reforms by peaceable means. No one, at least, can say that he was afraid. Nursing his former hope, he again sounded the President, but Faure still posed as loyal to the Constitution. And meantime the shouting had died down. Déroulède would have to wait for another opportunity. He did not despair, for the agony—revision—was still on. *Quand même!* he set to work again. It was a cold-blooded preparing of revolution this time, and he was grimly determined to let nothing prevent the next stroke that offered. By December the plot was ready, but he fell sick and had to go to Nice.

Déroulède was still there when, the night of February 16th, he received a telegram telling him that President Faure was dead. Here, then, was an acute crisis in the national agony. Troops and police were assigned to strategic points over Paris, and arms were stacked in case of need. There were rumors that Prince Victor, the Bonaparte pretender, had returned to Paris in disguise, and that the Duc d'Orléans, at Turin, was waiting only the word to come back. But the League of Patriots was respected as the most dangerous, and next day Déroulède appeared at its head. On the 18th the Senate and Chamber assembled in joint session at Versailles to elect a new President. As deputy, Déroulède supported Dupuy, the "least bad" of the candidates, and thus he acquiesced in the parliamentary election. But when Loubet was chosen, he illogically cried out against tyranny. Had Dupuy won through the same tyranny,

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Déroulède would have kept his peace, for the moment. But as things went he was very noisy indeed. Instead of quietly depositing his ballot in the urn, during the voting he insisted on crying out a few denunciations. Loubet, who as President of the Senate was in the chair, called him to order. But Déroulède, tall and fiery, turned on the chairman and shouted something at him. His words were lost in the din. The chairman's gong rang furiously. Ushers argued with the disturber. The hall was alive with excited gesticulation. The cause thereafter, for Paris was seething again. The man who had annoyed the chairman had laid the train for a mighty explosion. He surged triumphantly in the vortex of the spume. He was the centre of the maëlstrom of protests against the President-elect. He led one of those hooting, singing mobs of well-dressed citizens so common to Paris. Their actions are those of vulgar toughs, but they are oblivious, for their faces show the wild earnestness of what they think a sublime cause. "*On to the Elysée!*" again rang in Déroulède's ears.

FIRST ARREST OF DÉROULÈDE, ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM VERSAILLES, IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS REELECTION, SHOWING MODERN METHODS OF PUTTING DOWN REVOLUTIONS IN FRANCE.

"He was charged with a police offence—that of forcing his way into a barracks without permission. . . . In vain Déroulède railed out that he was really a very dangerous conspirator."

of it all kept on thundering his philippic. He knew that he could not be heard. But that did not matter in the least. He simply wanted to start the shouting. The time was ripening for his postponed revolution. He subsided with as little reason as he had begun, and left the tribune amid the frantic vociferations of friends. The Big Game was on.

THE "REVOLUTION" IN FULL SWING.

France tossed in extremest peril all that night, and the next day and for several days He stopped under the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, where with dramatic effect he could repeat the Maid's words, "Drive the strangers from France!" Then many voices repeated, "*On to the Elysée!*" The orator checked them impressively. "No," he said, "a man whom I loved lies dead there. So do nothing to-night. But meet again next Thursday, the day of the funeral, for this I promise you: I shall do my utmost to overthrow the President and this present republic and place there better ones." Thus he boldly cried forth his sedition. Déroulède is truly an anomaly among conspirators.

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From then on till the hour set the revolution really prepared itself, blindly, but surely. Mobs held the streets, choked the boulevards, stoned unpopular newspaper offices, and rushed the cordons of police. The Anti-Jew, Guérin of the famous siege, announced that he was going to "demonstrate," which he did. The Bonapartists protested against the election because it was not by the people, as though "by the people" were a sacred Bonaparte legend. The Duc d'Orléans appeared in Brussels, to be nearer the border. He predicted that Loubet would be the last President. It was asserted that on the day of Faure's funeral he would come to Paris and risk everything on the move. But, after all, the only likely chance was Déroulède's. The shouting was his creature. He had only to transmute it into one swift blow—the *coup de force*.

The time was short, the government alert, and the plotters had to work quickly, for political opportunity in France is the swish of a psychological moment. With the instinct of veteran political gamblers, the conspirators sensed the terrific speeding of this chance for the day of the funeral. But a day in advance the government decreed that the *Ligue des Patriotes* should not be admitted to the cemetery. Déroulède promptly billed the town with protests, in which he called upon the people to resist.

That same evening, an emissary from the Royalist camp presented himself before Déroulède, who with his friends was going over the campaign for the morrow. As to the scene that followed, I give you the word of Déroulède himself, who, by the way, is ready to back it up with his sword if you are disposed to doubt. Just last spring, in fact, he carried his sword from Spain to Switzerland for this purpose. He would discuss the doubts with M. Buffet, the Orleanist agent; but the Swiss authorities interfered, as they suspected that it might *not* be a French duel. But as to the royalist emissary, according to Déroulède. "Suppose," asked the emissary, "suppose the Duc d'Orléans should suddenly appear before you and the people to-morrow, what—" "I would be the first to take him by the nape of the neck and kick him out," Déroulède retorted. Thus ended, so it appears, the hopes of a royalist grafting on the main revolution. And now the point is, did the royalists warn the government after this rebuff? At any rate, the government next day proved to be marvellously well informed.

The morning of the funeral, February 23d, Déroulède breakfasted with several of his more intimate followers. In his pocket he carried a most sensational proclamation, all ready for the proper moment. With dictatorial authority, the proclamation declared to the nation: That the Constitution of 1875 was abrogated; that restricted suffrage was abolished; that the republic had become French and republican; that the people and the army had destroyed a corrupt government; that the Parliament and the President were ousted; and, finally, that there would be no more assemblies to elect the President, but that the people would henceforth do that by direct vote. As to the immediate future, the people were to be given an opportunity within a few days to express their will, and such will would be respected. Meantime, "we" (Déroulède et Cie.) were to maintain order and defend the liberties gained. Further, it was set forth that "we" were not usurpers, but the guardians of the polls and the sentinels of the country. The proclamation was to be launched as soon as these matters therein described should be accomplished.

How far the Patriots were taken into Déroulède's confidence is not apparent, but it is known that they were given a rendezvous for three o'clock of that afternoon—Place de la République. From here they were to march to the cemetery with their floral wreath. The Patriots came by hundreds, but the police were there first. They could not go to the cemetery, neither could they congregate. They simply had to "move on." Quite evidently some one had told. Demoralized and uncertain, the throng rolled aimlessly on toward the Place de la Bastille. Here they were again routed out. At this juncture their leader appeared among them, attended by his faithful Sancho, M. Marcel Habert. These two men gave them heart. But by now it was too late for the funeral; so, to make the best of a disordered conspiracy, Déroulède spread the word for them to reassemble immediately in the Place de la Nation. At this place, after all, he might yet strike the blow, for here would pass many of the troops coming from the funeral. Thus far he had been checkmated at each turn by an unseen and inexorable antagonist. He was, quite likely, desperate. He would hazard every thing, *quand*

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DÉROULÈDE (MARKED BY THE RING) AND OTHER CONSPIRATORS BEFORE THE HIGH COURT. THE PRISONER AT THE OTHER END OF THE SAME ROW IS JULES GUÉRIN, THE ANTI-JEW, WHO WAS ESPECIALLY INTRACTABLE.

"The trial is among the notable ones of recent French history."

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THE CROWD LEAVING THE COURT-HOUSE DURING DÉROULEDÈ'S TRIAL AND ON THE EVENING OF BEAUPRÉ'S DECISION IN THE DREYFUS CASE, GIVEN IN THE SAME BUILDING AT THE SAME TIME.

Down the centre staircase came the Déroulèdists, the Dreyfusards down the one in the background. At the point of juncture a few blows were exchanged.

même. At least one must explain in some such way the astoundingly quixotic climax. It is a most seductive enigma.

THE CLIMAX.

By squirming, pushing, struggling, the crowd began to move away from the Bastille. But the police had barred the streets, and over five thousand were left behind. Other thousands, though, gained the new rendezvous. They swarmed over the Place de la Nation. They overflowed the sidewalks and cafés. Each breathless man there was vaguely looking for something to happen. This something was connected with the troops, which everybody eagerly waited for. Suddenly a voice called out that the Army of Paris was coming. The multitude pressed forward. The Saint Cyr cadets marched by, and behind them the imposing Republican Guards. The cheering as they passed was explosive. A band playing a strident air followed, and after the band came a brigade of infantry. In command was General Roget, the man who had been chief-of-staff when De Cavaignac was Minister of War. Both Roget and De Cavaignac were anti-Dreyfusards. Roget's appearance there at that moment was felt to be significant. Then Déroulède emerged from the crush into the street. In the instant he became the centre of the scene. He rose as by magic, tall and excited, before the general's horse. The populace ceased their clamor. It was as though some history might be made there before their eyes. Roget showed plainly the tugging of profound emotion, as he leaned over and shook hands with Déroulède and Habert. So far, it was merely a meeting between old friends. But then Déroulède cried out: "Now is the time, my general. *Lead us to the Elysée!*" The general's face paled, and he stiffened in his saddle. "*To the Elysée! To the Elysée!* France is with you. Our unhappy country must be saved!" Déroulède kept urging.

Now it so happened that the direction of the march was, indeed, toward the Elysée. Soldiers and civilians all seemed to realize this fact as Déroulède spoke. The Patriots thronged between the band and the troops. They cheered the army and sang the Mar-

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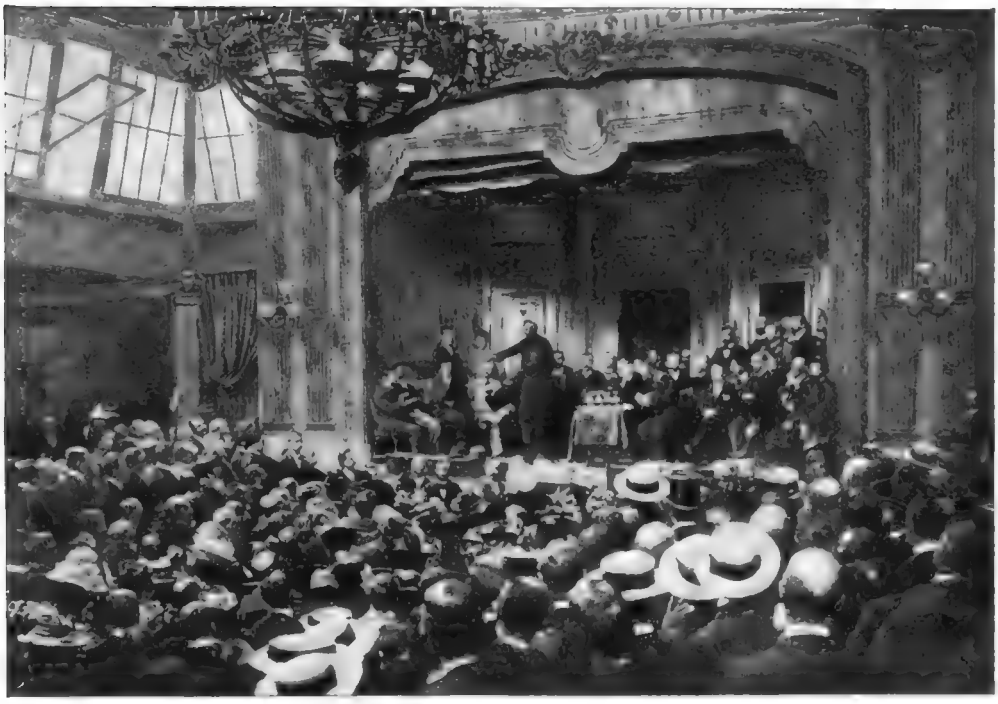
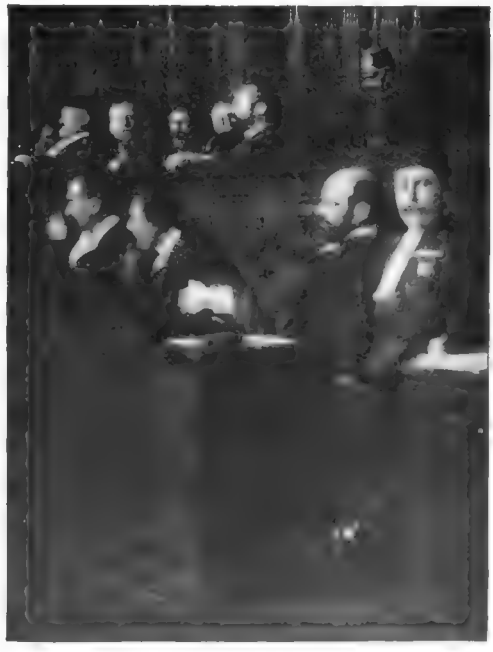


DÉROULÈDE SPEAKING BEFORE A MEETING AT SAINT CLOUD.

seillaise. To reach the barracks the battalion would have to turn up the next street, the Rue de Reuilly. If the battalion did not turn up the Rue de Reuilly, that would mean on to the Elysée in very fact. The populace, the soldiers, Déroulède, the general, all knew that. A simple street corner had become the destiny of a nation, and as each step brought them nearer, each step wrought the excitement higher. Déroulède, striding beside the horse, pleaded more violently. General Roget rode with his sabre at port. He sat grim and silent, and he bit his mustache nervously. And then the corner. "Left wheel!" he shouted. Déroulède seized his bridle. "*To the Elysée!*" he implored. General Roget used his spurs lightly. The horse reared, and Déroulède was shaken off. A few moments later the battalion tramped through the gates of the Reuilly Barracks. Déroulède and Habert pushed their way in, too. The gates closed. An impatient throng blocked the street outside. At last a man appeared and announced that Déroulède and Habert were held prisoners. Gradually the crowds dispersed, but all over Paris that night they kept the police busy.

Now whether Déroulède was half-crazed



DÉROULÈDE (NEXT TO THE EXTREME LEFT) AND HIS SANCHO PANZA, MARCEL HABERT (BESIDE THE GUARD), IN THE PRISONER'S BOX, COURT OF ASSIZES.

"Each culprit sat between two guards, but a battalion could not have made any one of them behave."

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under his laboriously constructed conspiracy tumbling about his ears, or whether he was merely trying a last and the most subtle play of all, his apparently absurd actions still remain an inscrutable mystery. What he did within the barracks was to begin haranguing men and officers. General Roget ordered him out, and Habert too, else he would lock them up. "Lock us up," said Déroulède, and that is what happened to them. If there was any design in this idiocy, it must have been to force an embarrassing question on the government; namely, to get himself tried for treason, and amid the popular passions thus aroused be made dictator. His anger, therefore, was stupendous when the government declined to see any treason whatever in what he had done. The government was crafty. He was charged with a police offence—that of forcing his way into a barracks without permission. In vain Déroulède railed out that he was really a very dangerous conspirator, and that he had nearly turned the nation upside down. The government declined to believe him, and he and Habert were acquitted before a minor court.

TWO WITNESSES FOR THE PROSECUTION WHO TESTIFIED AGAINST DÉROULÈDE. ONE IS A FLOUR-SACK CARRIER WHO ACTED AS DETECTIVE FOR THE GOVERNMENT IN A QUARTER OF PARIS WHERE DÉROULÈDE HAD A STRONG FOLLOWING.

THE MATCH IS KEPT FROM THE POWDER.

Just the same, the government was privately alive to the significance underlying Déroulède's forensics. Though the prefect of police that evening sent a message to General Roget saying, "Well, let him stay there till he gets tired," he at once despatched one hundred men to the Rue de Reuilly, and at midnight the two prisoners were conveyed in a cell-wagon to the hold-over of the Conciergerie. And next day the League was prevented from meeting, and its headquarters and the homes of its officers were searched for seditious papers. Letters were found addressed to different generals urging them to a *coup d'état*. Meantime certain newspapers chose to think it all very comical. Déroulède was many funny things in their lexicons: "an honest, frank, brave simpleton, unfit for the part to which he aspires"; "a puerile madcap"; "a Don Quixote in an idiotic adventure." The hero of the extravaganza himself hotly resented such infamy. His enraged mutterings spread over the city. He insisted that he had not acted in a moment of over-excitement and exaltation, but that he had decided on everything after calm reflection. And quite likely he had, for, after all, Déroulède is a sane man. But if the army leaders had really plotted with him, failing to strike only because the government had forestalled the signal for mutiny agreed upon, it was most natural that Déroulède could not betray them. He had no recourse but to storm impotently against the loud laugh. And, moreover, if the government knew of any disloyalty among the generals, it yet could not bring such disloyalty to light, since thereby it would be pushing the army to open war. The easier thing was to laugh at the arch conspirator.

TEMPORARY CELL FITTED UP IN THE SENATE BUILDING (LUXEMBOURG PALACE) FOR THE PRISONERS TRIED FOR CONSPIRACY BEFORE THE HIGH COURT.

TRAGEDY WITH A COMIC HERO.

Nevertheless, Déroulède's triumph came soon after. The government was forced to recognize him for what he was, and treat him accordingly, with

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a punishment befitting. He had been released from jail in May. On August 12th, at three o'clock in the morning, he was awakened and rearrested. This was more serious. The Dreyfus revision was at its hottest. Déroulède would be safer behind bars. Cells had been constructed specially in the Luxembourg Palace, where the Senate and High Court meet. There were some seventy-five prisoners in all—a motley lot politically—plebiscites, anti-Jews, royalists. The entire aggregation fell under a blanket charge, that of a royalist conspiracy. Déroulède's wrath flamed into vehemence. Why could he not be accused with crimes according to his notions? He wanted it understood that he was a plebiscite revolutionist, and not a royalist; but the government neither consulted his wants nor understood.

He calculated, as also did the royalists, that the day of the Dreyfus acquittal should be the day to strike. He would lead the indignant people. Hence it was provoking to be locked up.

The trial is among the notable ones of recent French history, and as a world's spectacle it rivals the Dreyfus revision going on in the same building at the same time. The revelations in the indictment were alone a sensation. Conspiracy had been kept hot for ten years back. And on the result of the trial before the Senate assembled as High Court depended the fate of the ministry and Loubet's presidency, and more—the life of the Third Republic itself. Acquittal would mean revolution, quick and decisive. The trial began November 9th, and continued till the first days of January. There were hundreds of witnesses, and those for the defence were bellicose and disrespectful. The prisoners were worse. Each culprit sat between two guards, but a battalion could not have made any one of them behave. The government had gathered in a rare collection of firebrands, that was apparent. A disturbance was ever breaking out in some unexpected quarter. Expelling the obstreperous by force became a routine incident. Jules Guérin, he of the siege, was especially intractable. He was just a prisoner at the bar, but he found fault with all arrangements. Once he started a lively fight between his lawyer and a supposed detective, involving a flourishing pistol accompaniment. Another time, when he had been snubbed by him, he told the judge to call in Deiber, the executioner, and behead him on the spot—it would be simpler. The president absent-mindedly replied that the court would consider the question. The regular show-houses of Paris were a superfluity in those days.

Déroulède was no less turbulent, and, perhaps, more bitter. He was facing his old enemies, the Parliamentarians, who were now his judges. When they asked him his profession, he said with grandeur, "Defender of the rights of the people." His residence? "From now on, in prison." During his examination he denounced Loubet as corrupt and would not retract, whereupon the court voted him three months. He loftily pleaded guilty to seeking to turn the army upon the Elysée. He would reply to a question with an oration. He berated his judges, who had foreseen his supreme effort of the Dreyfus verdict and locked him up. He annoyed and insulted and upset them quite. They could not stop him. He abused Loubet. His fellow-prisoners helped out with supplementary hooting. Finally, the hall had to be cleared. As to accomplices, Déroulède named no one, and defied the court to find any. As to a deal with the royalists, he took fire quickly at the suggestion. "The royalists may be good royalists," said he, "but they have a very bad king," whereupon the various camps of conspirators struggled to get at each other, and Jules Guérin had to be sat upon again.

In due time the condemnations fell, and France had passed through her latest agony. For once the party of safety had withstood the fiery butting of the D'Artagnans. The Third Republic came serenely through the crisis stronger than ever, perhaps with its first genuine strength. Not only did the government dare to punish naughty heroes who swayed people and army, but it dared to free the innocent Jew who in the eyes of the people and army was a traitor. The present ministry now holds the record for tenure of office under the Third Republic. Its shrewdness in playing and winning at the Big Game against crushing odds is one of the most wonderful bits of politics.

Just now Déroulède fretfully builds the castles of an exile in Spain. He writes editorials back to Paris, directs electoral campaigns, and from a distance infuses bitterness among the sulking Nationalists. At the moment, his country is not critically ailing, but he is waiting. He knows how to wait.

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TANGLED UP IN BEULAH LAND.

By An Author.

IV.—THE ROSE BENCH.

THE sun, coming up at a most unreasonable hour, poked a sharp yellow shaft at me through the rose vines, and seemed to be calling my attention to the bird clamor under my window. The curtains at the sash were waving indolently into the room, sending heavy billows of incense at me. I looked about me and tried to recall just where I was. For some time the reality of my environment appeared to be a part of a slowly receding dream, and by the time I had reached the window and had made out my bearings, I became pleasantly conscious that I had really awakened in a new world. I listened. Nothing was stirring, evidently, but the birds. I went to the adjoining room softly. My heir and companion in intrigue was sleeping soundly in a luxuriant sprawl, his half-draped figure looking white and rather graceful, I thought, in the dewy dusk of the recess.

I dressed myself and slipped down the stairs noiselessly. The house had the air of always standing wide open. I walked through the hall and out of the open door into the fresh morning, saying to myself somewhat exultingly that the man from the city was the early bird after all. I looked at my watch. It was just five o'clock. The sun for a week, I learned afterward, rose through the Tuscarora Gorge and gave that special charm of dawn that makes the shadows long and the wet fields prismatic.

I stood a moment in the gravelled path, a little bewildered by the blazonry of the hour, trying to adjust my faculties to the newness and freshness of it, unconsciously taking deep breaths, as a mammal might that is suddenly launched into an unaccustomed atmosphere.

By degrees the sumptuous and intoxicating beauty of it became intelligible to my eye at least, as I measured some of the details. The same old artist was at work—I say "old" with some hesitation—but surely those were not the old pigments. Or does the great artist, always working with the same pigments, have moods like his feeble imitator, and sometimes transfuse and transform the materials with a new mastership of affection?

I took off my hat as if to let the cool rose-scented air come to the assistance of my brain, and stood there feeling that I was turning from a bewildered artist to a reverent worshipper.

Thus it is, I said to myself, that the Master continues to plant gardens eastward in Eden, and a river still goes out to water the garden and compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold.

Having returned this borrowed tribute where it belonged, I put my hat on and was about to stride aimlessly through the grass, when there—shall I say rose up, or descended, or merely developed like a figure on a film?—a thing in a tucked-up petticoat and tilted chip hat, showing Arcadian ankles in red stockings, dew-stained I swear, and carrying a little basket on her arm, as jauntily as if she had been picking airy pippins in the garden of the Hesperides.

It was Polly.

I never knew dew and sunrise and ether and bird songs to come together on their own account, but out stepped a Polly like a melody when the instrument and the Master were ready. Generally she is as impalpable and evanescent as the filmies that flout themselves behind all symphonies. But this time she was indubitable, dew-bedraggled, making a shadow of her own, like a French silhouette, on the wet June grass—which I am sure a filmy never does—and holding down two measurable spots in the clover with her little buckled shoes.

"Bon jour, mademoiselle," I said, my politeness and my astonishment going off together with an impromptu French alacrity.

"My," she said, "I did not expect to meet you so early. I must look like a tramp. Have you had your coffee?"

"Coffee?" I repeated with considerable disdain, and making an absurd inflation as if a man of my age could live on rose-scented air. "I have been taking my Clicquot, in

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a supernal bath, and I fancy I got ahead of coffee this morning."

"How stupid not to have told you. You came out the back way!"

"I believe I did, if there is a back way."

"And the coffee is in the front hall. I will walk round and show it to you. Then you will know better next time."

"Delighted. Let me carry your basket."

"No. I will leave it at the kitchen as we go round. I gathered them at the Swirl."

It was full of mushrooms.

Having deposited her basket at the kitchen-door, she led me to the front veranda, her little heels clattering ahead of me, and inside the wide-open hall door, on a small table, was a steaming urn of coffee with a spirit lamp under it, and beside it a tray of cups, a sugar bowl, and a jug of cream.

"Everybody comes out this way in the morning," she said, "and takes his coffee as he passes. It is the Doctor's rule. You will have no excuse for breaking it again."

Then she held a cup under the silver tap and handed me the black product daintily, pointing as she did so to the cream jug and the sugar; and before I knew it, she had excused herself and flitted up the broad staircase.

I stood there a moment stirring my coffee contemplatively, wondering at the extra flavor of it, and feeling rather proud of my early achievement, when I saw the tray of abandoned cups with the spoons in them, and it occurred to me for the first time that the family had all preceded me, and having passed the coffee ordeal had gone on somewhere silently into the mazes of out-doors.

As there was a box of perfecto cigars on the table, with the lid invitingly open, I helped myself and strolled out upon the front veranda; and presently Polly, in dry shoes and stockings—the stockings having undergone some kind of sea change to a sober gray—came out, and catching hold of my arm as I strode up and down, promptly and unconcernedly kept step rhythmically and colloquially.

"He has been up an hour," she said. "He and Boylston went to Tuskaloo for the mail. Where did Mr. Charles go?"

"Go?" I said. "He has no go in him at this hour. He is fast asleep in his room."

"Dear me!" she exclaimed. "Let's wake him up. That's his window over the rose bench. We can throw things up at him."

I pulled her arm a little closer through mine. We were walking quite vigorously up and down on the veranda, and there is some kind of luxury in having a girl keep step with you buoyantly while she hangs on to you. (So many of them add a drag instead of wings.) Such a girl converts a solo of motion into a duet of delight.

"Perhaps he is timid," I said, "and it would not help matters if you made a demonstration."

"Yes," she replied, "he is quite young, isn't he?"

It is a curious feminine phenomenon that girls regard all boys of their own age as being peculiarly young.

"Besides," I said, "there is nothing to throw, unless we take the bricks out of the foundation."

With that she drew her arm away, skipped off the end of the veranda, and pulling at the great masses of roses that hung over the stone bench, twisted the stems together deftly, making a clumsy bouquet, and then dexterously shot it into the upper window.

As I stood at the step laughing at this exhibition of girlishness, she caught up another handful of the plentiful blooms, and just as she threw it, Charlie appeared at the window in a bath robe pinned together over his breast by a live fist, and received the morning message full in the face, where, like a friendly bombshell, it burst into a thousand leaves that came fluttering and whirling in a descending shower upon the rose bench, at which the picturesque maiden executed a stage courtesy, and cried out, in imitation of me:

"Bon jour, monsieur. Shall I have your coffee sent up, with the cream of the morning on it, or will you come down?"

And Charlie, unable to grasp the true sportiveness of it at once, retired from view, wiping the dew from his face without making reply.

This incident served to pave the way—shall I say with rose leaves?—to Polly's character, though it is unjust to her to suppose that she so intended it. I think one clings to such a delightful indifference to the usual methods of establishing an intimacy, and I was saying to myself, "Oh ho! that's the kind of witch you are, is it?" when she flirted away the bank of petals on the rose

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bench with her skirt, and beckoned me to come and sit down beside her.

"I suppose," she said, "he will think I am a dreadfully rude sort of person. Everybody does at first."

"Excuse me," I replied, sitting down beside her, "not everybody."

"What do *you* think? You expected to meet a lady of course. I suppose it is a shame."

"What is?"

"I am."

"Why do you wish to disagree with me at the first jump?"

"Tell me about him." (Sticking her index finger up at Charlie's window.) "Did you bring him down here, or did he bring you?"

I confess that this incredible and instinctive leap of the witch's apprehension startled me. I looked at her with indulgent surprise, wondering what kind of divination was lurking under that chip hat and trim, round bodice.

"Why don't you tell me all about it?" she asked.

"My dear Polly——"

"I wish you wouldn't call me Polly."

"What shall I call you?"

"Call me Bob. Everybody here does. It saves time."

"I cannot imagine who invented that atrocious and ill-fitting name for you."

"Why, HE, of course."

"He?"

"The Doctor. He is HE. We couldn't be calling him Doctor all the time."

"So my old friend has become a pronoun!"

"HE used to call me Bobolink, then it got shortened to Bob. It was very absurd, because, as I told Him, if I was a real bobolink, you couldn't keep me here in the winter. Guess what HE said. Oh, yes, we could, Birdie—in a cage. How would you like to be kept in a cage in winter?"

"I fancy I might like it if it belonged to such a HE."

"At first I retaliated and called Io Ike, but somehow it wouldn't stick to her, though I am sure Ike has a truer Greek ring than Io, hasn't it? If one stops to think of Io, one wants to add 'sometimes W and Y.' What do people call you, who are familiar? 'Mister' is dreadfully clumsy."

"Nobody treated me with true familiarity till I met you—except Charlie, and he calls me Comrade sometimes."

"How perfectly childlike and lovely. It's almost as endearing as 'Old Chap.' I suppose you wouldn't care to have *me* call you 'Old Chap.'"

"No, you couldn't get the right swagger. Women never do. Now tell me, what made you think that either of us brought the other?"

When one asks this kind of a creature to tell him what makes her think, he baffles her. She is not yet quite sure that she does think at all. At all events, this young woman did not stop to think, she went right along.

"It is so unusual," she said, "for young men to stick to their fathers and keep their eyes on them all the time."

"Oh, I assure you he will not be able to keep his eyes on me all the time down here. I should think you would know that."

"You felt that way about it, did you, before you came?"

Then we both looked at each other a moment as if worldly wisdom and inscrutable ingenuousness would like to shake hands, but did not know how to go about it.

"HE is awfully transparent sometimes, but HE doesn't know it, so HE cannot help letting the cat out of the bag."

While I was trying to separate these metaphors and pronouns, she rattled on:

"'Bob,' says HE, 'an old friend of mine is coming here; try and behave yourself. I have special reasons for making it as pleasant as possible for him. He brings his son with him—a fine young man.' 'Oh,' says I, 'is he the special reason?' 'If you don't behave yourself,' says HE, 'I'll pack you off while they are here.' 'Then,' says I, 'they will not stay.' 'Confound your impudence!' says HE. 'Do you think you are the special reason for everything that takes place in this house? I wish you to understand that there is somebody else in this establishment.' 'Oh,' says I, 'is SHE the special reason? Glory!' Then HE takes down the dog whip from the mantle and begins to flourish it, and I skip out to see him hanging it up again and shaking all over with laughter. I do like a man who can be brutally candid. *You* can, can't you? Is Io the special reason?"

"Look here, Bob," I said, adapting myself to her familiarity without the slightest effort, "you have gone quite ahead of the facts with your fervid fancy. Neither I nor Charlie knew of the existence of Io

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till we got here. It is a humiliating confession, but I never even heard of you."

"I wonder why HE didn't tell you in advance."

"I don't believe HE saw the burning importance of it."

"Do you?"

"Well, I'm beginning to."

"Who is it important to?" (Sticking her finger up in the air again.) "I suppose you think he is handsome, don't you?"

"A father's opinion is of no account. What do you think?"

"Oh, I think he is so-so. But I don't cut any ice. Why cannot men be simple and candid when they cease to be so very young?"

"I am not so very old, Bob," I protested.

"No, you don't seem to be as old as you must be. You see, I was not sent off to Harrisburg to be fitted with new dresses because you were coming."

"That is a compliment; you didn't need to be."

"You mean that I was not a need of the occasion."

"No, I don't mean anything of the kind. There wasn't any special occasion."

"Then what did HE mean by 'special reasons'?"

"HE is an old chum of mine, and he wanted to keep me as long as possible, I suppose. Do you think that you are following his directions now?"

"I am trying to find out how to follow them."

By this time I was beginning to readjust my opinion of Polly's intuition, and to suspect that she had obtained a glimpse of my letter to the Doctor. "Perhaps," I said, "HE only wanted to warn you against your reckless curiosity. You are trying to make yourself believe that we came down here for a flirtation. Fancy running away from a city full of women—and such women—to get up a flirtation where there are only two women."

"And such women," added Polly. "People sometimes run away to avoid a flirtation, don't they?"

This was too much. She had certainly seen my letter to the Doctor, so I said:

"Very well. Suppose it were true, how can you help the matter by proving that we have jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire?"

And then this incorrigible minx, with her chip hat nearly over one eye, looked at me without a tremor and said:

"Tell me about the frying-pan."

I returned her look with what her confounded divination must have seen was admiration, and while I was considering if I should not make a clean breast of it, she said:

"You are really a much meaner man at bottom than you look to be—one of those smiling men who like to torment a girl by looking confidential, and acting like a long-distance telephone."

"Bob," I said, "you are too old for your age, and as I am altogether too young for mine, we are going to have considerable trouble in adjusting ourselves to each other."

This was an obvious evasion, and it was like a worm talking sophistry to the woodpecker.

"Of course, you know that Charles, now that he is here, will fall in love with Io," she said.

"Then I should have to take him away, for it would be very indiscreet on his part."

At this she leaned over to look up into my face, as if she had the power of peeping behind my words. I could feel the pry of her bright eyes. "Then you do take him away from places when he is indiscreet, don't you?" And then suddenly she exclaimed: "Gracious me, you must think I am an impertinent gossip. When you and HE get your heads together, how my ears will burn!"

"Bob, I am quite willing to acknowledge that you are a delightful little gossip," I said. "But you must not conclude that everybody else is."

"Oh, you will sit here together; this is HIS judgment seat, where HE smokes HIS pipe and looks like Solomon and tries to talk like Carlyle, and you will both tear me limb from limb. You will say, 'What kind of a girl is that Bob? She tried to make a confidante of me at the first clip, and, by Jove!—you say 'By Jove!' don't you?—by Jove! I'll be hanged if she didn't come within an ace of it, too! And HE will say, 'Oh, don't bother with Bob—we have other fish to fry. Let her hop round and pick up a worm or two and twitter. Twitter, my dear sir, is one of the harmless embellishments of retirement.'"

I listened to this vivacity with indulgent

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admiration. Her heedless volubility and piquant sauciness were suggestive truly of a bobolink.

"Yes," I said, like the boy who is having his fortune told, "then what will I say?"

"Oh, you will look a little tired and say, 'Oh, Bob is all right, and, by Jove! sir, if she wasn't so confounded old, I'd make love to her myself.'"

At this point, as we were both looking into each other's eyes, it was quite natural that we should both tumble into a common laugh, just as two streams coming from opposite directions will fall over the same precipice.

This little attorney, I was saying to myself, with her bill and her plumage, will make quick work of my unsophisticated lad. There will not be a family secret that she will not use as a perch on which to twitter.

Just then the Doctor's resonant voice broke in upon us pleasantly as he drove up to the rear entrance.

"I'll tell you what we will do," said Bob, jumping up. "You and I will go off to the Swirl as soon as we get our breakfast. You must see the Swirl first of all, and I must show it to you. Shall I?"

"Must I see the Swirl?"

"Certainly, and you must see it with me before you and HE get your heads together."

"Agreed," I said helplessly, as I followed her through the hall, to find Charlie a little apart at the balustrade reading a tiny blue letter, and the Doctor and Boylston unloading packages from the vehicle. Bob rushed at Charlie impetuously, with the one purpose, I am sure, of seeing how he would act with the letter, and saluted him apologetically.

"Good morrow, Mr. Charles. I was unpardonably rude at your window."

"It was nothing, I assure you," said my absurd son, flushing up as if he felt the blow of the roses anew, looking at me nervously, and ramming the letter into his side pocket as if it were stolen money. "I rather liked it, you know," he said.

"Yes, I might have put your eyes out."

"Here, Bob," cried the Doctor. "Take these packages up to Io's room, and don't you untie them until after breakfast."

"You see," he said, addressing himself to me, as if an apology were necessary for his morning jaunt, "these days are so precious that we piece them out at the top with an extra hour or two of coiffure. They are like those old dames who used to make themselves longer with their headdresses."

As he was speaking, Io appeared at the door with the family Mother behind her like a shadow, holding a finger to her lip. Off went all the hats, down to Boylston, as if the courtly hours with their coiffures of dawn made ancient gallants of us all.

"I must have overslept myself," said Io, looking resplendently demure in her long morning wrap, as if she had broken a law of the establishment by not having her eyes open at sunrise.

"You always do, my lady," said the Doctor, whose gallantry relapsed at once into his customary hearty badinage. "I'm going to put a sunrise gun under your window."

"Do you think it necessary, uncle, when you can come under it yourself?" asked Io without parting with her demureness.

There was a moment or two in which we exchanged prim morning compliments, rather stately beside the conversation from which I had just escaped, and then the Doctor drove us all in to breakfast, *sans cérémonie*, but not before I had the opportunity of admiring Io with some reference to particulars.

I am afraid my appraisement may have been somewhat unjust, as it was certainly inadequate, but it seemed to me, as I felt the morning impression made by the handsome girl, that nature in bending all its efforts to execute a *chef d'œuvre* of physical perfection, must have overlooked some other essentials. Experience alone teaches a man that these superb examples of femininity are generally consummated at a sacrifice of some internal qualities. Nature never tries to do two things at once. If she sets out to make a bewilderingly lovely woman, she seems to forget everything else, and her product is very apt to forget everything else, too. I found myself trying to extricate my admiration by means of my reason. What is it such external perfection lacks? It must lack something or it would not be human; for nature, that succeeds in making paragons, never accomplishes miracles.

Io's eyebrows were especially coercive. They were insistent parabolas that were like the signature of the great artists, a

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finishing flourish of completeness, as if the last curve in the picture should be a summary of all the others—occult Oriental arches sprung over mysterious chambers, that turn out to be all labyrinths, hard to interpret and from which it is impossible to escape.

I noticed that she dropped the lids at my scrutiny, as if I were an archæologist who was familiar with the Sanscrit of beauty and might read into the hieroglyphs their true meaning, to discover that this madonna face was the ever-recurring illusion.

But, bless her soul, imbedded as it was in so much perfection of form and color, I was thinking of my good fortune in having met with something that would bring my young prodigal's sensibilities back to the natural path. If I had possessed the true Oriental magic, I might have called into existence, for my own fatherly purposes, something of this kind with just that soft brown hair, always restrained a little this side of revelry, and that mild, wondering, receptive look of bottomless eyes, and that half-luminous whiteness of neck and face. I might not have accomplished the eyebrows, for they, I acknowledged, were beyond magic; but here it was, all made to order, put up in dainty habiliments, and saying, "Here I am; you conjured me with your talismanic imagination—what will you do with me?"

All this was palpable fate. Io had looked it. Charlie and I had plunged toward it, as dull iron plunges to a magnet. Polly had perceived it with a bobolink's instinct, just as a bird perceives the approach of the inevitable Spring before it is in sight.

So I exulted secretly, as a fond, conniving father might, saying to himself: "So so, my boy, your city hallucination will dog us to the edge of Eden with blue letters, will she? You refuse to burn your bridges behind you, do you? All right, my young master. Now that I have Aladdin's lamp, we shall see, you handsome and overweening young idiot!"

A father who has reason and foresight and affection on his side never feels quite confident until eyebrows come to his assistance.

I leave out the Doctor's exordium on breakfasts in general, and my own vivid remembrance of that breakfast in particular. I believe he said something about the meal needing a portico of approach with white Hours, like the ambulatory of a classic temple. One must come up the steps in the morning to a breakfast, with a bevy of the Appetites in attendance, as if going to a festival with obedient nymphs.

He always would make these Icarian flights—how well I remembered them of old! But I noticed that his jolly household held it to be a duty to melt his wings with indulgent indifference. Mother was always deliciously malapropos, and on this occasion wanted to know if the omelette was just right, and Io, beautifully recreant to her Athenian origin, spoke of Johnny-cake; and my restrained son remarked, with what I thought was an inspiration of imbecility, that Johnny-cake must be a souvenir of the Civil War—were not the Southerners called Johnnies? Whereupon Polly put the finishing touch on this episode by saying:

"That is so, and the Northern soldiers clutched after the cakes so voraciously that they were called 'Yanks.'"

At which everybody laughed except Mother and Io, one of whom was not nimble enough to follow Polly's impertinence, and the other of whom did not include hearty laughs in her stately repertory. But the Doctor descended gracefully to his familiar level:

"You shall enjoy yourselves this morning in your own way. There are horses, if your city bones are not too brittle; and if they are, there are vehicles. You shall expend your exuberance in flying nowhither joyously. I shall leave you to the tender mercies of these women, and may heaven have pity on your souls, for I must look after the men in the fields until eleven o'clock."

"We have made our programme," said Polly. "We go to the Swirl."

"We?" they all said in polyphonic chorus.

"Yes, we. Eh, Comrade?"

"Polly," said Mother, "try and restrain your familiarity. Our guests do not yet understand you."

"Oh, don't mind Bob," said the Doctor. "Our guests will have other fish to fry. Bob's all right."

"What did I tell you?" said Polly in my ear.

"Bob," I whispered, bending down to let everybody see just how familiar we were, "you are a witch. Whatever you say I'll swear to."

(To be continued.)

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JOHN COOK, QUARTERMASTER'S CLERK.

By John Walker Harrington.

DAYLIGHT disclosed "Smith's Guerrillas" forming at Pleasant Hill to cover the retreat of the fleeing Army of the North. Lieutenant-General Grant had ordered that Shreveport, the Confederate stronghold of Louisiana, must be taken by April 10, 1864, or the Red River campaign abandoned. Several divisions of troops and a fleet of gunboats were to coöperate in the undertaking when the river was swollen by the freshets of spring. To better carry out the plan, Major-General Banks, who was in charge of the expedition, asked for an additional force. He received ten thousand seasoned veterans commanded by Brigadier-General Andrew J. Smith. The newcomers were not handsome men, for they had been active on the march and on the field of battle. They had a reputation for foraging which was equal to that of seven-year locusts. Major-General Banks was not pleased when he heard the report of his reviewing officers concerning the reënforcements.

"I asked Sherman," he exclaimed, "for ten thousand of his best men, and he sent me these guerrillas."

Hard work and little glory became the lot of those who, to the end of the chapter, were known as "Smith's Guerrillas."

Never was an excursion into a hostile country more disastrous than was that campaign of the Red River. On April 8th, with Shreveport three days' march away, the Union forces were signally defeated, and only escaped destruction through the coolness and bravery of a single division under Brigadier-General Emory. They were in full retreat on the morning of April 9th toward Grande Ecore, where the Federal gunboats, held in the shoal water, were easy and waiting targets for Confederate cannon.

Seven thousand of "Smith's Guerrillas" stood upon trampled and disordered ground fringed by scraggly woods. Whatever rise of land there may have been at Pleasant Hill was hidden by the motley hosts which possessed the fields. The "Guerrillas" had been astir all through the night, for the news of disaster travels with a speed which tacticians cannot understand. The story of the defeat had been whispered through every clump of trees, borne along wastes of underbrush, and told by the very stones scattered over the desolated plantations.

No springs issued from the earth at Pleasant Hill. There was no water except that contained in the swinging canteens of the soldiers. There was little to sustain the Federal host, for most of the wagon train was already rattling toward the south when "Smith's Guerrillas" took their stand.

Although they bore their title with apparent good grace, there was not a faded coat in all that command beneath which the name "Smith's Guerrillas" did not rankle. The veterans were in no amiable mood when they saw the broken column of Emory swing across in front of them at eight o'clock that April morning. They themselves had expected to form the dike which was to keep back the Confederate tide. Emory had marched at midnight from the ill-fated field of Sabine Cross Roads, and his followers were worn out by the hardships of the day and night. Behind "Smith's Guerrillas" a fragmentary cavalry command was tightening the girths of raw-boned steeds, and a few artillerymen were preparing brazen throats to sing a battle chorus.

Sergeant John Cook, quartermaster's clerk, looked out upon Pleasant Hill through the mist. He was writing about certain supplies of beans, coffee, and hardtack drawn from the common store. His uniform was faded until no definite hue was recognizable, and his hair streamed down over his tattered collar. He threw aside his pen and picked up a rifle. The quartermaster looked at him inquiringly.

"Well," said the official, "you needn't stay unless you want to. If you're bound to fight, I don't know as there is any rope around your heels, so far as I'm concerned."

Company A of the 119th Illinois Regiment were sitting near the outskirts of a wood, breakfasting on hardtack soaked in a dark decoction prepared over brushwood fires. On the edge of one of the groups of men appeared the quartermaster's clerk.

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"You here, Cook?" asked the second lieutenant. "You're supposed to be on special duty."

"The quartermaster said it was all right," replied the newcomer. "Not that it makes much difference whether he thinks so or not. You can't expect a man to keep grocery accounts when he has served in the ranks of this company for a year and a half."

John Cook, quartermaster's clerk, had taken neither scrip nor purse. He had no canteen, no haversack, no food of any kind, and no blanket. His equipment consisted of a rifle, forty rounds of ammunition, and a plug of tobacco. A comrade gave him half a cracker and a drink of coffee from the rim of a retired oyster can.

Not until daybreak had the Confederates discovered the retreat of the Federal forces. The Southern Brigadier-General Churchill had been marching hither as in seven-leagued boots, yet had arrived too late for the battle of Sabine Cross Roads. When he found that the army of Banks was in retreat, he started his weary followers in pursuit. His progress was slow, and the morning and part of the afternoon passed without the sound of a Confederate gun at the field of Pleasant Hill.

"Smith's Guerrillas" waited in the lee of the woods. Time hung heavily on their hands, and to John Cook it seemed as though ages were compressed into the compass of a single day. He and his comrades fought over again the campaign of the Red River in many ways, all of which were different from the plan accepted by the four generals and the admiral who had conducted it. They reviewed the incidents of every fight, and told how victory might have so easily been taken from the jaws of defeat. To "Smith's Guerrillas" it seemed as though the end of all things was at hand; to Company A it was evident that the situation was desperate; to John Cook, quartermaster's clerk, it seemed as though the responsibility for that day were his personal burden.

The scouts brought news of the Confederate approach. Churchill had arrived within striking distance of the Federal lines, and his exhausted followers were lying on the ground resting from the fatigue of the day and night. Mower and Emory were waiting in line of battle. Two hours passed, and then the Confederates, freshened by repose and confident of victory, moved against the ridge of faded blue.

Over the woods there whistled the first shell, and far toward the edge of the fields the rifles crackled like thorns beneath the caldron of war. The pickets were driven in. Scouts galloped to headquarters with the news that the enemy was again upon the move. A new life came over that sodden expanse of undulating ground called Pleasant Hill. John Cook looked from the borders of the wood upon ragged fields strewn with irregular masses of stone, and here and there garnished with stunted trees. Companies of men moved hurriedly over the open space obedient to those who had arranged the board for the game of battle. Aides galloped from headquarters bearing the orders from the knights to the pawns. John Cook saw that the moves were planned without any special reference to "Smith's Guerrillas." He was filled with the impatience of youth. Had he remained a non-combatant, a quartermaster's clerk, he felt that he could not have taken a less active part in the affairs which were then going on around him. He was, after all, merely an idle spectator of the swiftly changing scene.

The attack became general, the Confederates advanced in force. Masses of men were borne backward before the hot breath of a monstrous Thing in gray, which was slowly moving over fields stained with blood and torn by shells. The Thing crept forward beneath the cover of clouds of smoke, from which it darted its tongues of fire. Out of the dun vapor there came a cry shriller than the shriek of shells. The Southern yell and the Southern charge! A regiment of Zouaves struck by the blast which swept the field were scattered like scarlet-clad marionettes caught in the whirl of a storm. The bright-hued figures fell broken and torn, tossed hither and thither, stained a new and a deeper red.

John Cook saw the ridge of blue give way. Colonel Benedict fell, and his brigade was cut to pieces. The centre of the Federal line was borne inward as though it were a wall of cardboard. The right was crumpled up like tissue. The vanquished fled before the wrath of victory. Men whose faces were blood-stained, whose eyes were wild and staring, turned and ran with all the speed which fear could give to tottering limbs. Horses torn by shells plunged through the fleeing host.

The woods to the left echoed with the

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rush of feet and the snapping of dead branches trodden by an advancing foe. The Confederates had attacked the Federal left.

John Cook rushed forward, firing as he ran.

"Come on, boys!" he cried. "We have got to hold them! Nobody else can if we don't!"

From among the pines there rushed a horde of giants, gray-garbed and dust-covered, the wild-haired Cossacks of the Texas plains. They were dismounted, for in the tangle of the trees and brush there was no room for iron-shod squadrons.

"Come on, boys!" yelled John Cook. "This is our chance! We have got to turn them!"

A gunpowder hell burst from the borders of the wood. The tall forms of the Texans loomed grimly from the mists of nitre. Could it be that Company A was wavering? The quartermaster's clerk saw old John McIntyre raise his left hand and fall backwards. He ran back to find that the soul had fled from the frame of the old Scot who was the company's pride. He pressed the pulseless wrist of the dead, and then again he cheered on the boys as he led the line. The pent-up rage of a campaign coursed through his veins. He saw before him the lifeless form of the one with whom he had shared two years of privation and peril.

Company A heard the cry of the quartermaster's clerk. Their ill-shod feet spurned the earth as they hastened to do his bidding. About the form of John Cook the bullets sang. He had drawn to himself a concentrated fire. A ball went through his right coat sleeve, another pierced his cap, and a third passed so closely to his cheek that it seemed as though a glowing rod of iron had seared the flesh. He heard the roar of battle around him, and he was fiercely glad. He saw his comrades of Company A pressing forward. To the right his glance fell upon another sight which filled his heart with a wilder joy. "Smith's Guerrillas," who had stood like a wall, spread out their ranks so as to permit the passage of the flotsam borne by the tide of defeat. Then they closed together, a solid levee, and stood, fearless, unkempt, heroic. The day of the command despised and rejected at headquarters was at hand. "Smith's Guerrillas" sneered as they heard the hostile yell, they laughed in the presence of an exultant foe. A sheet of flame burst from 7,000 mouths of steel.

John Cook was among the first of that host which alternately shot and cheered. Before him he saw forms gray and gaunt go down like grass before the reaper.

"Come on, boys!" he was crying. "It's time for 'Smith's Guerrillas' to show what they can do!"

The Confederate cavalrymen lost heart and nerve. They fled before the charge of that wild, death-dealing band. The quartermaster's clerk and his comrades charged into the depths of the wood, firing at the glint of carbine barrels and the flash of buckles.

To John Cook the song of the lead was like sweet minstrelsy.

"They can't turn us!" shrieked the shells.

"We'll hold them," sang the Minié balls.

Company A were advancing, firing with machine-like precision, and many a man was mechanically repeating, "This Red River nonsense stops right here."

At the head of the line was John Cook as full of fight as in the early days of the war, when he thought that a month would serve to scourge the Confederate armies into the sea. His forty rounds of ammunition were gone. He was leading his comrades in pursuit of a fleeing enemy. In his right hand he waved an empty rifle, and in his left a cap, shot and torn to tatters. He heard the wild cries of the Thing in gray as it was torn by the volleys from the rifles of Company A. It staggered on its myriad feet; it wavered before the well-directed fire, and then it resolved itself into panic-stricken foemen, who fled before that memorable charge.

From the rear sounded the thunder of more than a thousand hoofs. The Federal cavalry pursued the scattered remnants of the Confederate army. Andrew J. Smith waved a slouch hat high above his head as he called, "Now, then, what do they think of 'Smith's Guerrillas'?"

At the left of the victorious host were the companies of the 119th Illinois. There was John Cook, in later years to receive the medal of honor for leading a gallant charge, when all that his superiors had required of him had been to serve his country as a noncombatant, and his quartermaster as a clerk.

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THE HYPNOTIZING OF LOBELIA.

By C. C. Waddle.

THE colored Odd Fellows' lodge was holding a strawberry festival at the City Hall.

An Odd Fellows' festival is always a notable event with the negro population of Yoctangee; but this particular fête had aroused especial interest by reason of the widely-spread rumor that at it would be decided the bitter contention existent between Clarence Steptoe and "Chuffy Pete" Rideout, rival suitors for the hand of Miss Lobelia Parsons.

To comprehend the true significance of this intimation, one must understand that until the advent of "Chuffy Pete," Clarence had enjoyed an undisputed preëminence in the lady's favor. He was her invariable escort to and from all parties, cake-walks, or other social festivities, and the community had looked forward to their marriage as an assured consummation. It was universally considered, moreover, that Lobelia had chosen well, for in addition to operating the first chair in Mose Cushenberry's barber shop, Mr. Steptoe was possessed of landed property, being the owner of two mansions on Mulberry Street, which rented for as high as six dollars a month apiece. His social position was also unassailable. He was the Noble Grand of the Odd Fellows' lodge, and leader of the choir at Wilberforce A. M. E. Church.

Then "Chuffy Pete" had come to town, and, with the perversity of her sex, Miss Parsons had promptly turned her back upon Clarence and his honors and dignities. Her sweetest smiles, her most engaging blandishments were reserved for a measly little whitewasher, whose sole claim to distinction was his habit of backing up with a bet any assertion he might see fit to make.

"Money talks," he would remark in his swaggering way, "an' w'atever I says has got de cash behind it."

Yet for the capricious beauty he seemed to possess a subtle and overweening attraction. Argument failed to shake her; criticism of her idol only served to strengthen her strange infatuation.

Mr. Steptoe was being rapidly reduced to the depths of despair, when one day chance cast in his way a circular advertising a text-book upon hypnotism, "that mystic power," to quote from the prospectus, "which rules the world, triumphs over obstacles, and brings success in business and social life: invaluable alike to the student, the man of affairs, the lover——"

Clarence paused. "The lover!" An idea, too large and daring to be breathed, sprang to being in his mind.

From that moment all of Clarence Steptoe's leisure hours were devoted to the study of the phenomena of psychic suggestion. His mandolin lay dusty and neglected in one corner of the barber shop; the sporting journals and the comic papers, formerly the solace of his idle hour, went unread; he frowned whenever the clarion call of "Next!" roused him from his researches to resume the unromantic round of duty.

In time, he attained a degree of facility as an operator, and then his accomplishment began to attract attention among his acquaintances. Exaggerated reports of his achievements were spread abroad. He suddenly found himself basking in the great white light of notoriety. True, the deacons of Wilberforce A. M. E. Church grew to look on him askance; and arguing that he must undoubtedly be in league with the devil, discussed seriously the advisability of ousting him from his high places in the sanctuary; but Clarence paid little heed to their admonitions. He was drunk with a sense of infinite power.

Only one drop of bitterness lurked in his honeyed cup. Lobelia Parsons and "Chuffy Pete" still sat in the seat of the scornful. They scoffed at his vaunted powers, and asserted their belief that his results were obtained by fraud and collusion. Try as he might, he could inveigle neither of them into submitting to the test of a demonstration.

In the case of the lady, Clarence was powerless. Chivalry forbade persistence. But with her coadjutor, the only scruples that intervened were those of a personal nature. "Chuffy Pete" was remarkably adept in the use of the razor as an implement of warfare. Hence, Clarence resorted to a wary stratagem.

Waiting until one night when his antagonist was unusually savage in his assaults upon hypnotism, he took a leaf from the other's book and coolly remarked:

"Money talks. I'se heah to bet five dollahs dat I kin hyp'otize yo' any time I wants to."

"Chuffy Pete" glared at him with rage; he was fairly trapped. For very shame's sake, he could not withdraw now. "Is'e got yer," he said, sullenly. "W'en is dis yere contes' gwine to be pulled off?"

"Look heah. I said I could hyp'otize yo' any time I wanted to, didn't I?'

"Chuffy Pete" was forced to acquiesce.

"Well, de time I wants to, is at de public exhibishun I is gwine to gib at de Odd Fellows' festible."

The challenge had been flung in the presence of their mutual lady-love. Fume and chafe as he might, the whitewasher could not refuse to take it up.

Behold, then, the triumphant appearance of Clarence upon the memorable occasion of the festival. Panoplied in the pride and circumstance of a borrowed dress suit, he advanced to the platform and first treated his hearers to a brief discourse upon the theory of hypnotism.

Back in the hall, at a resplendent booth where the "ladies of the Daughters of Rebekah" were prepared to dispense refreshments, he could descry the form of his faithless Adelaide. Attired in a sky-blue poplin, and with a jaunty pink bonnet set coquettishly atop

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her raven tresses, she was graceful as a fawn, dazzling as an houri. She was presiding at the ice-cream freezer, and engaged in spirited dalliance with her across the counter was "Chuffy Pete."

Clarence's lips tightened, his eyes emitted a steely glitter, his heart hardened. Let not "Chuffy Pete" hope for mercy now. He will find it not.

The audience was visibly impressed by Steptoe's erudition. How could it fail to be? When one is able without apparent strain to toss off familiarly remarks about "the interrelation of occult psychic forces," and "the subtle suggestiveness of the subconscious mentality," he is bound to command a certain respect. True, Clarence pronounced "psychic" as "physic," and "sub-conscious" as "sub-unconscious;" but who was there to correct or contradict? If he had not the slightest idea what he was talking about, neither had his hearers; so the advantage lay with him, for they, believing that he had, were properly mystified and bewildered, which, after all, was the main result to be attained.

At length, having completed his exordium and announced that he was ready to commence actual operations, the hypnotist called for volunteer subjects from the audience; and with a promptitude so eager as to savor of possible bribery, Chrissy Morris, the bootblack at Cushenberry's shop, and two or three others upon whom Clarence had conducted the bulk of his experiments, rushed forward to the stage.

Mr. Steptoe waited. Far back by the refreshment booth, he could see the sullen, down-cast face of "Chuffy Pete." Fixing a glittering eye upon him, Clarence repeated the request. "Chuffy Pete" continued to linger at his post. The spectators were now beginning to turn their glances in his direction, and to exchange whispered comments deriding his faintheartedness. Yet, still he failed to pick up the gauntlet.

The whitewasher was really in an agony of indecision. If Clarence could make good his boast by actually placing him under hypnotic control;—and, since the other's lecture, "Chuffy Pete" was beginning to entertain serious misgivings on that point,—he knew that he might expect scant shrift. Nothing was more certain than that he would be "butchered to make a Roman holiday" for this gaping mob.

On the other hand, if he failed to accept the challenge, he would no less be scorned, and in addition would be a financial loser by the amount of his wager.

To chance the desperate hazard, or by flight to invite the accusation of pusillanimity: that was the dilemma upon the horns of which he was impaled.

But while he hesitated, his Juliet leaned from her festooned bower. "Don' let dat fool nigger bluff yo', Pete," she urged. "It's all fake wid 'im,—dat big-word talk o' his'n, an' all. Go on up an' take de pomposity out'n 'im."

Thus doth Beauty ever nerve the arm of Valor. Casting his fears aside, "Chuffy Pete" boldly strode down the hall and mounted the platform.

"Come on wid yer monkey-show," he snorted defiantly to Clarence. "Ef yo' wants to take dat fall out'n me, heah I is!"

The hypnotist, however, was wily. He perceived that at present his rival was in a contradictory and recalcitrant frame of mind, and deemed it wise to adopt a Fabian policy in dealing with him. So, for a season he left "Chuffy Pete" severely alone, allowing him to sit quietly in a chair, while he was putting Chrissy Morris and his other helots through a series of engaging antics.

Jim Catesby leaped frantically about with wild shrieks of agony, because he was assured that the chair upon which he sat had suddenly been transformed into a glowing mass of molten iron; Frank Piper, the cab-driver, was playing the part of a pincushion, standing absolutely impassive while pins and needles were thrust into various portions of his anatomy; Ernest Knight, the porter at the Beehive Store, had, for the time being, been metamorphosed into a tom-cat, and now with plaintive me-ows crawled on hands and knees about the stage seeking for imaginary mice.

Pete watched these "experiments" with a bold front and a disdainful smile; but, in reality, his courage was oozing fast. He began to fidget and to twist uneasily in his seat. Suppose that he should not be able to withstand the hypnotist's powers? Suppose,—oh, insufferable thought!—that he should be forced to play baboon and caper for the amusement of that giggling throng, as Chrissy Morris was even now doing?

A chilling horror clutched about his heart; great drops of clammy sweat popped out upon his forehead; his eye assumed a hunted expression. Indeed, had Clarence continued to leave him alone, it is doubtful whether he would not have hypnotized himself, so overmastering was his terror.

Steptoe had not been unwatchful of the symptoms manifested by the other, and now he decided that the time was ripe to turn them to profit. Advancing directly in front of "Chuffy Pete," he caught his adversary's eye with his own gleaming orbs and commenced the sing-song shibboleth by which he lulled his victims into their treacherous slumbers. Meanwhile, his hands were moving in rhythmic passes over the head and down the shoulders of the other man.

Pete strove valorously to maintain a bold front, to stare unwinkingly back at those shining pupils glowing down upon him like twin moons. In vain! His eyelids were growing more and more heavy. The humming words he heard were beating a lullaby within his brain. A sense of perfect security was on him. He wanted nothing but to sleep.

Involuntarily his tired eyes closed. His breath came in deeper inhalations. He seemed to be sinking away. Faintly he heard a voice coming from a great distance and informing him that he could not open his eyes. He feebly endeavored to do so, but finding the statement true, abandoned the futile effort and relapsed into somnolence.

The entertainer, a smile of exultant satisfaction on his face, turned to his audience. "Ladies an' gem'men," he said, "yo' see now how dis yere 'flooence, I been tellin' yo' 'bout, reelly am. Dat 'Chuffy Pete,' dere, he swah dat I cain' hyp'otize 'im. He done fought agin me wid all de strenff ub his intellec'. But, w'at did I do? I lets de intellec' alone: I passes it by. I goes down to de sub-unconscious mentality, an' I says to it, says I:—'Yo' sub-unconscious mentality, yo'! Go to sleep!' An' dat sub-unconscious mentality am boun' to obey.

"Dis man, bein' now undeh my control," he added, "I'se gwine make 'im affawd yo' all some 'musement."

A malicious grin was on Mr. Steptoe's countenance as he turned toward his helpless victim, and in his elation he quite forgot that while he had been addressing the audience, the slumberous spell he had produced had had a chance to expend itself. Hence, he neglected the necessary precaution of strengthening the hypnotic trance before attempting a manifestation of control. Instead, he gave an immediate suggestion, employing a sharp, ringing tone of command.

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"Yo' am a mule!" he shouted.

At the deadly insult, the sleeping subject started up as though shocked by an electric current. His eyes flew open with a baleful glare; his fist doubled threateningly. For just a second. Then, a sudden inspiration seemed to come to him. He sank back drowsily in his chair and gave a quiet nod of acquiescence.

"I is a mule," he assented.

"Ack like one, den," commanded Clarence; and amid wild hilarity from the spectators, "Chuffy Pete" duly essayed the degrading rôle. He pranced about the floor on hands and knees; he willingly allowed burdens to be placed upon his back; munched imaginary oats out of an imaginary manger; and brayed with such startlingly life-like intonations that the audience could scarcely credit the sounds as emanating from the throat of anything but the genuine article.

The house was in a perfect gale of merriment, and the hypnotist was beaming with the joy of triumph. Had Mr. Steptoe observed carefully, however, he would have noted that the mule occasionally opened one of his eyes, and that when he did so a treacherous gleam was apparent in its murky depths.

But the pride of conquest overmastered any suspicions which Clarence might have fostered, and he rushed heedlessly onward to his ruin.

"Ladies an' gem'men," he announced, "we will now hitch de mule to a coal-caht. Dis yere cheer is de caht, an' dis rope," picking up a piece of cord, "is de ha'ness. Whoa, dere, Rastus, 'til I gits yo' hooked up."

The mule stood patiently and submissively awaiting its orders. Clarence arranged the chair, and fastened the ropes about the shoulders of "Chuffy Pete." Then he incautiously proceeded to the rear to effect a connection.

"Chuffy Pete's" right eye was watching; "Chuffy Pete's" hands were firmly planted on the floor to give him leverage. As Mr. Steptoe leaned over to tie the ropes, the mule gave an exultant hee-haw and, kicking out with both hind feet, planted them with terrific impact squarely against his adversary's jaw.

For one brief second, while the firmament danced before him, Clarence Steptoe thought he had been hit by a pile-driver. The next, he was conscious that a storm of kicks was still being directed against his anatomy; and through the haze of battle he descried the vengeful countenance of his enemy glowering down upon him.

"I'se a mule, is I?" roared "Chuffy Pete," punctuating every syllable with a kick. "Yo' bet I is! I'se de wust little kickin' mule yo' evah seen in all yo' bawn days. I'll mule yo', yo' no' count hyp'otizeh, yo'! Take dat! An' dat! An' dat!"

The house was in a tumult. Men were guffawing, women shrieking. People were standing up on chairs, jostling, crowding and craning the better to behold the unexpected and exciting denouement.

But in that moment of defeat for Clarence Steptoe a great truth flashed home to the heart of Lobelia Parsons. He was the man she really loved; he and not his victorious opponent.

Never stopping to consider consequences, the girl pushed her way forward through the turbulent press, and sprang up the steps of the platform. Seizing "Chuffy Pete" by the arm, she hurled him back and planted herself before the prostrate hypnotist as though to shield him from further assault.

Her face was distorted with anger; her eyes were blazing. She was as glorious as a tigress in her wrath.

"W'at d' yo' mean, yo' houn'?" she shrieked. "Imposin' on my Cla'ence dis a way?"

The meaning of her attitude was too evident to be misunderstood. Despair fell upon the soul of "Chuffy Pete." Had he won only to lose in the winning?

"But, Beely," he expostulated, "he done called me a mule."

Crass fool! As well try to prate to a lioness on the equity of despoiling her of her cubs.

"An' he was right," came her uncompromising answer. "Dat's w'at yo' is,—a mean, o'nery, good-fo'-nuffin', kickin' mule. Now, yo' git, an' don' yo' pesteh me ner my man no mo'."

Crushed and humiliated, "Chuffy Pete" withdrew. Later in the evening, to a group of his cronies, he gloomily admitted that he had been mistaken, there must be something in hypnotism after all. Allowing to the full for the capriciousness of womankind, he deemed it impossible that by other than unhallowed arts could Lobelia have been swerved from allegiance to him.

"Money talks," he said. "An' I is heah to bet five dollahs, er any paht o' it, 'at dat ar gal wuz hyp'otized."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR UNTRAINED WOMEN WHO WISH TO MAKE A LIVING OR ADD TO THEIR INCOME.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE proposes to print all the *practical* suggestions possible for women who wish to make money. The "business woman" has innumerable avenues open to her nowadays, but thousands of unskilled workers, often with domestic cares, are utterly unable to find a market for what they might make were they but shown how to go about it. An announcement of prizes for the best ideas along this line will be found among the advertisements on the fourth page. *Women who wish to enter the contest but are unable to subscribe to the magazine, may compete by securing three new subscriptions.*

The Editors will be glad to hear from any one contemplating a trial of the suggestions published in this department.

Owing to the misplacing of the page concerning the Prize Offer for "Ideas," in the October number, we have extended the time that suggestions may reach this office to January 1, 1902.

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ABOUT IDEAS.

THE proof of the pudding, as the proverb tells us, is in the eating; as perversion has it, the proof of the pudding is in the "chewing of the pudding string." We have been chewing the string, so to speak, of our pudding of "ideas," and the ready response to the suggestion that there *are* new—or practically new—methods of earning money, leads us to expect that the real proof of this pudding will be the establishment of a vast number of remunerative enterprises, some on a small and some on a large scale. Many unique suggestions have come from women who have themselves proved their practicability, and many suggestions come from those who have no need of work, but wish others to benefit by their ideas.

Suggestions have reached this office from East and West, North and South, and in many cases they are practicable, or can be made practicable when correctly planned. As this issue goes to press, October 25th, the women of New York State have been the most prolific in ideas, and from "down east" come a number of good suggestions showing Yankee mother-wit. The women of the South have responded with an enthusiasm which shows that the old-time notion that Southern women are made to be "ornamental only" is dispelled. And from the Central and Western States come some strong ideas which can be carried to brilliant success by women of practical ability.

APPLICATION.

To those who take advantage of one of the suggestions presented each month we wish to say a few words. Unflagging personal application to the work selected, and faith in your powers to eventually succeed, will work wonders with your enterprise. If you do not believe in it implicitly yourself, you cannot expect that others will believe in it or in you, and for every thought of success or of failure in your own mind you will find a like thought in the mind of another.

Every woman in the world is endowed with a natural aptitude for *something*, be it work or play. In her work she is often misplaced, but there is a niche awaiting her *somewhere*. In her play she is often sadly out of her sphere, and ignorant that even her ability to *play* may be turned to good advantage. We hope to suggest to every reader who is in search of a livelihood a plan whereby her faculties may be placed to the best advantage. One is often unaware of one's own powers until awakened by the help of a friend, and a suggestion by which one's forces can be employed is always worth intrinsically more than pecuniary help. It is our wish to give as much help as possible, and we shall be glad to hear from any one contemplating work for herself, and to suggest and advise to the best of our ability.

Honest work of all kinds is uplifting. There is nothing degrading in a woman's pursuit of a livelihood, and in this advanced state of civilization not even the narrow-minded find fault with the honest toiler who adds to the charm of womanhood by her bravery.

A very interesting letter came to the editors early in September from a Texas city. The September number of the magazine had no more than reached that city before a progressive woman perceived that a woman's boot-blacking establishment as described in the magazine was needed in her town. We hope to have splendid reports of her success. In later issues we shall give accounts of the starting of various enterprises, and, that justice be done to all, we ask those who contemplate taking advantage of the "ideas" to write us fully of their plans.

Let us help you with any advice or suggestion possible, and do not be afraid of the "start."

A LUNCHEON PLAN.

By Katharine Newbold Birdsall.

"IF it were not for 'high lunch' with you Saturdays, I think I should go insane," remarked the Girl with the Short Skirt as she stirred her chocolate and looked across the small table at her companion.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the Girl with Glasses. "To think that I do one noble act a week! What is the matter?"

"It's the lunch question," explained the other. "Unfortunately I have been brought up to regard luncheon as a necessity. I have also been brought up to like dainty food, and dainty food and my pocketbook don't go hand in hand. Since I commenced business I simply hate these cheap lunch places where food is jabbed out to you on leaden dishes, and the dishes not half clean at that; and I can't afford to go to places where I can be comfortable. The lunch question is the only cause of regret I have in becoming a business woman. I *must* limit myself to twenty-five cents a day, you see."

"You're too far from home to go there at noon, aren't you?" asked the Girl with Glasses. "Of course you are. And probably it is as much bother for you to prepare your luncheon at home and carry it with you as it is for me—most of the teachers in our school do that, you know."

"Do they? I've tried it, but it doesn't work satisfactorily at all. I'm always in a hurry in the morning; it is a nuisance for mother to prepare it, and I simply can't make the time. Then, too, it is a bother to carry down—I hate bundles and boxes, and I am forever forgetting to bring the napkins back. I had *seven* in my desk at one time I remember. So I gave that up, and I've been lunching by chance ever since. I never know just where I shall go until I get there, and then I am apt to spend twice what I intended." She laughed as she spoke, and then went on, "The next day, of course, I feel I must economize, and so I get a glass of milk at the dairy, and a couple of graham buns, for five cents! Then next day I buy a bottle of milk tablets, and after forcing myself to eat fifteen or twenty of the nasty things, try to persuade myself that I've had lunch. Oh, it's great living! Did you ever try it?"

"Once," laughed the Girl with Glasses. "I always take my lunch to school—it's a nuisance, but the only thing there is to do."

"After my economy," continued the other, "I am apt the next day to go to some swell place and have a comfortable lunch. That's the way I economize. I wish some one would revolutionize things."

"You, you mean," suggested her friend.

The bright-eyed little lady in brown, sitting at the next table, looked over and laughed. Her mirth was so contagious that the two girls laughed with her, though she was a stranger.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "I really couldn't help hearing you, and your need is apparently so

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great that I wonder if a thought that just popped into my head wouldn't be of use."

"You will truly do a great missionary work if you *can* help," said the Girl with the Short Skirt. "I eat my lunch alone, except occasionally when my friends take pity on me, and I wish some one would make life easier in the way of lunches."

"Some bright woman could lessen your woes," said the little woman, "if she started a luncheon service. She could serve very attractive lunches every day for a small sum, and she ought to be able to find many customers."

"Won't you come over to our table so we can talk better?" asked the Girl with the Glasses genially, and as the little brown woman had only ordered, she sensibly moved over.

Then she took an account book and pencil from her bag, and made, with the assistance of the two girls, a schedule as follows:

15c. lunches served to thirty people, six days.		$27.00
Cost of food	$12.00	
Cost of wrapping, delivering, etc....	6.00	18.00
Profit		$9.00

"There! If any good housekeeper who has a kitchen of her own, and is a good cook in the bargain, would undertake to do it, she could surely make a good living from it. They wouldn't cost nearly twelve dollars, either."

The Girl with the Glasses agreed. "Yes," she said thoughtfully, "she could serve sandwiches of all descriptions, say two good-sized ones to a fifteen-cent lunch, a piece of cake, and some fruit, and enlarge upon that at will as to quantity and price. Everything should be home-made, and of the very best."

"And attractively put up," said the little brown woman. "Wrapped in oil paper and put in a box."

"With a Chinese paper napkin," suggested the Girl with the Short Skirt, "and a half-day boy to deliver them. I'd give my order at once if I only had the chance."

"Perhaps there is some one already serving such lunches," suggested the little brown woman.

"Why, oh, *why* doesn't she make herself known, then?" asked the Girl with the Glasses. "Think of the number of people in this city who eat luncheons. And in other cities, too. Why, there is a large field for such a work, and it requires no capital to speak of, for one could easily make sure of enough customers among teachers and business people to start, I should think, and the buying of the food will not be felt much, as a housekeeper will have a great many available materials on hand."

Here lies work for somebody.

HOME CARE OF PETS.

AN occupation for a young girl, or for a woman of any age, can be found in the care of pets. Many people, for instance, are fond of birds; but even their fondness does not prevent the care of them becoming tiresome and annoying, and often they are children's pets, and do not get proper care before school-time. A canary must be kept clean and well cared for to preserve his beautiful song. Why not be a visiting pet-caretaker? If you possess a fondness for birds and animals, your work will be in a great degree a pleasure. A few minutes' attention to the canary's cage each morning, and the giving of the bath, will require but little time and no capital. Sometimes the bird may be perverse and refuse to bathe on order; in that case he will need training, for a bath in his water cup at an inopportune time may result in spoiling some dainty fabric near.

Pet house dogs require weekly baths and combings—sometimes daily—and, what is perhaps a most unattractive suggestion, pet kittens and puppies are apt to suffer from fleas. By frequent attention it is possible to relieve them and keep them practically free from the pests and the consequent suffering. Ridding them of this bane of their existence is not only a charity to the animals themselves, but, where the children of the family fondle and caress the pets, holding them close to their own dear little faces and necks, is a condition greatly to be desired.

This condition may be accomplished with the aid of a white bag which draws up with strings, some insect powder, and a fine comb. I have tried it with very good results on a little kitten which was almost killed by the pests; and although she objected to the method at first, gentle handling subdued her fears, and when the treatment was finished, she was the most grateful little cat imaginable.

Put a sufficient quantity of the insect powder in the bag, then put in the puppy or kitten, all except the head, tying the bag firmly about its neck. Then roll and shake the little animal well, to distribute the powder in the fur; and put powder on the head and ears, being careful of the eyes, nose, and insides of the ears. This will stupefy any of the insects that may be in the head, or seek a passage out through the neck of the bag. They may be easily removed with the comb, and deposited in a bowl containing water. A half hour in the bag will serve to stupefy the insects, and the cat or dog may be removed carefully, and the bag popped into a pail of water. Keep the animal close in your lap, which should be covered with a large white apron, until you can carefully comb the whole body. A few applications of this treatment will work wonders.

Any woman who can undertake this work and do it well can find plenty of employment if she keeps her eyes and ears open for "customers."

SCISSORS AND KNIVES.

AN energetic woman who has a knack of handling tools can start a good business with an outlay of ninety cents. This amount will purchase a small grindstone—her stock in trade. If she does not entirely understand its use, a few experiments at home will be necessary before sharpening for the neighbors; or a couple of lessons from a farmer, if she lives in the country, or the butcher if in the city, will prepare her well. This small grindstone may be carried in a box from house to house, and the work done on the premises; or, if desired, knives may be "gathered in" to do at home. Probably the various mistresses will not trust you with their best knives at first, but if you prove your ability on the lesser knives, the greater will soon follow. Become master of your trade before commencing it; do not be uncertain. If you live in a small town, your venture will probably need no recommendation. If in a city, try your friends first, and they will aid you with introductions to other householders, or letters of recommendation which you can present to new customers as your credentials. The charge will, of course, be based upon the sizes of knives and scissors. After a while you may have a call to polish knives, for one of the greatest things the average servant is deficient in, is the cleaning of steel knives.

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If you can invest more money in your outfit, purchase one of the various good sharpening machines that are now on the market, being careful to get one that is well recommended. These are for sale from three and a half dollars up to fifteen dollars.

Arrange with your customers for weekly visits, or every other week, and keep your promises.

Your venture will be philanthropic as well as remunerative, for you will save the head of the house many a loss of his temper.

LOANING A PRIVATE LIBRARY.

By Mabel L. Eaton.

"I AM always lending books," said the owner of the well-selected private library. "There is no public library in the town, and the home libraries are invariably small. Do you know what I would do if I were in desperate need of spending money?"

"Open a loaning library?"

"Exactly! I have thought it all out. Of course, before I announced the venture, I should find out what methods have proved most successful in other small loaning libraries and begin by loaning just the books I have, but arrange and catalogue them as carefully as though they were many thousands.

"In arranging the books, I should first letter my cabinets with capitals. In cabinet *A*, I should put books of adventure and travel; in cabinet *B*, biographies; in cabinet *C*, essays; in cabinet *D*, fiction; and so on, leaving space in each cabinet for new books. In each cabinet I should number the shelves from top to bottom, 1, 2, 3, etc., and on each shelf arrange the books alphabetically, according to authors, in every case except the biographies, which I should arrange alphabetically according to the subject. For example, I might put 'Romola,' by George Eliot, in cabinet *D*, shelf 1, under *E;* and the 'Life of George Eliot,' by Cross, I should put in cabinet *B*, shelf 1, under *E*, not under *C*. Then I should make out a card for each book. In the case of the first book mentioned, I should write on the card, at the upper left-hand corner, 'Eliot, George,' and below it, a little to the right, 'Romola.' In the upper right-hand corner I should print in red ink, *D*-1-*E*, which would tell me that I could find the book by looking in cabinet *D*, on the top shelf, looking along the row of books from left to right till I came to *El*-, etc. I should enter each book on a similar card and arrange them alphabetically, according to authors. If I could not afford to invest in a card cabinet, I should make cards of stiff paper, of a size that would fit exactly in a stout pasteboard or wooden box, one-half an inch shorter than the depth of the box, so that I could put in cards of a different color to separate cards of the same letter, as they are arranged in the regular card catalogues. I think I should have two boxes of exactly the same size, one labelled 'out' and the other labelled 'in,' transferring its card from the 'in' box to the 'out' box, when a book went out, and returning it when the book was returned. I should have each reader fill out a slip, which I could make myself on the typewriter, or have printed, as follows:

NAME (of Reader)	DATE (of drawing out the book).
AUTHOR (of book).	TITLE (of book.)

"This I should file systematically until the book was returned. It would be in the nature of a receipt for the book in the reader's own handwriting. When the book was returned to me, I should return the receipt for the reader to destroy. This would prevent any failure to trace books.

"The books should be covered with stout manila paper, and labelled with cabinet and shelf number. Then I would make a subject list of books for circulation among the readers, either having it printed, or, if I could not afford that, making it myself on a mimeograph, or reduplicating machine.

"I should talk with the girls who come to me to borrow, and should ask them if they would not feel at liberty to come oftener if they could pay a small sum for the privilege of taking out a book, and would ask them to interest others. I should write an account of the enterprise for the local paper, and post notices in the post-office and public schools.

"I should endeavor to interest heads of families in becoming annual subscribers to the library, paying three dollars a year for the privilege of taking out not more than two books at a time, and not more than eight books a week. No book could be kept out more than a week unless renewed. One cent a day would be charged for books overdue. To those who did not want to become annual subscribers I should loan books at five cents each, subject to the same time limit, and the same charge for overdue books as governed the subscribers.

"If necessary, I should convert one of my rooms into a reading-room, provided with reference-books and the leading periodicals. If I could enlist one hundred patrons to the reading-room, I should give them permission to read the papers and magazines in a comfortable, well-lighted room for one dollar a year. The periodicals would also have to be covered and arranged in some convenient way. To those who wished, I should loan out the month-old periodicals for one-tenth of their price per single copy. For example, a ten cent monthly would be loaned for one cent a week.

"To people too far away to come to the library I should deliver books at a price in advance of the regular rates. The amount would depend upon the distance the books would have to be delivered.

"There is another thing I should like to do, though it probably would not be very remunerative, and that is, have a special room for children's books and games. I should arrange to have certain hours for reading and certain hours for games, and other hours for club meetings. I should charge the children just enough for this to make them feel independent.

"Through reviews, book notices, catalogues, etc., and through my readers, I should endeavor to keep track of the most desirable books. I should start a fund from a proportion of my earnings, and buy books in large lots, making some kind of an arrangement with a book dealer which would be mutually beneficial. I should also offer to order books for those who wished to purchase, for we have no book store in town. I should, of course, order my periodicals at club rates. I can think of a dozen ways in which the enterprise might be developed."

"Could any one do it?" I inquired.

"A woman who loved books could, who knew them, who was very methodical, and strictly businesslike, who possessed the confidence of her neighbors, and who would be content with small returns at first."

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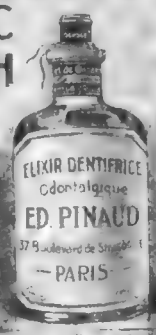

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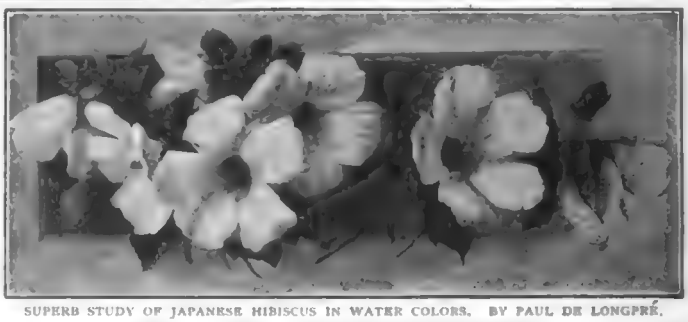

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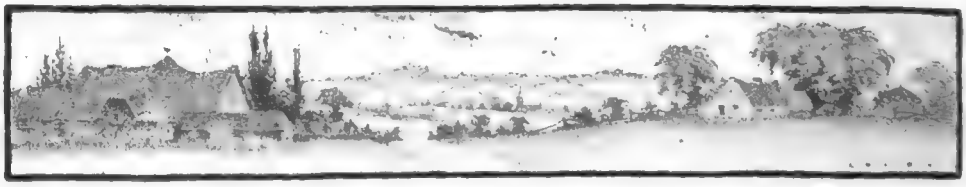

WANTED—IDEAS

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found the fourth instalment of a plan which we feel ought to be of real interest to thousands of women of the country who are, or wish to be, self-supporting or partially self-supporting. It is the great army of untrained women, many of whom would be excellent workers if shown how, who are crying for help to enable them to help themselves—not pecuniary help, but practical ideas, and suggestions for carrying them to a successful issue. Many women have an aptitude for carrying out well-laid plans, but cannot devise plans for themselves; and many have brilliant ideas but not the facilities or the ability to make them successful. In order to bring together the forces of the women of ideas and the women of practical ability, the following offer is made:

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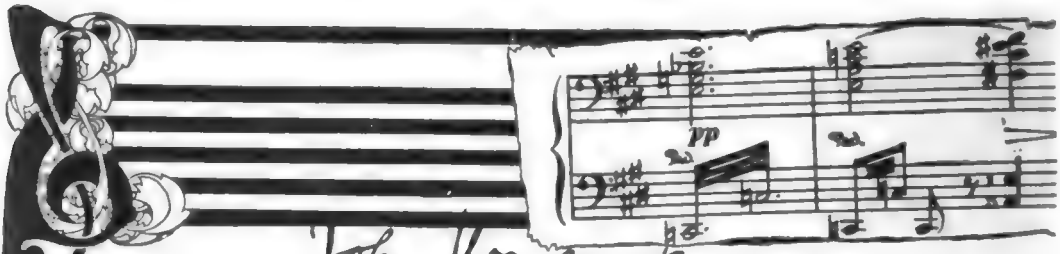

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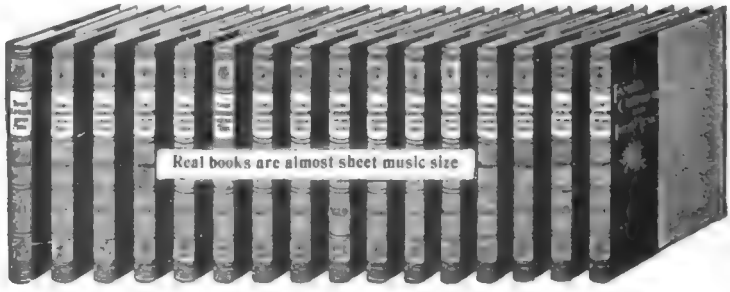

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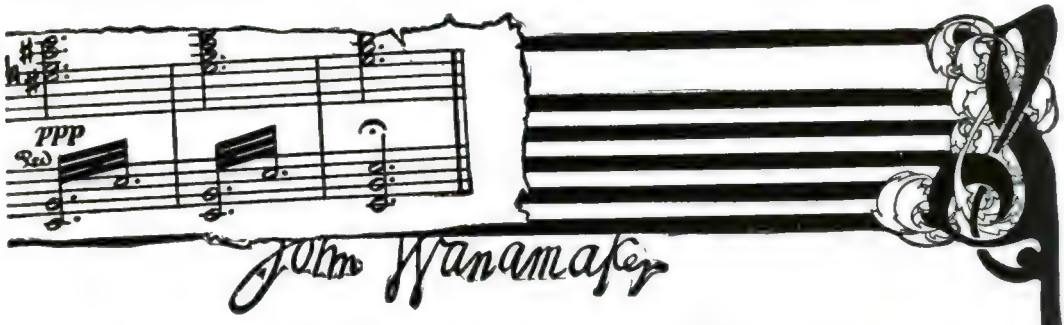

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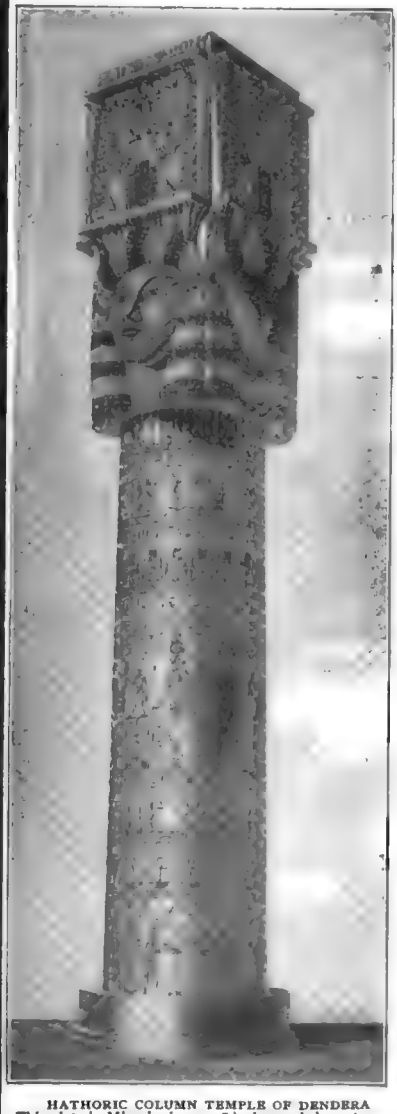

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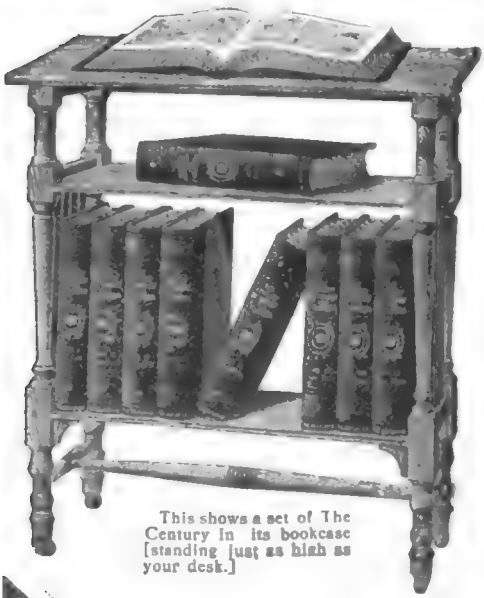

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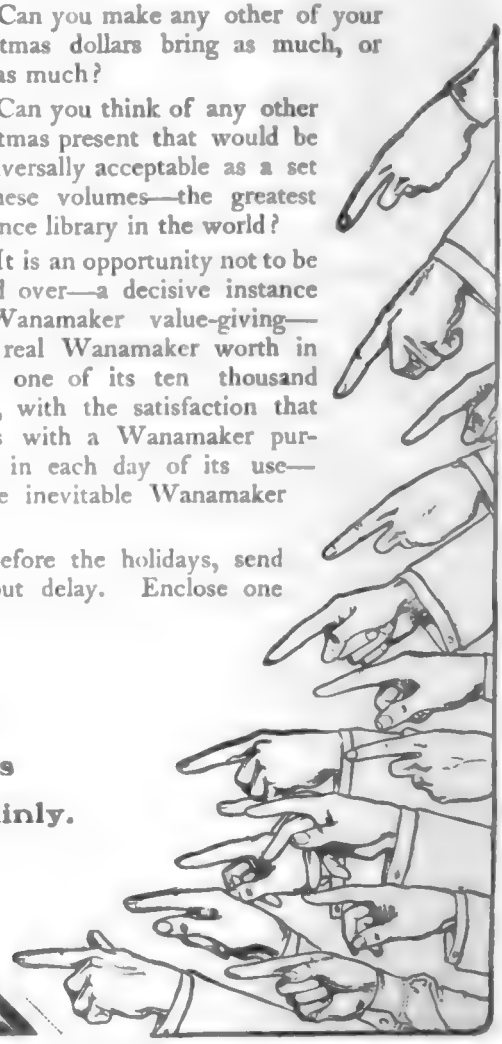

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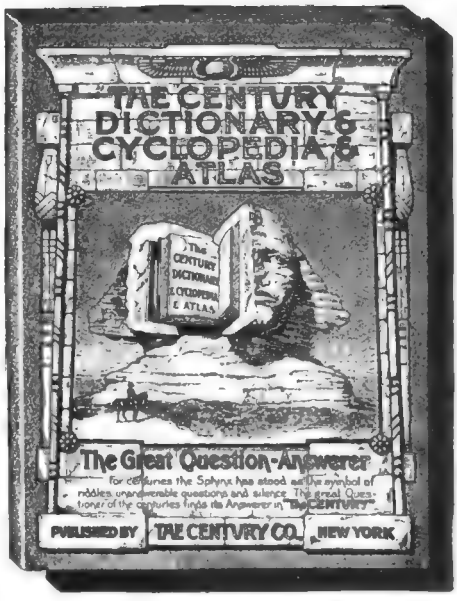

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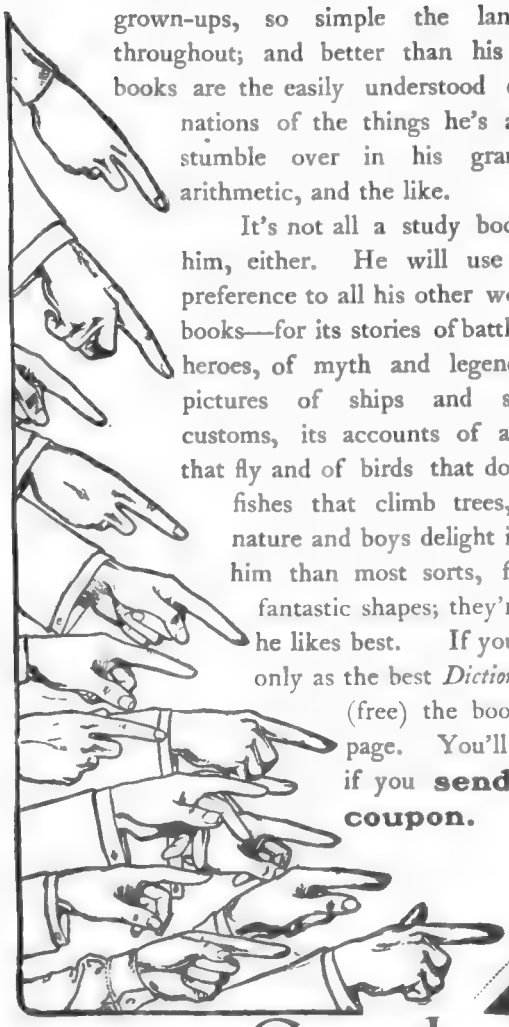

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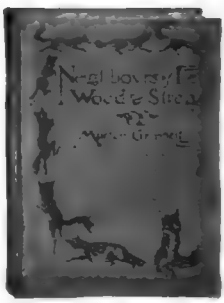

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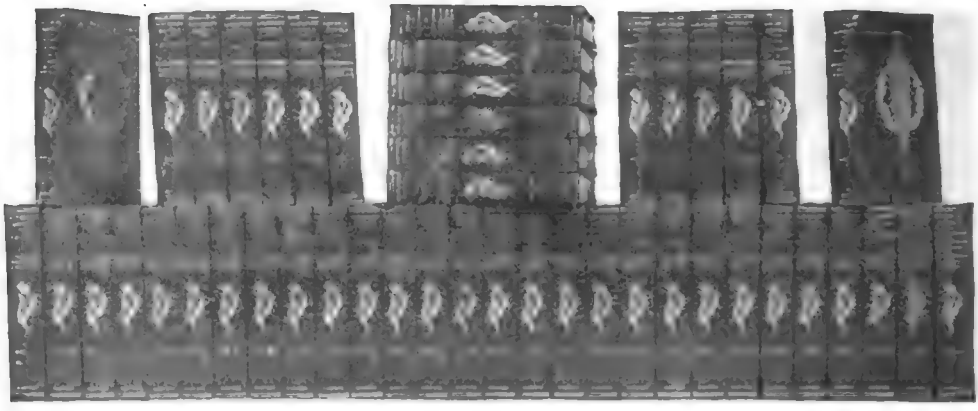

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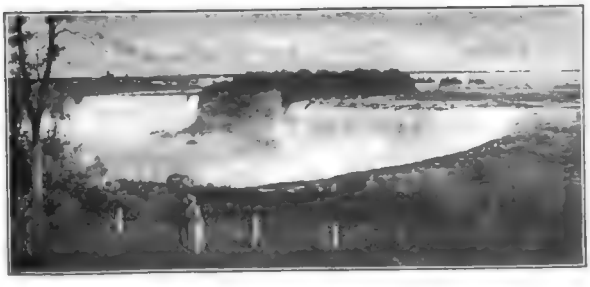

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Invitations to the "House Party" were extended to the following distinguished authors:

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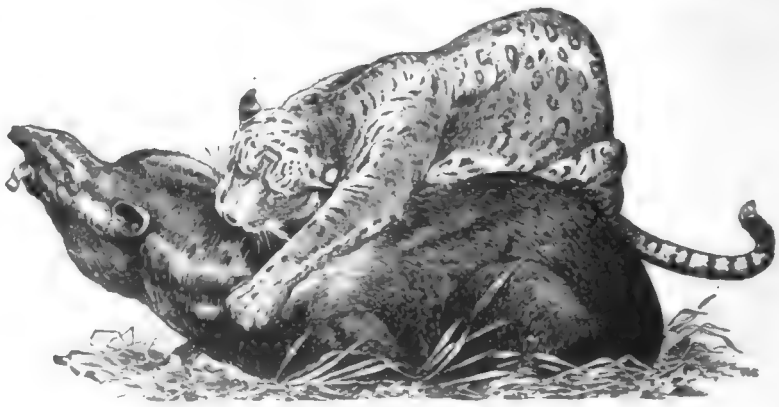

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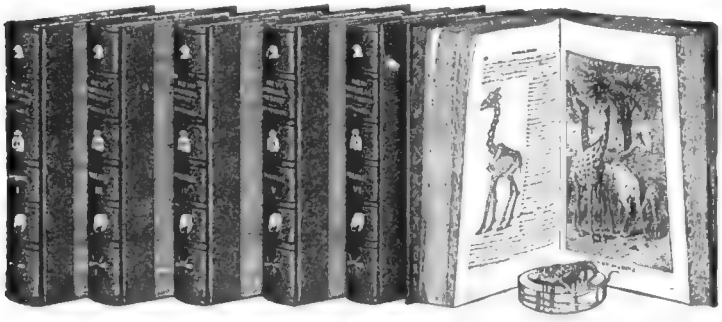

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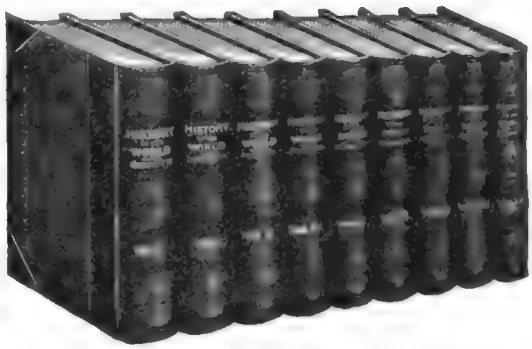

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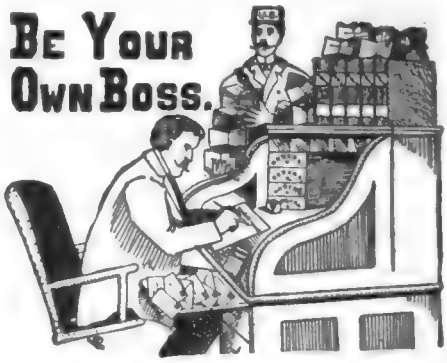

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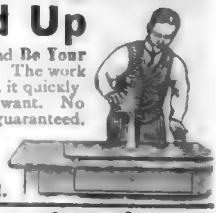

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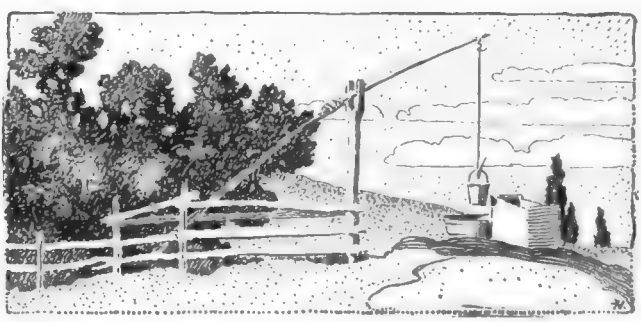

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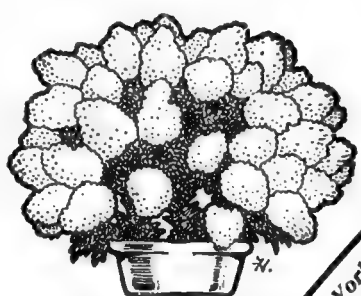

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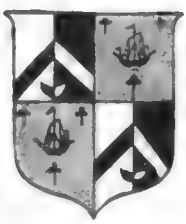

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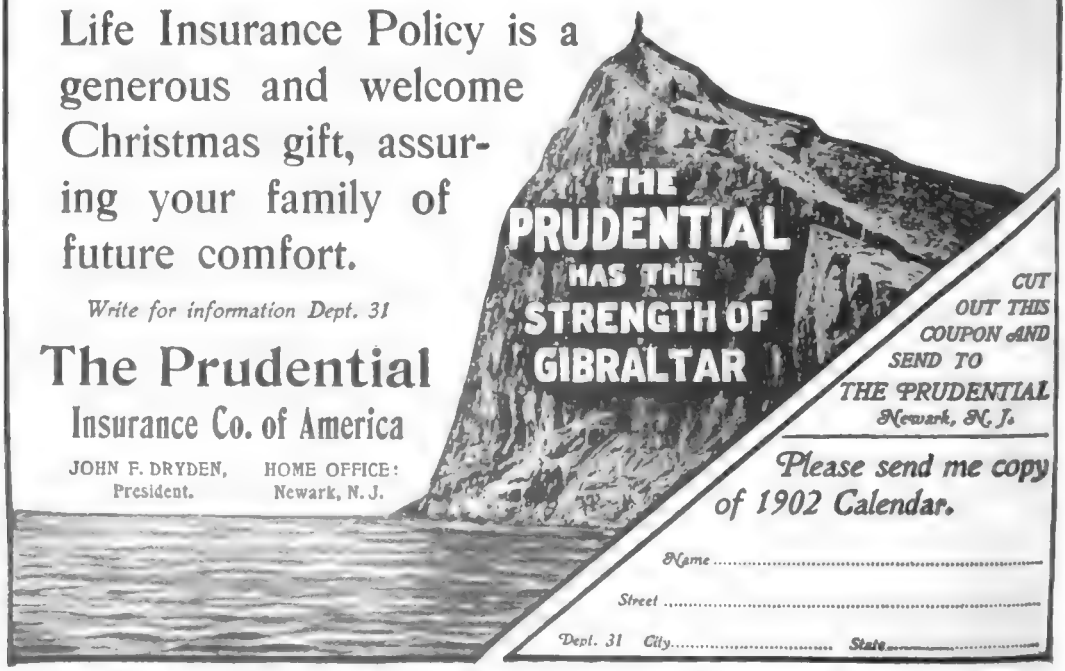

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2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.,	$ 8.35
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(See note on opposite page)

THE PIANOLA was designed to simplify the playing of the piano. Not to play the piano of itself, as a machine, but to serve as a faithful conductor of the moods and passions of the human mind controlling it.

This is the excuse for its being, and the secret of its ready acceptance in the highest circles of musicians.

The performer does not play the Pianola. With the *Pianola's assistance* he plays the *piano,* though he may not know one note from another. By a slight movement of a lever, the nimble little fingers of the instrument that are pressing the piano-keys are made to vary the force of their attack. A touch on another lever, and they hesitate, stop, bound forward again in their marvelous play. No mechanism is apparent, and the player, forgetting the Pianola, forgetting the keys and complicated action of the piano,

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Opinions of the World's Greatest Pianists

It is perfection.

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I can freely say the Pianola gives me more pleasure than I have had from thousands of so-called treats of pianistic effort.

EMIL SAUER.

Any one hidden in a room near by who will hear the Pianola for the first time, will surely think that it is a great virtuoso that plays. (*Literal translation.*)

MAURICE MOSZKOWSKI.

I was greatly delighted to hear the Pianola play the Chopin Study at my own tempo. I feel quite sure that nothing has more closely approached hand-playing.

MORIZ ROSENTHAL.

I am astonished at the possibilities of the Pianola, and the inventor commands my most profound admiration in bringing out an instrument whose playing has the characteristics of the work of the human fingers.

V. DE PACHMANN.

Before leaving America, I can not but express my sincere admiration for your splendid invention, the Pianola. Hearing the instrument lately for the first time, I was in the highest degree astonished and enchanted with the artistic results a musical player can produce with it.

ERNST VON DOHNANYI.

I find that your instrument is designed for reproducing pianoforte literature and offers facilities for expressions that will enable an intelligent player to give a very close imitation of hand-playing. I have been surprised to discover to what an extent one can, with a little practice, control the dynamic effects.

I think what has impressed me as much as anything is the ease with which the instrument is played. It is simplicity itself. To summarize briefly, it is my opinion that in all essentials of artistic piano-playing the Pianola is the best instrument of this type to reproduce the piano music.

JOSEF HOFMANN,
Concert Pianist.

(Fleming & Carrick Press, New York)

NOTE.—Probably this is the best interpretation of the Pianola ever put into words. It undoubtedly corrects some wrong impressions as to the nature and mission of the Pianola. It shows that the *person* playing the Pianola is the real producer of the music, and that the Pianola *itself* simply aids in striking the right notes. To guide and direct the expression of music without striking the notes with the human fingers seems incomprehensible and impossible. Yet the greatest pianists testify that it can be done with the Pianola, and it is for this reason that they endorse it.

Certainly the Pianola ought to be heard by every one—or, rather, the piano should be heard when played with the assistance of the Pianola's dexterous felt-covered fingers. For this reason we give a list of our principal agents in the United States, where the Pianola is on exhibition and for sale. Every one is welcome. The merely curious are assured the same attention as the intending purchaser. Catalogue (O) mailed upon request.

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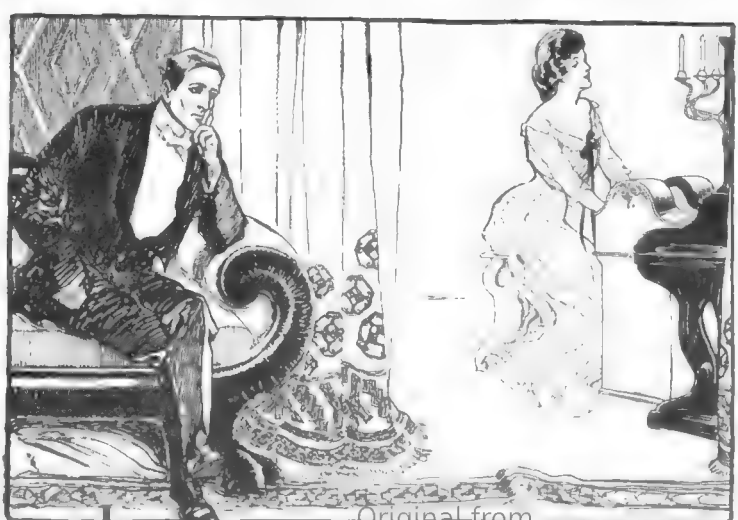

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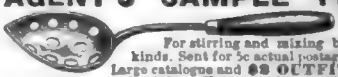

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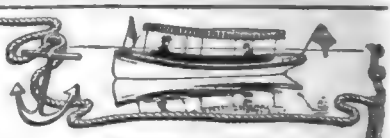

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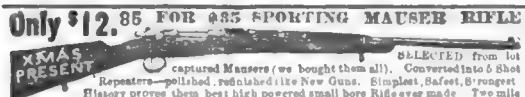

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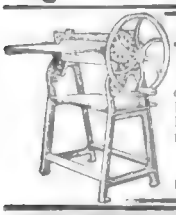

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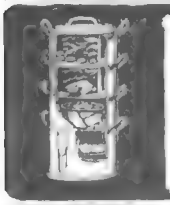

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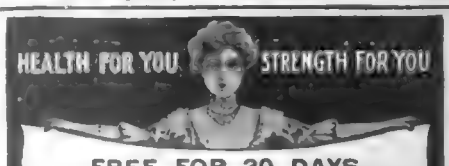

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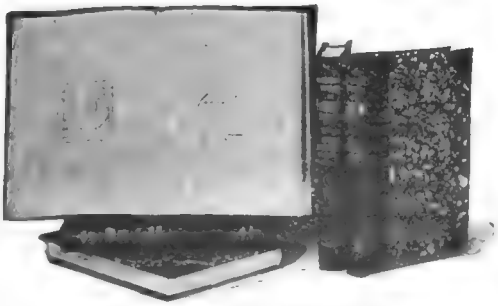

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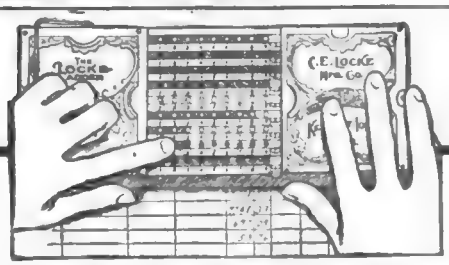

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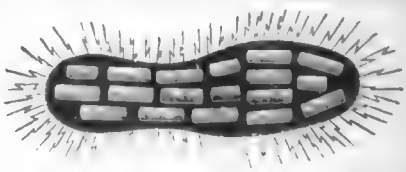

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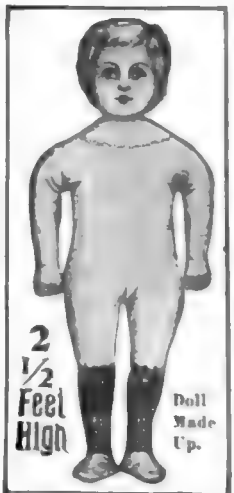

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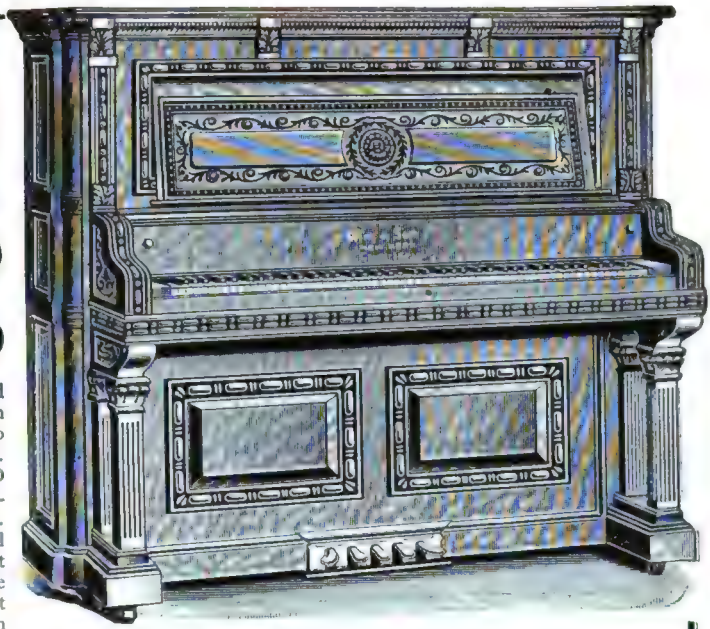
WING PIANO

Save from $100 to $200

We make the WING PIANO and sell it ourselves. It goes direct from our factory to your home. We do not employ any agents or salesmen. When you buy the WING PIANO you pay the actual cost of construction and our small wholesale profit. This profit is small because we sell thousands of pianos yearly. Most retail stores sell no more than twelve to twenty pianos yearly, and must charge from $100 to $200 profit on each. You can calculate this yourself.



A Wing style—21 other styles to select from

Sent on Trial. We Pay Freight.

No Money in Advance. We will send any WING PIANO to any part of the United States on trial. We pay freight in advance and do not ask for any advance payment or deposit. If the piano is not satisfactory *after twenty days' trial in your home, we take it back entirely at our expense.* You pay us nothing unless you keep the piano. There is absolutely no risk or expense to you.

It is Easy to Deal with Us

Our many styles give a greater variety of pianos to select from than is found in any retail store. The large lithographs in our catalogue show you these styles in the different woods, making it easy for you to select. Our correspondence department answers any questions you may ask, and gives all information properly. You will find it more convenient as well as more economical to buy a piano from us than to buy from your local dealer. Old instruments taken in exchange. **Sold on Easy Payments**

The Instrumental Attachment

imitates perfectly the tones of the mandolin, guitar, harp, zither, and banjo. Music written for these instruments, with and without piano accompaniment, can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by a parlor orchestra. The original instrumental attachment has been patented by us, and it cannot be had in any other piano, although there are several imitations of it.

All Wing Pianos

have seven and one-third octaves, double lever grand repeating action, grand overstrung bass, with three strings to each note in the middle and treble registers; the scale is the same as in grand pianos, with largest size of soundboard and strings of the greatest length giving greatest volume and power of tone; the cases are double veneered inside and outside, and finished in Circassian walnut, dark rich mahogany, genuine quartered oak, and ebonized. The keys are of the finest grade of polished ivory and ebony.

SPECIAL FEATURES.—Built up wrest plank construction, dove-tailed top and bottom frame case construction, full length, extra heavy metal plate, metal depression bar, metal key bed support, improved noiseless direct motion pedal action, non-twisting hammer shanks, imported wrought-iron tuning pins, copper-covered bass strings, improved practice attachment, full length duet music desk, instrumental attachment.

In 33 Years Over 31,000 Pianos

We refer to over 31,000 satisfied purchasers in every part of the United States. WING PIANOS are guaranteed for twelve years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material.

A Book of Information

about pianos, containing 116 large pages, sent free on request. Every one who intends to purchase a piano should have it. Write for it *today*.

WING & SON,

196-198 East 12th Street, New York.

1868—33d YEAR—1901.

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Mince Pie!
The kind that smacks of the country home of years ago. Most cooks won't bother now-a-days to get things "just right," and so nearly every one buys
NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT
A ten-cent package makes two large pies.
Equally good for Fruit Cake or Fruit Pudding.
to save the labor and expense. No housewife has a cleaner kitchen than ours or can buy as carefully and cheaply as we can. We guarantee "Pies like mother used to make."
Valuable recipes on every carton. We know a gr[illegible] will enjoy it if your regular grocer won't. Please write us if you can't get it.
MERRELL-SOULE CO., Syracuse, N.Y.

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THE ORIGINAL WHITE WHEAT GLUTEN SUPPOSITORIES

by increasing the nutrition of the parts through absorption

Fifty cents a box at all Druggists or sent, carefully packed, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

SAMPLES FREE

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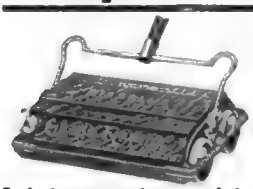
BISSELL'S "Cyco" Bearing Carpet Sweeper



Makes a Good Holiday Gift

It is inexpensive, useful, appropriate and always acceptable. It will be a daily reminder of the giver for ten years. It lightens the task of sweeping 95%, brightens and preserves the carpet, confines all the dust and dangerous carpet germs within the pans, after which the contents can be destroyed, and saves time, labor and health.

Costs but $3 and will outlast forty brooms.
For sale by all first-class dealers.

Write Dept. H for scientific treatise just issued, "Dust a Carrier of Disease," of vital interest to everyone, especially to housewives.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Largest Sweeper Makers in the World.

GOLD MEDALS received at Paris Exposition, 1900, and Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901.

The Best Light

The "Best" Light Gives

5	Times	More	Light	Than	Acetylene
6	"	"	"	"	Electricity
10	"	"	"	"	Kerosene
100	"	"	"	"	A Candle

And Costs Less Than Kerosene

Each Lamp Makes and Burns its Own Gas. A Pure White Steady Light. No Wick! No Dirt! No Grease! No Smoke! No Odor! Perfectly Safe!

Over 100 styles for in-door and out-door use. Sells at Sight.

Agents Wanted Everywhere
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Catalogue, price list, testimonials, etc., upon request.

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86 East Fifth Street, - - - Canton, Ohio

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PROMINENT PHYSICIANS TESTIFY TO THE VALUE OF ESKAY'S FOOD

A DOCTOR OF ERIE, PA., in his letter, in which he encloses a picture of his boy, which we show herewith, states the facts noted on the picture.

A DOCTOR OF PHOENIXVILLE, PA., writes: "I am happy to say that my experiences with Eskay's Food have been extremely satisfactory. My first experience was with my little nephew, who at eight weeks old had dwindled to a mere skeleton, crying day and night. Several Foods were tried without satisfactory results. When we turned to Eskay's, we found that the child immediately showed marked signs of improvement, and in less than a month it was fat and thriving."

A DOCTOR OF JAMESTOWN, O., says: "I have used Eskay's Food with the happiest results imaginable."

A DOCTOR OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN., states: "After experimenting with a number of different Foods, I can gladly say that Eskay's stands first with a good lead."

Do you not think Eskay's is worth trying for your own child?

Eskay's Food is equally valuable for adults suffering with dyspepsia or impaired digestion from any cause, furnishing a diet that is most palatable and nourishing, and relieving all distress.

Sample, sufficient for ten meals, free. Address
SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH COMPANY,
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It Nourishes from Infancy to Old Age

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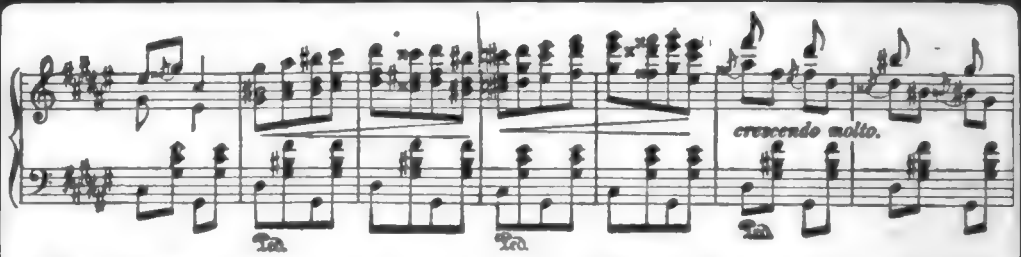

How Many Musicians Can Play This at Sight?

Not stumble through it, but properly interpret this portion of Liszt's famous Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2? Many of the most beautiful compositions are rarely heard because they are too difficult for any but expert performers. Through the aid of the *ANGELUS* YOU can play ANY of the world's greatest compositions or simplest melodies, allowing you to throw your own individuality or interpretation into it; and all this can be done without the necessity of finger practice. *Artistic catalogue of all instruments sent on application*

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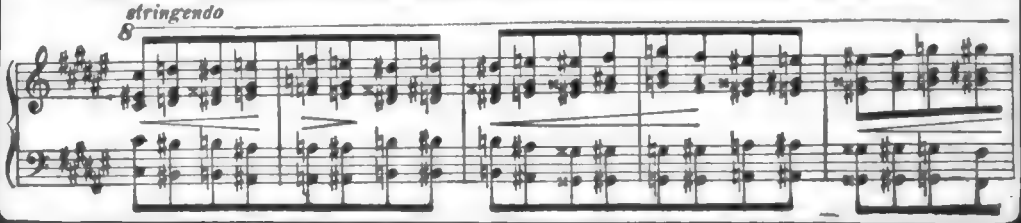
Highly endorsed by Sembrich, De Reszke, Josef Hofmann, D'Albert, Tosselli, and other of the world's most noted musicians.



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You can get any high-grade **BEETHOVEN**

PIANO or ORGAN FREE

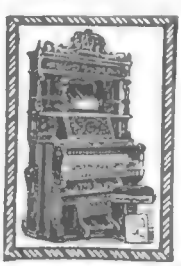
of any charge set up in your own home, no matter where you live. Write us to-day for full particulars and we will surprise you with the bargains we have to offer you.

WE DON'T WANT ANY MONEY

in advance. Our new catalogue will show you how to get a high-grade Piano or Organ at the right price and on the right terms.

ONE YEAR'S FREE TRIAL TO ALL

We ask no advance payment and sell on terms to suit any purchaser. **NO AGENTS. NO STORES. NO MIDDLEMEN.** Only one way from our big factory right into your own home at lower than **WHOLESALE PRICES.** Send to-day for our new and magnificent up-to-date **SPECIAL BARGAIN CATALOGUE** just out, of Pianos and Organs (mention which) ABSOLUTELY FREE.



Beethoven Piano and Organ Co.

BOX 1165, WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY

No. 11,165. After sending for Catalogue cut this advertisement out and keep this number where you can get at it. It may pay you handsomely.

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MAKE your fine white skirts and underwear of

Pride of the West

muslin, fine as linen, soft as silk.

36, 41, 45 inches wide.

For sale by leading retailers and jobbers

TREAT & CONVERSE, Manufacturers' Agents for this Muslin,
79 & 81 Worth Street, New York

BOSTON ∴ PHILADELPHIA ∴ BALTIMORE
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Sample of this muslin mailed free on application

For Sale by JOHN WANAMAKER
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Bird Manna,

the great secret of the canary breeders of the Hartz Mountains in Germany, is as necessary to canary birds as is seed. It is a stimulant that prevents their ailments and keeps them in health and song. They won't even stop singing during the critical season of shedding feathers. No trouble to get birds to eat it as they are very fond of it. Ask your druggist for Bird Manna, or send us 15 cents and we'll mail it to you.

The Philadelphia Bird Food Co.'s

Bird Bitters

is a medicine for sick birds and gives quick relief. Infuses new life and vitality into the household pet. A few drops mixed in the bird's drinking water brings out the song almost immediately. Get a bottle of Bird Bitters from your druggist and see how quickly the bird will recover from its illness. There are numerous imitations of Bird Bitters. Be sure to ask for the Philadelphia Bird Food Co.'s Bird Bitters so that you get the genuine. 25 cents. Mailed for the same price.

The Philadelphia Bird Food Co.
400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Defender Mfg. Co's.

Fancy

SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES

AND

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

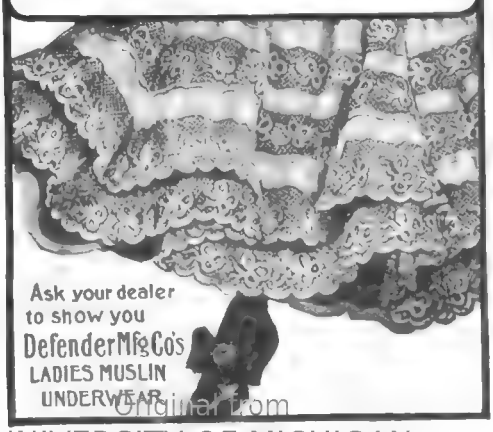
A Royal Gift for Xmas

DEFENDER MFG. CO.'S FANCY SHEETS and PILLOWCASES

APPROPRIATE PRACTICAL

Not a gift of the ordinary kind, but one that is sure to be appreciated from its novelty and value. Packed in handsome boxes containing one fancy sheet and two pillowcases, or in package of six sheets and twelve pillowcases. **Prices from $2.00 to $6.00 per set.**

Ask your dealer to show you these goods



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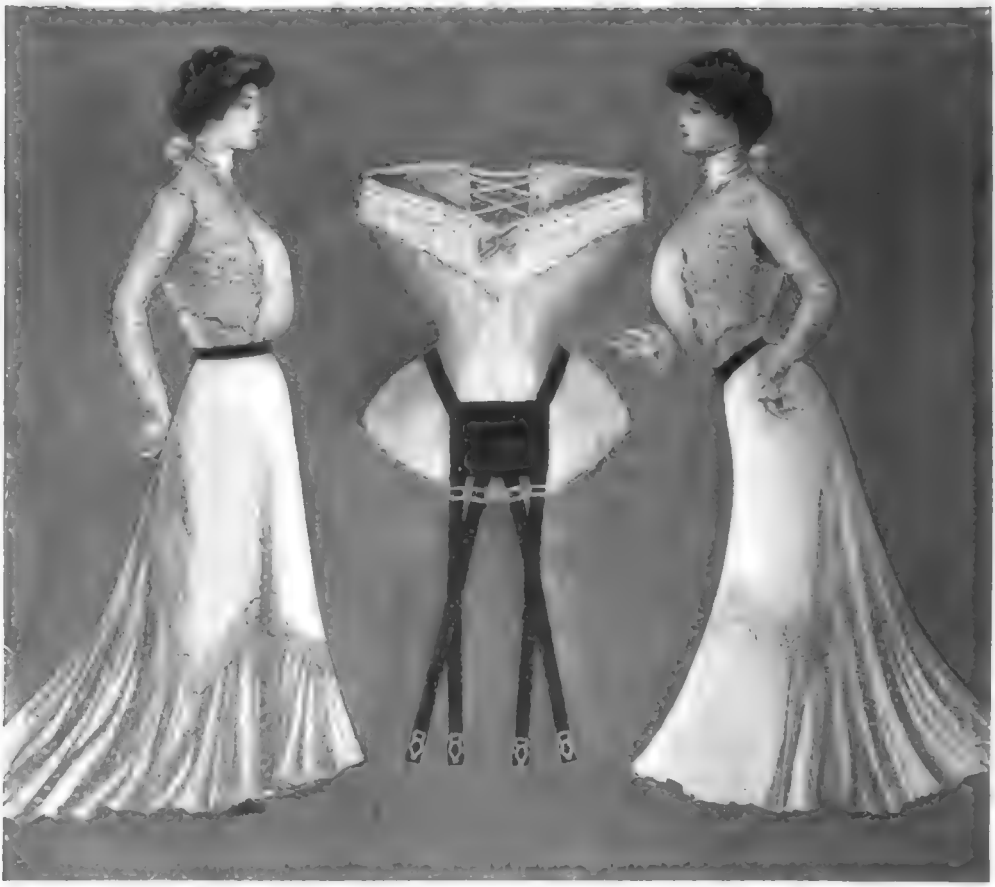

Without the Foster. With the Foster.

The Straight Military Front

shown in the figure to the right is secured by wearing

The Foster Hose Supporter

Patented December 5, 1899.

The only supporter with a pad large enough and supporting bands strong enough to hold back the entire abdomen, assuring the wearer a correct standing position and the much desired straight front. It has a waist band which presses on the sides of the waist, making it round, and has no metal parts to mar or tear the corset.

Three Grades:

Wide Web, black or white	**60c.**
Wide Web, fancy frilled	**75c.**
Black, white, cardinal, blue or pink.	
Heavy Silk Web, large pad if desired .	**$1.25**

See that the name "Foster" is stamped on every pair. Get it of your dealer. If he hasn't it, **take no substitute,** but order of us direct. Name your dealer, and give color, height and waist measure.

THE FOSTER HOSE SUPPORTER COMPANY

438 Broadway, New York

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Shawknit

TRADE MARK

Stockings are useful and acceptable as a Christmas offering. For the convenience of our customers, far and near, we will deliver a box of men's half hose or misses' fine black ribbed stockings to any address in the United States (express or postpaid) upon receipt of price.

Something New in Men's Fine Striped Cottons

B13. Blue with White Stripe.
B14. Blue with Cardinal Stripe.
Colors guaranteed fast
25c. each; 6 pairs $1.50

Our New Misses' Stocking

Style G. B.

Our new Misses' Stocking, similar to Style S. S. 2, but having distinct label and box.

Price, 25c. per pair **6 pairs, $1.50**

Neatly packed (see illustration). Warranted not to crock or fade.

Sizes, 5 to 9½ inclusive

FOR CHRISTMAS

Our *famous cotton half hose* for men and ribbed Misses' Stockings are made from the *finest combed Egyptian yarns*, manufactured under our supervision, in our own mill. We therefore fully *guarantee* these goods for *durability of color, shape, and wear* to the fullest extent.

ORDER FROM YOUR DEALER WHEN YOU CAN.

These goods delivered to any address, postage or express paid, upon receipt of price when NOT OBTAINABLE at your dealers. CATALOGUE AND PRICE-LIST FREE, MEN'S HALF HOSE.

THE SHAW STOCKING CO.

72 Shaw Street, Lowell, Mass.

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If You are Sick

Let Me Know It

I wish simply your name and address—no money. Tell me which of these six books you want.

I will send with it an order on your druggist to let you have 6 bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. He will let you take it for a month; then if it succeeds, he will charge you $5.50 for it. If it fails, he will send the bill to me. He will trust to your honesty, leaving the decision to you.

Such an offer as this could not be made on any other remedy. It would bankrupt the physician who tried it. But in five years I have supplied my Restorative on these terms to over 550,000 people. My records show that 39 out of each 40 paid for it, because they were cured.

This remedy alone strengthens those inside nerves that operate all vital organs. It brings back the only power that can make each organ do its duty. No matter how difficult the case, it will permanently cure, unless some organic trouble like cancer makes a cure impossible.

I have spent my lifetime in preparing this remedy. I offer now to pay for all you take if it fails. I cannot better show my faith in it. Won't you merely write a postal to learn if I can help you?

Simply state which book you want, and address
Dr. Shoop, Box 207,
Racine, Wis.

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book No. 2 on the Heart.
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys.
Book No. 4 for Women.
Book No. 5 for Men. (sealed)
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

Hair Destroyer

$1,000.00 FORFEIT UP. BEYARA NEVER FAILS

THE GREAT SYRIAN REMEDY

BEYARA

Beyara has been in universal use for years in Syria, Asia, where certain religious customs require the hair to be extirpated from the body. Beyara is prepared from the Syrian formulae by a veteran chemist, and is now offered for the relief of those in this country who are troubled with superfluous hair on Face, Neck, Arms, or other parts of the body. In no case does Beyara produce more gratifying results than where everything else has failed.

Beyara is the only substitute for Electrolysis

The first person from each community who writes us can obtain FREE a large treatise on Superfluous Hair and a

Full Size Package of Beyara FREE

Don't delay in writing to us. Be the first from your locality. Attractive terms to Agents. Ladies only.

THE BEYARA CO.
224 ALBANY BLDG. CINCINNATI, O.

A TRIAL FREE
Tar-Pine
Catarrh Cure

A NEW DISCOVERY THAT POSITIVELY CURES

The Greatest Boon Ever Offered to Sufferers from Those Dread Diseases—Catarrh and Hay-Fever.

Nothing Like It Under the Sun

Thousands have studied and experimented for years to discover a remedy that would not only relieve but cure catarrh and hay-fever, absolutely and permanently, but all have failed in giving any more than merely temporary relief. We have the only positive and complete remedy in our

Tar-Pine Catarrh Cure

and the reason for this is simply in the fact that we have used in the formula new remedies that have never before been tried in the treatment of catarrh and hay-fever.

In order that everyone afflicted may have an opportunity of testing the merits of our remedy, we will send, absolutely free, a trial treatment of our Tar-Pine Catarrh Cure to anyone who will write for it, and enclose two 2-cent stamps for mailing. You can use the trial treatment and see for yourself the great good you will derive from it. Our treatment contains absolutely new ingredients which have never before been used in curing catarrh and hay-fever. They are the result of a recent discovery by one of the greatest medical authorities in the world, whose name the ethics of the medical profession prohibit us from making known.

Send for the trial treatment at once and obtain immediate relief. There is no reason why you should still suffer when the remedy is so easily within your reach. Remember, the trial treatment is absolutely free if you send two 2-cent stamps for mailing.

BELL DRUG CO.
Dept. J, 4 and 6 East 14th Street
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Deafness

overcome by using

Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums

The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible, comfortable, efficient. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their perfection and to benefit derived.

Information and book of letters from many users, free.
Wilson Ear Drum Co., 406 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

"DAISY" or "SENTINEL"

is stamped on the stock of the finest

Air Rifles on the market.

Simply a matter of choice between the two, as either style represents the best that skilled labor and accurate machinery can produce. They shoot as straight as any gun made and are entirely free from danger, smoke and noise. With a little practice any boy can become a crack shot. The possession of a good gun helps to make a boy manly and affords him amusement of an innocent and practical kind. Our rifles have walnut stocks, hand some nickled steel barrels, improved sights and interchangeable parts.

If your dealer will not sell you a "Daisy" or "Sentinel" send us his name and we will send any style from factory, charges prepaid, upon receipt of price.

No. 1—Daisy Repeater, shoots BB shot 48 times, ... $1.25
No. 2—20th Century Daisy shoots either shot or darts, $1.00
No. 4—Sentinel Single Shot, either shot or darts, ... $1.00
No. 5—Sentinel Repeater, automatic, 250 shot, ... $1.25
Darts, assorted colors, per dozen, prepaid,.....35 Cents
Daisy button & illustrated booklet free.

THE DAISY MFG. CO.,
Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

KLIP-KLIP THE POCKET MANICURE

A UNIQUE LITTLE TOILET ARTICLE FOR THE POCKET.

It trims, files, shapes, and cleans, and keeps the nails in perfect condition. A complete manicure for man, woman, or child. Silver steel, nickel-plated. Sent postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer has n't it. . . . **25c**

KLIP-KLIP CO., Dept. E, Rochester, N. Y.

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. "'How?' Oh, something new—**The Morley Ear-drum.** I've a pair in my ears now, but you can't see 'em—they're invisible. I wouldn't know I had 'em in myself, only that I hear all right."

THE

Morley Ear-drum

is really a substitute for the working parts of the natural ear. Has no wire. Contains no rubber, metal, nor glass. Invisible, easy to adjust, comfortable and safe. Totally different from any other device. Descriptive pamphlet sent upon request.

THE MORLEY COMPANY, Dept. I
19 South 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The WOODEN HEN

A high-class self-regulating incubator on a small scale. Fifty egg capacity. Heat, moisture and ventilation automatically and perfectly controlled. Price only $6.80.

Send for the **Wooden Hen Book**, mailed free, together with a book about the **EXCELSIOR INCUBATOR**, to those who name this paper.

GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.

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Desirable Real Estate At a Sacrifice.

If you are looking for a farm—a home—a good paying business, or a good investment for your surplus money we can please you, as we have on our list a large amount of property consisting of

Well Improved Farms, City Property and unimproved land in many of the States and Canada.

Also some excellent openings for those wishing to engage in business. We are able to offer **special inducements** as our people are very desirous of selling that they may locate their homes in **Zion City**, the new city on the shores of Lake Michigan, near Chicago. The properties which we have listed are for the most part in **good condition** and **unincumbered**, for which **good titles** can be given, and are being **offered at a sacrifice** solely for reasons given above. The following is a description of two of the many beautiful and desirable places which we have listed and which will convey an idea of the bargains which we have to offer:

(See illustration)—This is a beautiful modern 2½ story frame residence, with stone basement, containing eleven large rooms, finished in oak and pine, all in A1 condition, located at **581 W. Sixty-fourth St., Chicago**, in the beautiful suburb of **Englewood**, only seven miles from the center of Chicago. Lot 40x125 feet. Convenient and very desirable for a home for anyone intending to engage in business in Chicago, being but 5 minutes walk to elevated railroad and 2 minutes walk to electric street cars. Price..... **$6,000**

Fine 240 acre Indiana Farm, 100 acres under cultivation, 80 acres pasture and grass land, 60 acres timber, red oak, white oak and hickory, all well fenced. Situated 2½ miles from **Wanatah, Ind.**, on main line of P., Ft. W. & C. R. R., 53 miles southeast of Chicago. Soil is rich black loam. New two story 9 room frame house. 1½ story barn, 24x44 feet and other outbuildings, all in good repair. Brook runs through farm. Fine spring water. Every way adapted for general farming. Excellent chance for anyone wishing to engage in farming or looking for an investment. Price..... **$15,000**

We have hundreds of other desirable places on our list and shall be glad to correspond with any one who is interested. We are certain we can offer inducements superior to those being offered by real estate dealers as a rule. We can interest anybody who desires to locate or invest in any part of the United States or Canada.

SEND FOR OUR LIST.

W. B. KINDLE, Special Agent, ZION LAND & INVESTMENT ASS'N, cor. Michigan Ave. and 12th St., CHICAGO, ILL.

A SATISFACTORY MEAL

At a moderate price is served a la carte on the "Great Western Limited," leaving Chicago every night for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Des Moines, St. Joseph and Kansas City,

... Via the ...

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

J. P. ELMER, General Passenger Agent,
113 Adams Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

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TRADE "1835" MARK
R·WALLACE"

A RICHLY appointed table at a moderate cost is possible only with

"1835 R. Wallace"

Silver Plated Ware, made after the richest solid silver patterns, of great beauty of design and finish combined with unequalled wearing qualities. "1835 R. Wallace" plate marks a new era in silver plate manufacture.

We have published a richly illustrated book by Mrs. Rorer, "How to Set the Table," which we will send free on request. Address Dept. X.

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.,
WALLINGFORD, CONN.

OF THE BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE

The Smooth Steel Tune Sheet.

The Latest Step In Music Box Perfection.

An Automatic Instrument that preserves the soul of music.

The Stella music box embodies the most important improvements ever made in music boxes. The smooth steel tune disc and the beautiful tone of the Stella, have brought it to the front rank of automatic musical instruments. They have made possible the rendition of the finest musical compositions or the lightest popular airs in exactly the same spirit as intended by the composer. No harsh metallic sound—every chord is heard in rich modulation. The tone of the Stella is a blending of the piano's precision with the organ's richness. These improvements are

Found only on the

STELLA Music Boxes

The smooth tune disc has no pins to break the mechanism of the box. It enables the tune sheet to contain a larger number of notes, giving longer tunes. Its repertoire is unlimited. **Insist on seeing the Stella.** If your music dealer or jeweler cannot show it to you, write for the Stella book. Don't purchase a music box before hearing the Stella. Every Stella box is guaranteed.

JACOT MUSIC BOX CO.,
29 Union Square, New York City.

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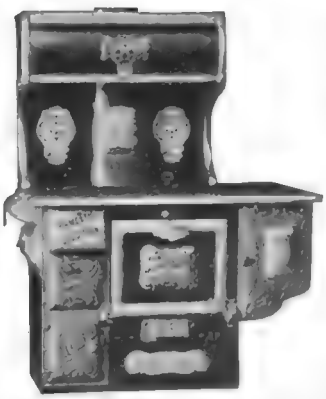
Highest Quality—Factory Prices



Gold Coin Stoves and Ranges are sold by a big percentage of progressive dealers throughout the Middle and Western States, and to quickly acquaint everyone with the matchless qualities of

Gold Coin Stoves and Ranges

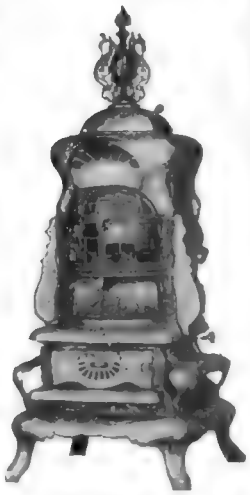
and to induce dealers in all sections to put them in stock, we will ship to any point, **where we are not represented by a dealer, AT FACTORY PRICE,** with privilege of examination. You may return the stove or range after 30 days' trial, if you are not satisfied, and we will refund your money.

ASK YOUR DEALER FIRST, and if he doesn't sell Gold Coin Stoves and Ranges, send us his name, and we will send you free, full descriptive circulars with fine engravings of wrought steel ranges, base burners and oak stoves—over 200 styles and sizes—you can have any stove or range selected at **FACTORY PRICE.** Write today.

CHICAGO STOVE WORKS, Dept. E, 22nd and Blue Island Avenue, CHICAGO.

Our factory covers a whole city block square, four stories high, employing nearly 400 skilled workmen.

GOLD COIN RANGES are made of the best cold rolled wrought polished steel, flues asbestos lined, castings of the heaviest gray iron, beautifully finished, with or without rust-proof reservoirs or water connections; thoroughly riveted throughout; quick, even bakers; for coal, wood or cobs.



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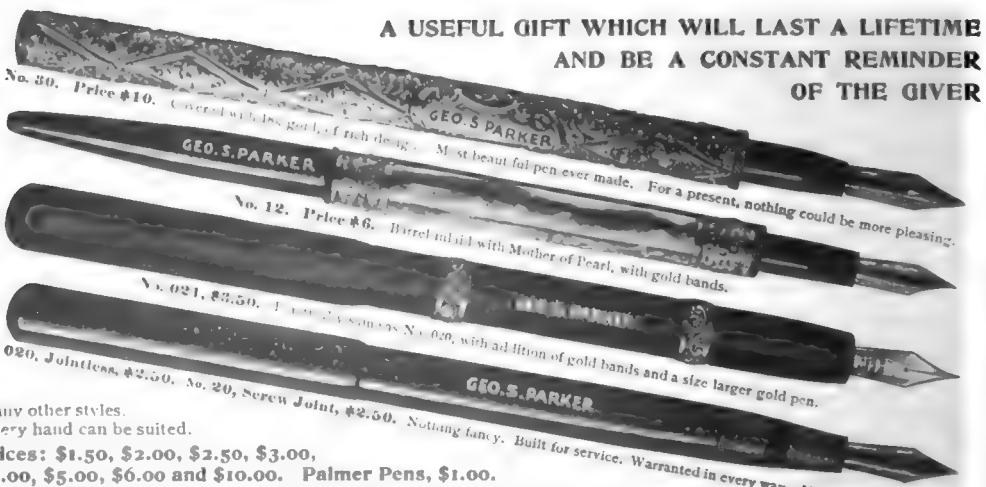

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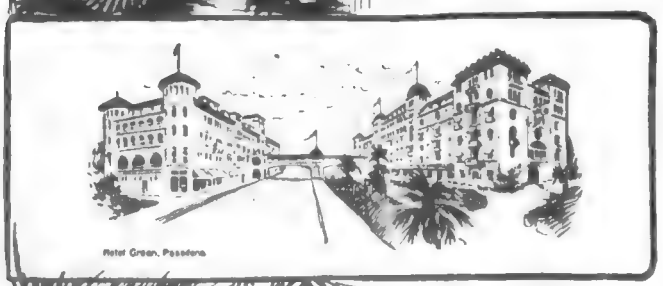

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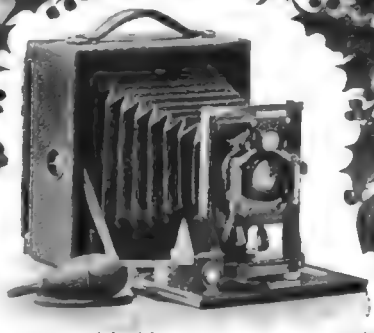

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which will prevent backaches.

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It can be easily removed when not in use.

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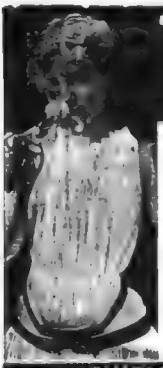

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BE MORE ATTRACTIVE
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has, from a humble beginning, become the largest and most elegantly appointed private institution in the world for the treatment of a special class of diseases, and has no rivals. It is conducted by a graduate of standing in the Regular School of Medicine, and upon a strictly ethical and professional basis. Any physician who desires to investigate our method of treatment will be entertained as our guest. **All physicians are cordially invited.**

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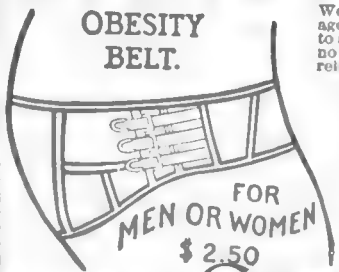

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LAUGHLIN FOUNTAIN PEN

Sent on Approval to Responsible People

We do not know of anything (within the price) that will make as appropriate, practical and useful a **Christmas gift,** and reflect such lasting and so many pleasant memories of the giver. We will send you, postpaid, one of these high grade 14k. Gold (Diamond Pointed) Fountain Pens, **which is well worth $2.50, for only**

$1.00

You may **try it a week,** and if not pleased with your purchase, we will pay you $1.10 for the Pen (the ten cents extra we allow for your trouble). You run no risks, **we take all the chances.** If you do not consider this Pen the best you ever saw or used, send it back. Holder made of finest grade hard Para Rubber, either mottled or black finish, 14k. Gold Pen of any desired flexibility, in fine, medium or stub, sent postpaid on receipt of $1. (By registered mail for 8 cents extra) one Safety Pocket Pen Holder **free** with each Pen.

Ladies, if you are looking for a Christmas present for your husband, father, brother or gentleman friend, that is sure to be appreciated, do not overlook this special opportunity to secure a strictly high grade guaranteed Fountain Pen at a price that is only a fraction of its real value. Remember there is no "just as good" as the **Laughlin.**

When ordering, state whether ladies' or gentlemen's style is desired. Illustration on left is full size of ladies' style, on right, gentlemen's style.

Agents wanted. Write for Catalogue.

ADDRESS

LAUGHLIN MFG. CO.

256 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

Unparalleled Offer! $4.65

This Accurate Railroad Timepiece

Retails at from $16.00 to $20.00. Stem wind and set, fine nickel, jeweled movement

Guaranteed for 20 Years.

In quadruple 14K gold plated cases, beautifully engraved.

Write at once stating style and size desired and we will send this watch by express for **full examination.** If you are pleased pay express agent $4.65 and express charges. If it is not a perfect timekeeper, send it back, and we will exchange or **refund your money.**

This Remarkable Offer is made to introduce the beautiful stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, etc., of this reliable old established house at prices that will command your attention. Send for **our free illustrated catalogue.** Contains many holiday suggestions.

R. CHRISTIE FROST COMPANY, Dept. 1M, 147 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CHILDREN TEETHING

THE BEST OF ALL AND

For over sixty years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Tub fits bather so 2 pails water make submergent bath. Hot bath prepared in 5 min. Durable, compact, cheap, easily folded Agts. wanted. Write for free book & special offer. Many thousand in use. Guaranteed to please.

6 Gallons a Full Bath

The Acme M'f'g Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

"Superior" Dip Band.

Gives the shapely form with graceful lines. Holds waist down at back, supports skirt, keeps fulness intact, giving the charming **dip effect.** No sewing. Satisfaction guaranteed. **Sent postpaid to any address for 35c.** Give Waist Measure. *Agents Wanted.*

N. H. SEAVER,
51 Wilcox Street, Detroit, Mich.

BABY WARDROBE PATTERNS.

PATTERNS for 32 different articles—long clothes with full directions for making, showing necessary material, etc., or 10 patterns for short clothes, either set sent postpaid for only 25 cents. A large illustrated booklet, showing everything necessary for mother and infant, sent free with every order Send silver or stamps. Address

MRS. C. B. ATSMA, Bayonne, New Jersey

"CLINGFAST" NIPPLE

Warranted Pure Gum.
Right Size, Right Shape.
Small hole, easily made larger.
Simple, easily turned to cleanse.
No Ribs to catch secretion.
Baby cannot pull it off.
Outlasts 3 ordinary nipples.
Same price as cheaply-made, adulterated nipples—5 cts. each, or 50 cts. doz. At druggists', or from us, postpaid.

The Gotham Co., 82 Warren St., New York

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD

BY THE ZODIAC

Get the December issue of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, which is for sale at many news stands (or will be mailed by the publishers for 10 cents), and place this circular astrological disk over the one you will find on page 64 of the December issue of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES enclosed within the radiating lines corresponding with those on this disk which hold the sign under which you were born, and you will instantly find your horoscope cast in detail, revealing your fortune by the exact science of astrology. This most marvellous chart, and what it reveals, are of immeasurable value to you in all affairs of life—business, love and personal affairs. It has taken days and weeks of the most profound study by some of the greatest astrological adepts of the world to prepare and perfect this most wonderful chart.

Zamael, the greatest living astrological seer, and other mystic adepts are giving monthly in THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES all the secrets and powers of the universe. If you desire success, wealth and happiness, get the December issue of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.

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A Large Magazine, Beautifully Illustrated,

Containing Special Articles by Adept Writers, Mystics, Astrologers and Yogis, explaining the

MYSTERIES

of Dreams and their Meanings, Glorified Visions, Occult Powers, Astrology, Hypnotism, Psychology, Telepathy, Psychometry, Magnetism, Soul Charming, Clairvoyance, Graphology, Palmistry, Hidden Powers, Spiritualism, etc.

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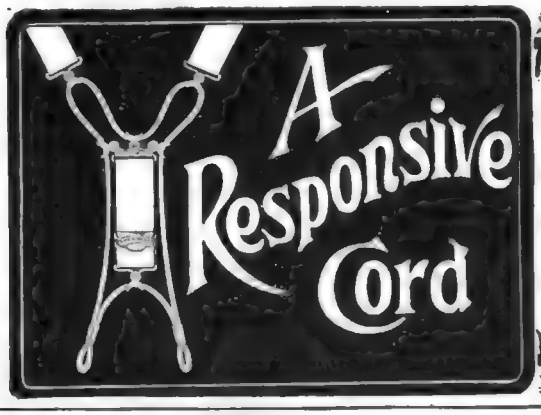

An answer to every movement made by the body is found in the action of **President Suspender.** All strain is relieved. No other suspender is built on the same principle as

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

Every pair is guaranteed. Look for "President" on the buckles. Trimmings cannot rust. Extra heavy style for manual workers. The price is 50c. If the nearest dealer can't supply you, send the price direct to us and receive a pair of new design by mail postpaid.

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Useful Christmas Gift

AS nothing brings so much cheer and comfort into a home as good light, nothing can be so acceptable a Christmas gift as the Angle Lamp. It is the ideal method of illumination, being as brilliant as gas or electricity, giving no trouble whatever, and costing but 18 cents a month to burn. Thousands of homes use it to the exclusion of all other methods and once installed is a constant pleasure. Send at once for our Catalog Z, showing all styles from $1.80 up.

The Angle Lamp Co.

76 Park Place **New York**

The Queen of Dress Fabrics

LANSDOWNE

Ask for the Genuine and

Insist

On seeing the perforation

W.M.F. READ

Every five yards on the Selvedge

CHEAPER THAN A CANDLE

—AND

100 TIMES MORE LIGHT

FROM THE

BRILLIANT AND HALO

Gasoline Gas Lamps

Guaranteed good for any place, **Cottage** or **Mansion, Store, Church, Factory, Street, Garden, Mine,** etc., wherever good and safe light is wanted.

OVER 100,000 IN DAILY USE

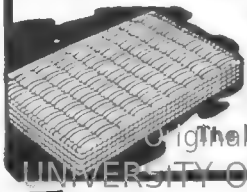
BRILLIANT GAS LAMP CO.

GEORGE BOHNER 43 S. [illegible] CHICAGO

WE DO NOT ASK YOU TO BUY

our mattress, we want to send you one, express paid, on 30, 40, or even 60 nights free trial that you may compare it with any other mattress made of hair, cotton, felt or cotton-felt, and we will leave it to your judgement what to do at the end of the trial period. Kapok comes from Java and is the ideal mattress filler, and you will never regret trying the

"Ezybed" KAPOK Resilient Mattress.



Send for our booklet, "Ezybeds of Kapok." It tells all about Kapok. Luxurious Kapok couch pillow, 20 inches square, Oriental covering, ready for use, sent prepaid anywhere for $1.00.

The Bement-Brunsman Co.,

Dep. Q, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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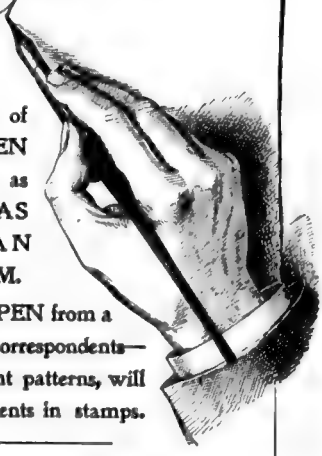
Get right down to the point and you will find that the Spencerian Steel Pens are the best



BECAUSE

they are made of the FINEST PEN STEEL and as PERFECT AS SKILL CAN MAKE THEM.

SELECT A PEN from a sample card for correspondents—12 pens, different patterns, will be sent for 6 cents in stamps.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.

349 Broadway *NEW YORK*

Made of Heavy Black Armure Silk

This is the

Sir George

The latest Auerbach creation—the proper muffler for proper men. Sold at all proper shops at an extremely proper price

$3.00

AUERBACH MAKER N.Y. TRADE MARK

The New Full Dress Muffler

is made of the famous Auerbach armure, a silk that never tires of wearing well—full proportioned graceful.

A splendid holiday gift for husband, brother, or sweetheart.

If your dealer can't supply you, mention his name and forward $3 to

LOUIS AUERBACH, *Maker.*
830-838 Broadway, New York
Dept. H.

Heavy White Silk Quilted Lining

H. & H. Pneumatic Bust Forms and Developers

Inflated by a Breath
"Light as air; natural as life"

These "airy nothings" mark the end of "padding," for no woman will wish ever to see again the old unnatural and unsightly contrivances when she has experienced the delight of wearing the "H. & H. Pneumatic."

They adapt themselves instantly to any desired position and to every movement, and neither sight nor touch reveals their use. They fit any figure, may be worn with high or low corset, or without corset. Pronounced by an eminent woman "more an inspiration than an invention." As a support they are a grateful relief to nursing mothers.

On application we shall be pleased to mail free descriptive circulars. All correspondence and goods mailed sealed without advertising marks.

Address HENDERSON & HENDERSON

Dept. A, 143 Niagara Street, • BUFFALO, N. Y.

An active woman can easily make from fifty to two hundred dollars a month showing these articles, as they are positively a revelation to women.

O. W. F. SNYDER, M. D.
America's Only Obesity Specialist.

Fat Folks

Reduced 15 to 25 lbs.

per month by a harmless treatment by practicing physician of 20 years experience. No bad effects, starving, wrinkles or flabbiness. **Patients treated by mail** confidentially. A forty-page pamphlet: ***"The Successful Treatment of Obesity"*** sent for 4 cents.

$500.00 in Gold

I will pay **$500.00 in Gold** to any one who will prove that any of the testimonials published by me are not genuine.

The following testimonials speak for themselves:

Miss J. A. Topping, 138 S. Francisco Avenue, Chicago Ill., writes: "I am a Graduate Nurse; twelve years ago your treatment reduced my weight 45 pounds. Have not regained Health is perfect."

Mrs. M. A. MacCrone, 431 Hawley Street, Rochester, N. Y., writes: "Four years ago I was reduced 48 pounds by your valuable treatment. My experience as Trained Nurse has taught me the dangers of Fatty Degeneration."

O. W. F. SNYDER, M. D.

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Memory Training

New Practical System for Developing and Perfecting the Memory Discovered by an Indiana Student-Business Man. Is Rapidly Becoming the Wonder of Twentieth Century Progress.

Needed by All, Possessed by So Few, a Good Reliable Memory is the Key to Success. Anywhere, Everywhere the Person Having the Best Memory Rises to the Top.

PARTICULARS FREE TO ALL WHO WRITE.

D. F. Urbahns.

For years the world has been waiting for someone to discover a system of memory training which might be of actual benefit. Not a theoretical method requiring months or years of hard study, but a simple practical system which accomplishes the most in the least time. It has remained for Mr. D. F Urbahns, a student business man of Fort Wayne, Ind., to bring out such a system. It is so easy that even a child cannot fail to understand. It is so plain and attractive that one can hardly help becoming interested in it, and above all it is so intensely practical that it helps one over the rough rocks of life to success, where without its aid absolute failure would be the result. Let the reader recall his or her own experience; has there ever been a time in your life when you lost money by forgetting a set of figures or a business appointment? Did you ever lose a friend by forgetting a name or face which you most wished to remember? Did your friends ever do you an injury by forgetting you when you should have been remembered? Did you ever forget anything which, remembered, would have been valuable to you in any way? These are questions worthy of careful thought, and when one stops to consider that a system is now being used which will overcome all these serious obstacles to success what need is there to hesitate Any bank, business house or minister of the Gospel in Fort Wayne will be glad to tell what they know of Mr. Urbahns. His integrity and honesty of purpose is unquestioned. He is prepared to furnish plenty of evidence as to the value of his method among those who have used it, and it does seem that anyone who feels the need of a better memory can not do a wiser thing than to investigate this new system thoroughly, coming as it does from a source entirely trustworthy. Simply send your name and address to Mr. D. F. Urbahns, 89 Pass Block, Fort Wayne, Indiana, and the full information and particulars will be fowarded to you free by return mail.

Readers are requested to write without delay.

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A Holiday Present—"KEYSTONE" Fountain Pen

A High-Class Fountain Pen for $1.00. None better at any price.

If you pay more than $1.00 you are paying too much. Our **$1.00 Keystone Fountain Pen** has all the merits of the four and five dollar kind, including reliability and durability. It has write-ability. It has genuine 14 K. Gold Pen and best Hard Rubber Holder, perfectly finished. Mailed on receipt of $1.00. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Mention this publication and receive, without extra charge, a leather safety Pen and Pencil Pocket.

SOPER & SIEVEWRIGHT, 89 Fulton Street, New York

THIS BEAUTIFUL MARBLEIZED CLOCK $5.75

Great opportunity to get a beautiful present at an unheard of low price. Your dealer would charge you $10 or $12 for the same clock.

Description. This is a highly polished marbleized clock, with bronze top ornament. It is 17 inches high by 17 inches wide. Strikes on two different bells, the hours on a fine Cathedral bell. Has 5½ inch dial. It is an ornament to any parlor.

Send no money. Upon receipt of letter from you, we will send this clock by express. If entirely satisfactory and a great bargain, pay your Express Agent $5.75 and charges, and the clock is yours. If not as represented, refuse it and we pay expense. Send for our Special Bargain Sheet.

AMERICAN SUPPLY HOUSE, • • 59 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO

Rescued From Drink

MISS EDITH WILLIAMS.

by a new discovery, odorless and tasteless, which any lady can give in tea, coffee or food. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. Miss Edith Williams, Box 38, Waynesville, Ohio, who cured her drunken father after years of misery, wretchedness and almost unbearable suffering, says:

"I shall be so glad if you will publish my experience for it will reach many others and let them know about that wonderful Golden Specific. I will gladly do all I can to help any suffering sister who will write me."

Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 1845 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, O., and he will mail enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee or food

☞ Note the TREATED side of this face. The habit of Frowning forever cured and

WRINKLES REMOVED AT ANY AGE

"Anti-Wrinkle Sheets" work like magic while you sleep. They prevent lines from forming. Try them and be convinced. 12 and 24 sheets per package. Daily demonstrations (Fridays excepted).

Mme. M. MARIE, Specialist,
Ladies' Toilet Studio, 138 West 116th St., N.Y.

MODENE

HAIR ON FACE NECK AND ARMS INSTANTLY REMOVED WITHOUT INJURY TO THE MOST DELICATE SKIN

IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery MODENE. It is absolutely harmless, but works sure results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. **It Cannot Fail.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it; the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without the slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.

Modene supersedes electrolysis.

Used by people of refinement, and recommended by all who have tested its merits

Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing-cases (securely sealed), on receipt of **$1.00** per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Postage-stamps taken.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED

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Dept. 43, Cincinnati, Ohio
Every Bottle Guaranteed
☞ **We Offer $1,000 for Failure or the Slightest Injury**

This Oil Won't Soil

gum, collect dust, or turn rancid. For lubricating, cleaning and polishing fire-arms and wheels, fishing rods and reels, locks and clocks, typewriters and sewing machines

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Fine for polishing furniture, woodwork, parquet floors. Prevents rust and tarnish on metal surfaces and oxidization on brass and silver-ware. Saves labor of frequently polishing bath room and kitchen fixtures. Oilright for every household oiling need. At your favorite store. **Free** sample bottle for 2c. stamp

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Flexo Garter

GIVE

Most in Comfort—in Elegance—in Satisfaction.

Of Your Dealer

Retail Price 25 cts. per Pair

If you cannot procure them, send us 25c. in stamps.

Send us the name of your furnishers who do not handle the **Flexo**, and you will receive, prepaid, any of the following:

Flexo Sleeve Elastics
Flexo Cuff Holders
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THE **ONLY CLASP**
THAT STANDS THE STRAIN OF MODERN USE

NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER

Sample pair, by mail, 25c. Catalogue free.

No Stitching in the Elastic

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

George Frost Co., Makers, Boston.
Look for the name on every loop, and for the Moulded Rubber Button.

SEE HOW ITS DONE?

Just out and a great opportunity for making big money.

THE GRANT Egg Opener

A practical and unique device for opening eggs. Cuts the shell neatly, leaves no broken pieces, doesn't soil the hands, operates quickly, gives perfect satisfaction.

No Dining Room is complete without one. From one to six sold in every house. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Don't wait or someone will get ahead of you. You can sell hundreds before the holidays. Just the thing for a Christmas present.

Send 75 cents for sample and terms to Agents; liberal discounts and exclusive territory. Send today, tomorrow may be too late. If the territory you specify is taken, your money will be refunded,

Quadruple Silverplated, each by mail postpaid, 75 cts. Per half dozen, $3.75, Per dozen, $7.00.

The Office Specialty Co., Box 762-A, Goshen, Ind.

Delettrez PARIS High Grade PERFUMES AND TOILET SOAPS

THE DAINTIEST X-MAS GIFT.

Delettrez Aglaia,
Delettrez Amaryllis du Japon,
Delettrez Violettes Celestes.

Sold by the best dealers. Refuse substitutes.

McKESSON & ROBBINS, American Agents, New York.

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To FAT PEOPLE

I know you want to reduce your weight, but probably you think it impossible or are afraid the remedy is worse than the disease. Now, let me tell you that not only can the obesity be reduced in a short time, but your face, form and complexion will be improved, and in health you will be wonderfully benefited. **I am a regular practicing physician,** having made a specialty of this subject. Here is what I will do for you. First, I send you a blank to fill out; when it comes, I forward a five weeks' treatment. You make no radical change in your food, but eat as much or as often as you please. No bandages or tight lacing. No harmful drugs nor sickening pills. The treatment can be taken privately. You will lose from **3 to 5 pounds weekly,** according to age and condition of body. At the end of five weeks you are to report to me and I will send further treatment if necessary. When you have reduced your flesh to the desired weight, you can retain it. You will not become stout again. Your face and figure will be well shaped, your skin will be clear and handsome, you will feel years younger. Ailment of the heart and other vital organs will be cured. Double chin, heavy abdomen, flabby cheeks and other disagreeable evidences of obesity are remedied speedily. All patients receive my personal attention, whether being treated by mail or in person; all correspondence is strictly confidential. Treatment for either sex. Plain sealed envelopes and packages sent. Distance makes no difference. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for my new pamphlet on obesity; its cause and cure;—it will convince you. Address

HENRY C. BRADFORD, M. D.,
23 EAST 23d STREET NEW YORK.

FAT IS FOLLY

REDUCE IT.

LA PARLE OBESITY SOAP WILL DO IT.

Result secured by application of the lather; no rubbing; no change of diet or habits; absolutely harmless. Send for booklet.

LA PARLE SOAP COMPANY, Dept. E. M.
St. James Building, 26th St. and Broadway, New York

ALSO FOR SALE BY
JOHN WANAMAKER
NEW YORK AND PHILA.

Too Fat

A person generally knows when he is becoming too fleshy. As a rule, however, he shuts his eyes to the fact, and believes it to be only temporary, until he suddenly realizes that he has gained many pounds and no remedy appears to be forthcoming. To you, who have drifted into this situation, we can offer truths that are beyond the shadow of questioning. We can bring down your weight, not by elaborate and expensive reduction remedies, but by simple treatment that brings health and strength in its train. Our files are filled with hundreds, yes thousands of testimonials to this effect, and are the best guarantees of our signal success. Here are two of many. Mrs. S. Mann, of LaMotte, Ia., writes: **Six years ago I Lost 70 lbs. of Fat in 3 months by the Hall method, and I have not gained an ounce in weight since.**

LOST 40 POUNDS. Mr. Hugo Horn, 429 E. 63rd St., New York City, writes: "Three years ago I took a four months' treatment and was reduced 40 lbs. in weight. I have not gained any in weight since." We are giving away barrels and ***Barrels of Sample Boxes Free*** just to prove how effective, pleasant and safe this remedy is, to reduce weight. If you want one, send us your name & address & 4 cts. to cover postage, etc. Each box is mailed in a plain sealed wrapper with no advertising on it to indicate what it contains. Price large size box, $1.00 postpaid. Correspondence strictly confidential.
Hall Chemical Co. Dept. 199. St. Louis, Mo.

BLINDNESS PREVENTED

EYESIGHT RESTORED

"ACTINA" ***Cures Cataracts, Pterygiums, Granulated lids, Myopia, or Impaired Vision from any cause.*** No cutting or drugging. No risk. ***"Actina"*** is a Perfect Electric Pocket Battery. Ready for use at all times, and ***will cure an entire family.*** Success is assured. Highest references given. Write for our 100 Page Treatise on the eye and its disease, including a full explanation of ***"Actina"*** and the principles upon which it is based—***a valuable book free.*** Address
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PAINLESS AND PERMANENT
Home Cure
A Trial Treatment Free

Sent to anyone addicted to the use of Morphine, Opium, Laudanum, Cocaine or other drug habit. Contains Vital Principle heretofore unknown and lacking in all others. We **restore the nervous and physical systems** and thus **remove the cause.** Confidential correspondence invited from all, especially physicians in obstinate cases.
ST. JAMES ASSOCIATION, 46 M. Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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OUR "Silver Plate that Wears" IS

Especially Adapted for Gifts

Tea Sets, Tureens, Candlesticks, etc.
STAMPED MADE AND GUARANTEED BY

It is so universally and favorably known, that articles of our make are recognized and accepted by the trade and public as the standard of the world.

NOTE OUR TRADE MARKS HERE SHOWN

and see that each piece you purchase bears our stamp of unfailing quality—quality in design, workmanship, finish and wear—"*Silver Plate that Wears.*"

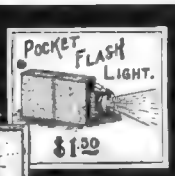
Leading dealers can supply you. Write for Catalogue No. 61 G which aids you in selecting.

Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc, STAMPED "1847 Rogers Bros." Remember "1847."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor to
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.

Illustrations of "1847 Rogers Bros." goods will be found in previous issues of this magazine.

OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS



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Telephone, complete,	5.95
Electric Door Bells,	1.00
Electric Carriage Lights,	5.00
Battery Fan Motor,	7.95
Electric Hand Lanterns,	2.00
Pocket Flash Lights,	1.50
Miniature Electric Lamps,	.30
$8 Medical Batteries,	3.95
Genuine Electric Belts,	1.00
$12 Belt with Suspensory,	2.50
Genuine Electric Insoles,	.25
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Battery Motors from $1 to	12.00
Battery Table Lamps,	3.00
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Electric Cap Lights,	2.00
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Battery Student Lamp,	4.00
Dry Batteries, per dozen,	2.25

Electric Books at low prices.

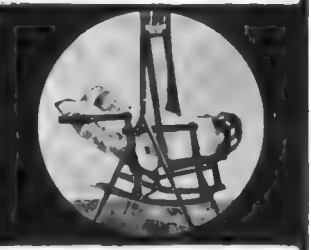
We undersell all on Everything Electrical.

OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS
CLEVELAND, O.

Headquarters for Electric Novelties and Supplies. Agents wanted. Send for New Catalogue, just out.

Baby's Christmas Gift

"WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO FOR BABY."
A valuable booklet FREE.
Send for it today.



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is an ideal Christmas or Birthday gift for baby. Makes baby happy and healthy. Gives mother plenty of spare time. A Jumper, Rocking Chair, Bed and High Chair all combined. Portable and lasts a lifetime. Endorsed by Physicians.
A picture book FREE.

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Use only ⅔ the regular quantity

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Always packed in 1-lb. trade-mark red bags.

Good Coffees, 12c. and 15c.
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(that's the only way you can get it). The only pure water is

DISTILLED WATER

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RALSTON NEW PROCESS WATER STILL

Beautifully made and finished with block-tin surfaces, simple as a tea kettle; produces two quarts every hour. **Price $10.**

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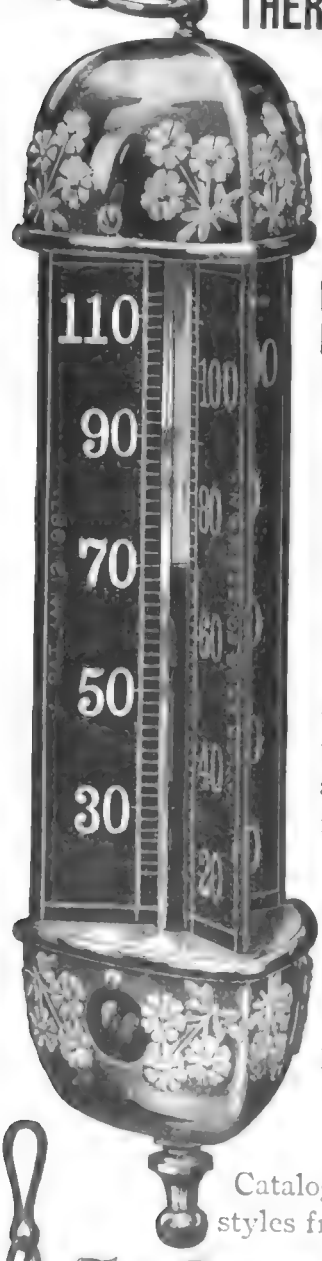

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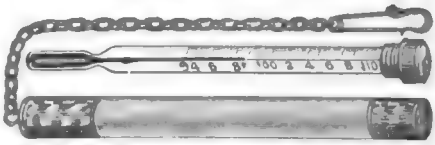

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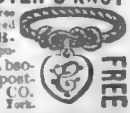

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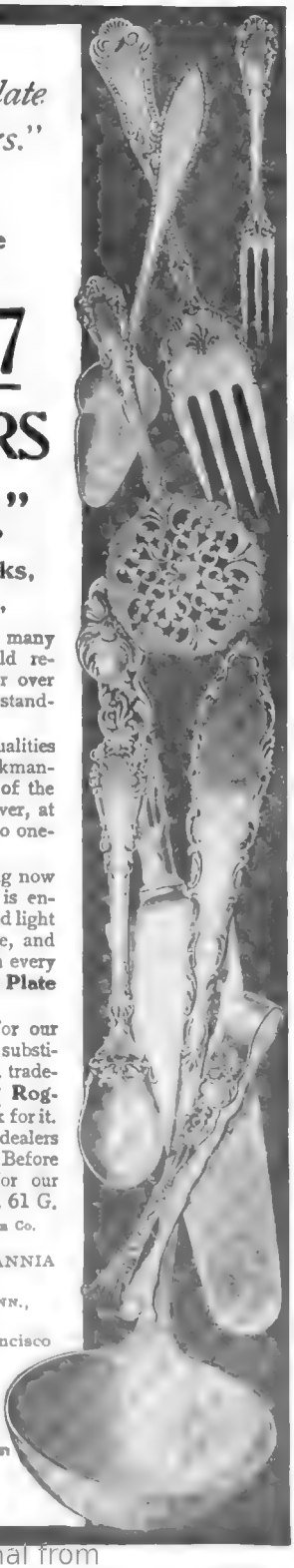

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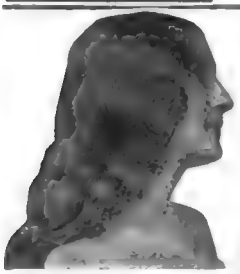

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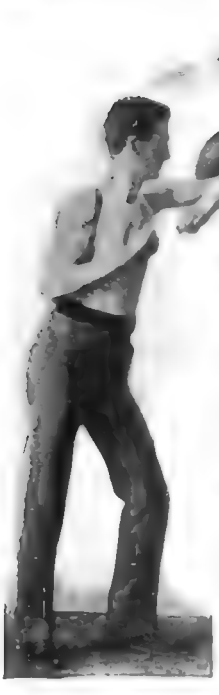

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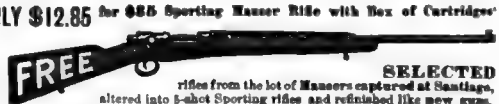

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KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., 206 Broadway, N. Y.

$2.50 Christmas Present for $1.00

This 14 Carat Gold, diamond point Fountain Pen. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Send $1.00 **TRIO SPECIALTY CO., Dept. D, Chicago, Ill.**

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"Standard"

Porcelain Enameled Ware makes dainty modern bath rooms possible to any home.

MODERATE cost—absolute cleanliness—beauty of design and great durability distinguish our enameled baths and sanitary ware, from all other makes.

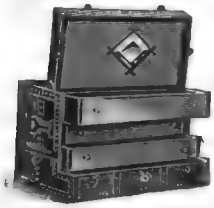
EVERY piece is fully warranted and bears our green and gold guarantee label, and has the initials "S.S.M.Co." cast in relief on the exterior.

SEND for our beautiful book of "Modern Bathrooms," showing especially designed interiors, with cost of equipment and other information of more than ordinary interest to home builders. Free on application.

"Standard" Ware received the Gold Medal at the Buffalo Exposition. It has received the highest award wherever exhibited.

THE FIXTURES AND TRIMMINGS shown in the above illustration cost approximately $130.00. We make many others at various prices, but all of the first quality. Next month we will illustrate in this magazine a modern bath room to cost approximately $385.00.

STANDARD SANITARY MANUFACTURING CO., *Box G,* PITTSBURGH, PA.



Stallman's Dresser Trunk

represents a new idea in trunks. It is a portable dressing case, with drawers instead of trays: a place for everything, from a hat to a collar button, and the bottom is as accessible as the top. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Shipped C. O. D. with privileges to examine. 2 cent stamp illustrated catalogue.

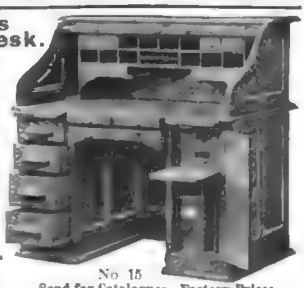
F. A. STALLMAN,
48 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.

$19.30 for this fine Desk.

STAFFORD'S own make. Sent anywhere

ON APPROVAL.

50 in. long, 30 in. wide, quarter sawed oak front, oak throughout, letter files, blank drawers, document file, pigeonhole boxes, extension slides, letter holders and drops. Large, complete, attractive and convenient.



No 15

Desks $8 and up.

Can furnish your Office or Home throughout at

FACTORY PRICES.

Send for Catalogues—Factory Prices.
No. 149, Office Furniture.
No. 150, House Furniture.

E. H. STAFFORD & BRO.
18-20 Van Buren Street, CHICAGO.

No. 2231

This beautiful massive Rocker, mahogany finish or golden quarter oak. Full spring seat and back, best leather covering, any color, extra polish finish, latest design, stylish, elegant. Price, $16.00. Chair to match, 50c less.

High Grade Revolving and Tilting Chair, select quarter golden oak, best polish finish, very best leather covering, improved adjusting device. Price, $9.50.

DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY AT

FACTORY PRICES

On Approval We ship every article "On Approval," to be returned at our expense if not found at our factory price 40 per cent. to 100 per cent. greater value than is obtainable anywhere at retail.

Gold Medal Highest award at the Pan-American Exposition. But one in twenty exhibitors received a Gold Medal. Only 39 out of over 15,000 exhibits received gold or silver medals for artistic installation—the "Macey" exhibit was one of the 39, the *only* furniture manufacturers so honored.

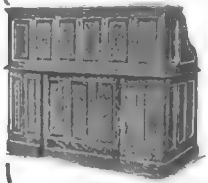
$27.50 "Macey" buys this handsome extra grade office desk *direct from the factory* (patent drop front pigeonhole file boxes 20 cents net each extra).

No. 437

Quartered white oak especially selected for richest grain effects is used throughout, golden oak finish, 5-coat piano polish 5-ply writing bed and extension slides of choicest *matched* stock. Heavy raised panels. Curtain and drawers lock automatically. Letter file drawer with index complete in pigeon-hole case. All drawers varnished inside. Adjustable partitions. Ball-bearing casters. Sectional construction permits desk to be taken through narrow doorways.

150 SIZES AND STYLES.

Write for our Complete Catalogue No. "M M-2."



We Prepay Freight

to all points east of the Mississippi and north of Tennessee. (Points beyond on an equal basis.)

THE FRED MACEY CO., Ltd.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Makers of High Grade Office and Library Furniture

—BRANCHES

NEW YORK	BOSTON	PHILADELPHIA	CHICAGO
293-295 Broadway	17 Federal St.	1413 Chestnut St.	N.Y.Life Bldg.

NOTE—See our other advertisements in this magazine.

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To All Who Suffer from

Spinal Deformities

85 per cent. cheaper than the old methods.
100 per cent. better.
Weighs ounces where others weigh pounds.
For Men, Women and Children; none too young, none too old to becured.

We offer the only Scientific Appliance ever invented for the relief and cure of this unsightly condition; cured Mr. P. B. Sheldon, the inventor, of curvature of the spine of 30 years' standing.

Throw away the cumbersome and expensive plaster-of-paris and sole-leather jackets.

Our Appliance is light in weight, durable and conforms to the body as not to evidence that a support is worn. It is constructed on strictly scientific anatomical principles, and is truly a godsend to all sufferers from spinal troubles, male or female. We also make Scientific Appliances for protruding abdomen, weak back, stooping shoulders. Send for free booklet and letters from physicians, physical instructors, and those who know from experience of our wonderful appliances. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price, $4 to $25.

STEAMBURG, N. Y., February 9, 1901.

After having worn the plaster-of-paris jackets, I can truthfully say your appliance is far more comfortable to wear. It corrects curvature quite as well and fits the body so perfectly that no one would suspect I was wearing one. You have my life-long gratitude and well wishes.

IDA BLOOD.

☞ *The plaster-of-paris jacket above mentioned weighed 8¼ lbs. The Philo Burt Appliance put on in its place weighed 17 ounces—a difference of 115 ounces.*

THE PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
81 THIRD STREET, JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

BALDINE TREATMENT
FOR THE HAIR AND SCALP.

A wonderful new system of treatment for the eradication of Dandruff, the stopping of falling hair, and **the growing of new hair on Bald heads.** This positive assertion is not based upon theory, it is an absolute and time tested fact. The system includes individual directions for application and remedial agents. Perfect personal treatment is given in each case, and under our directions we guarantee

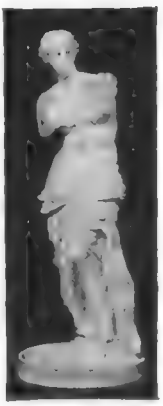
TO STOP FALLING HAIR

and thus prevent Baldness. We positively guarantee to restore strong healthy hair to Bald Heads, no matter how bare the scalp or how long duration.

A common sense, rational method by which the hair and scalp are restored to their natural conditions. For details of the system and convincing testimony, write for booklet "B."

BALDINE MANUFACTURING CO.
200 W. MARKET ST., LOUISVILLE, KY.

The Figure Beautiful



TRADE MARK

Our method of treatment for

Developing the Figure

has the following points of excellence possessed by no other method, and which we positively guarantee:—

Certainty. This we prove by living subjects, photographs and sworn statements.

Rapidity. No other method can possibly show such quick development.

Convenience. No effort or work whatever necessary on your part. It is a home treatment.

Harmlessness. 1000 physicians in New York alone certify to this statement.

Cost. Very moderate. One price for the simplest and for the most difficult cases.

Our booklet, **"Health, Grace and Beauty,"** giving full information, sent in plain sealed envelope, free on receipt of 4 cents postage.

Woman Specialist in Charge.

The Venus de Milo Method appeals to the common sense and intelligence of women.

THE NATURE COMPANY
41 W. 24th St. Suite 2 NEW YORK

BEAUTY PRODUCER!

PACKAGE SENT FREE.

This new discovery not only produces a permanent, clear and refined complexion, but smooths out the lines of time that creep about the eyes and mouth; it rounds out the hollow places,

cleans the skin of all imperfections, such as pimples, freckles, sallow complexion, red nose, blotches, etc., and brings on a radiant, perfect beauty. It is not a face powder, cream, cosmetic or bleach, and contains neither oil, grease, paste nor poisons of any kinds, but a purely vegetable discovery, and leaves the skin soft and velvety.

MISS VIOLA HILL of Pattonville, Mo., writes: "I was so embarrassed with blackheads and pimples that I would not go into society. I flooded my home with complexion remedies, but my complexion defied them all. I sent for a package of Beauty Producer, and in two weeks' time there was no trace of a pimple, blackhead or blotch on my face or neck. My skin is without blemish or wrinkle." Anyone sending their name and address and 4 cents to cover postage, to Mrs. Josephine LeBlare, 113 Hall Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., will receive a free package of this wonderful beautifier in a sealed wrapper by mail prepaid.

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Special Values in Fine Violins

An opportunity to get a fine instrument very low. Students violins (dated 1700-1830) from $50 up. Concert instruments by the old masters, in fine preservation, from $100 up. Note these few examples:

Testore, 1750, $150; Grancino, $200; Pressenda, $200; Gabrielli, $200; Kloz, $125; Old Strad copy, $100, and many others. Four magnificent Stradivarius, Guarnerius and Amati, very low. Send for our beautiful catalog of old violins (Free). Contains historical sketches of the old masters of Cremona and Brescia from 1540; illustrated; with fac-simile labels, also a descriptive list of old violins possessing the pure, mellow tone and costing from $50.00 to $5,000.00. A formal Certificate of Genuineness accompanies each violin. Monthly payments accepted.

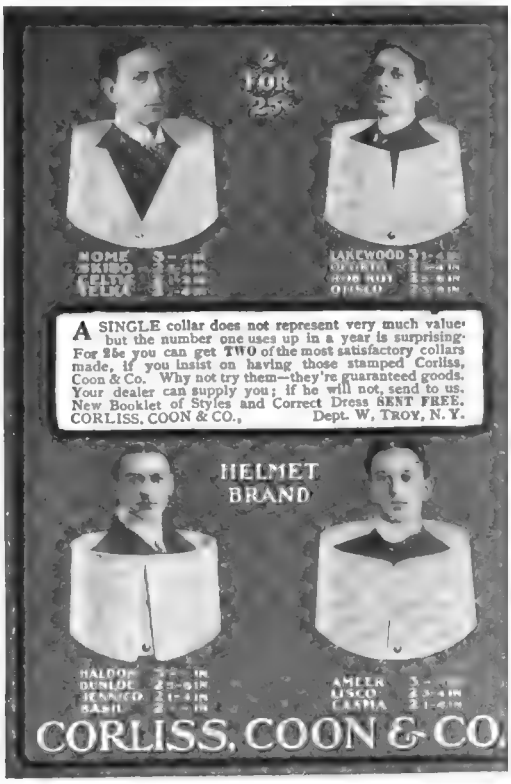
A SPECIAL OFFER. We will send several old violins on approval and allow seven days examination.

LYON & HEALY, 35 Adams St., Chicago.

VIOLIN VALUE

A Violin bought by our Original and unique plan becomes simply an investment. It is always worth exactly what you paid for it. It will pay you to investigate. We carry the largest line of fine and rare Violins in America. Good ones, $5 up. Easy payments, if desired. *Large, handsomely illustrated catalogue FREE on request.*

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
173 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati.


2 FOR 25c
HOME
SKIDO
CLIFTON
VELVET
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OSMOND
A SINGLE collar does not represent very much value but the number one uses up in a year is surprising. For 25c you can get TWO of the most satisfactory collars made, if you insist on having those stamped Corliss, Coon & Co. Why not try them—they're guaranteed goods. Your dealer can supply you; if he will not, send to us. New Booklet of Styles and Correct Dress SENT FREE.
CORLISS, COON & CO., Dept. W, TROY, N. Y.
HELMET BRAND
HALDON
DENLOE
KENICO
ASHIL
AMEER
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CLAPHA
CORLISS, COON & CO.

$25.00 REPEATING SHOT GUN ONLY $16.50

Sportsmen write: "Nothing on earth like Spencer." For a short time to reduce stock, limited number of best shooting guns in the world will be offered. Receipt of $5.00 gun will be sent C. O. D. Balance $11.50 and expressage. Full examination allowed. Made of best forged steel. Finest twist barrel. Double extractors. Model 1900 take down. Handsome gun. Used by the U. S. Army, expressmen, and over 20,000 Sportsmen. Six shots less than three seconds.

F. BANNERMAN, 579 Broadway, New York.

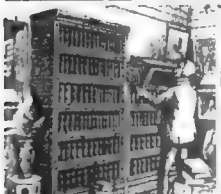
$30.00 For a Remington

Other standard makes, lowest prices, strongest guarantee. Many machines good as new, at half the cost. You pay no agent's profit. Write for catalog 1, and will tell why we can sell warranted machines 50 per cent. less than factory.

This Desk **$14.00** 26" in. long. 30" in. wide. Golden oak polished.

Top drawer locks other three. Has carved pulls, extension slides, casters. When closed the top has even surface. Can be used as desk and looks in machine. Closes by single action. Accommodates any machine. Very best made. Sent on approval. Ask catalog Desks No. 149.

E. H. STAFFORD & BRO., 18-20 Van Buren Street, Chicago.



$1.00 PER SECTION

(WITHOUT DOORS)

and upward, according to style and finish, buys the

"Macey" SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

the only kind having **Absolutely NON-BINDING and SELF-DISAPPEARING DOORS** (PATENTED)

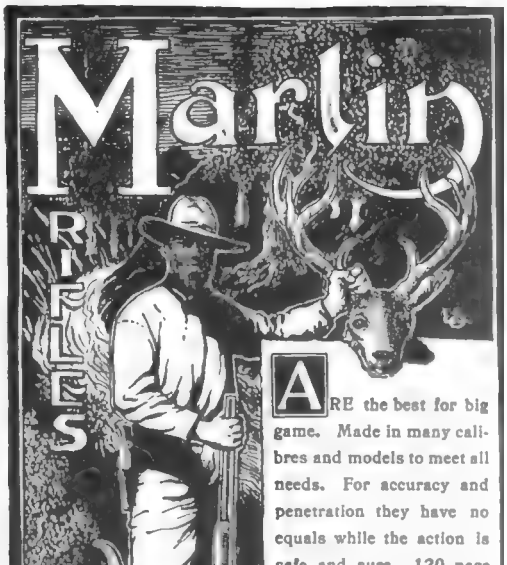
Shipped "On Approval," subject to return at our expense if not found in every way the most perfect and the handsomest sectional bookcase ever offered. *Ask for Catalogue No. "E 1."*

THE FRED MACEY CO., Ltd., Grand Rapids, Mich.

BRANCHES: New York, 203-205 Broadway; Boston, 17 Federal Street; Philadelphia, 1213 Chestnut Street; Chicago, N. Y. Life Building.

Makers of High Grade Office and Library Furniture.

Gold Medal Highest award at the Pan-American Exposition. But one in twenty exhibitors received a Gold Medal. Only 39 out of over 1,800 exhibits received Gold or silver medals for artistic installation—the "Macey" exhibit was one of the 39, the only furniture manufacturers to be so honored.



ARE the best for big game. Made in many calibres and models to meet all needs. For accuracy and penetration they have no equals while the action is safe and sure. 120 page catalog of arms and ammunition, 300 illustrations colored cover by Frederic Remington mailed for 3 stamps.

Marlin Fire Arms Co.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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Carmen Sylva

Poetess, Queen of Roumania using the

Fay-Sho Typewriter

(Formerly the ——— Sho)

made by

Fay-Sholes Co.

(Formerly the ——— Sholes Co.)

127 Rees St., Chicago

FREE—Write us Dept. I, for McGurrin's Booklets on Speed Writing, Billing, Card Index Writing, etc.

THE FORSYTHE WAIST

An Ideal Christmas Gift

Our celebrated Doe Skin Flannel Waists, Tailor-made, smartly cut and finished, are worn by well-dressed women everywhere. These waists are in forty different exquisite shades. They are stylish, very. They fit well. They wear well. They look well. Sizes, 30 to 44.

Price $5.00

Our Mail Order Department is thoroughly organized and guarantees to customers in every part of the world, perfect satisfaction.

Send for samples and designs.

JOHN FORSYTHE 865 Broadway

The Waist House NEW YORK

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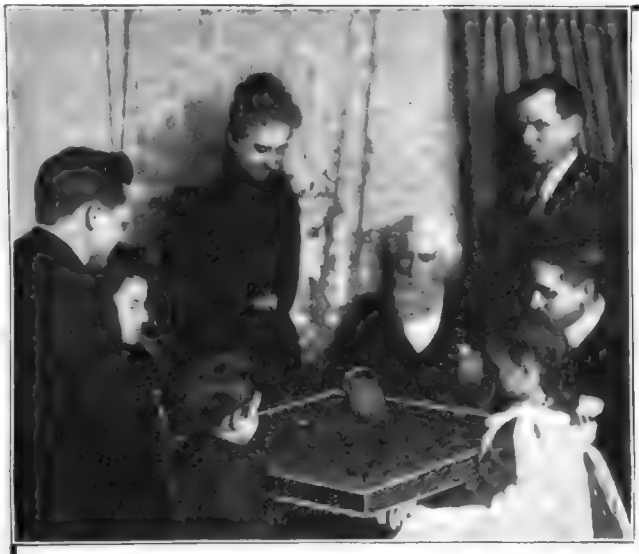

All the Family Enjoy

the new pleasing and popular

CROLARD

COMBINATION

GAME BOARD

An Ideal Xmas Gift.

Price Only **$3.75** Consists of 12 Delightful Games as follows: Crolard, Rolo, Ten Pins, Nine Pins, Cocked Hat, Cushion Pin, Around the Pins, Pocket Canon, Knock Out, Parlor Croquet, Checkers and Chess. By variations a total of 20 Games may be Played on a Crolard Board, besides the Familiar Games of Pool and Billiards.

CROLARD GAME BOARDS are 28 inches square, durable and handsome, elegant mahogany finish, covered with bright green felt. Polished brass score plates on the corners. Nine hand-turned and polished Crolard and Croquet balls, 29 rings, mallets, arches, ten pins and Book of Rules, all complete. CROLARD GAME BOARDS are sold by leading wholesale and retail dealers everywhere. If not sold by your dealer will be sent on receipt of price, **express prepaid** east of Denver and pro rata beyond that point. Illustrated circular free on request. Liberal discount to dealers.

ED. F. CARSON, Patentee and Mfr., 216 South Jefferson St., South Bend, Ind.

Send 10 cents silver (stamps not taken) for booklet, **"Hints on Amusements,"** explaining how to play 54 delightful games for boys and girls of all ages.

For eating and for drinking.

Blooker's cocoa

is the most nourishing because of its purity. Any good dealer will supply you if you insist. If you can't get it at once, write to

46 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK.

ACETYLENE

WINCHESTER GAS LAMPS

THIRD YEAR.

"THE HOMESTEAD"

Entirely new in construction and operation.

The perfection of an acetylene lamp, and the result of years of experience.

So simple a child can handle it; yet durable, and thoroughly reliable and safe; quickly and easily cleaned.

A brilliant and steady light, far superior to gas or oil, can always be maintained.

Price complete (except shade) . $3.75

Liberal discount to dealers and agents.

Send a postal card for complete description.

ALLEN WINCH

603 Boylston Building, Chicago

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Direct from the Factory at FACTORY PRICES

ON APPROVAL *We ship every article "On Approval," subject to return AT OUR EXPENSE if not found 40 to 100 per cent. greater value than is obtainable anywhere at retail.*

Gold Medal Highest award at the Pan-American Exposition. But one in twenty exhibitors received a Gold Medal. Only 39 out of over 15,000 exhibits received gold or silver medals for artistic installation—the "Macey" exhibit was one of the 39, the *only* furniture manufacturers so honored.

Colonial Mahogany Rocker *A Perfect Gift* *Macey*

$27.00 buys this beautiful leather rocker of pure Colonial pattern *direct from the factory.* Such a Christmas gift will carry enjoyment with it for a lifetime.

UPHOLSTERED in finest machine buffed genuine leather. All cushions, including seat, are of genuine curled horse-hair, supported in seat and back by finest springs of tempered steel. Exposed rockers mahogany finished, richly polished. Ball-bearing casters Choice of maroon, olive-green or russet leather. Worth at retail $40 to $55.

Turkish Mahogany Couch A Lifetime Luxury

$29.50 buys this luxurious Turkish couch. It has a genuine mahogany base, richly polished. Ball-bearing casters Covered with best quality machine-buffed genuine leather (no imitation). All cushions are of genuine curled horse-hair, supported by finest oil tempered steel springs. Spring edge. Worth at retail $45 to $60.

We Prepay Freight to all points east of the Mississippi and north of Tennessee. (Points beyond on an equal basis.)

Ask for Catalogue No. "H M—8"

THE FRED MACEY CO., Ltd., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Makers of Office and Library Furniture

BRANCHES—New York, 295-297 Broadway. Boston, 17 Federal Street. Philadelphia, 1413 Chestnut Street. Chicago, New York Life Building.

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REAL ESTATE WANTED And For Sale

W. M. OSTRANDER.

I can tell you how to convert your real estate or business into cash with the least possible delay. This two-page advertisement shows one of my many methods of bringing buyers and sellers together. **If you want to sell** any kind of property (no matter where it is), fill out the blank letter of inquiry at the right of the following page, and mail it to me at once. I will then write you a personal letter outlining a plan which will exactly fit your individual requirements. **If you want to buy** any kind of property anywhere, fill out the blank at the left, and mail it to me at once. In all probability I can refer you to the owner of just the property you want; and, at the same time, save you some time and money.

If there is not room enough in the blank for the necessary specifications, please write a letter in addition.

A FINE RESIDENCE IN DETROIT, MICH.

This property is situated in the best section of one of the finest residence streets in Detroit. The house is large and handsomely built. Finished in black and white walnut and cherry. Sideboards, mantels, and bookcases all hand made and handsomely carved, steam heat. Everything up-to-date. Superior bath accommodations. Price, $14,000—$6,000 cash. Balance in three years at 5 per cent.

This magnificent view of the city and bay of San Diego, California, was taken from a ten-acre lemon grove, at Point Loma, which I am offering at $6,000—two-thirds cash. If interested in this kind of an ideal property, write for further particulars. Good house, barn, and other buildings; 7½ acres of lemons, oranges, etc.

A SUMMER RESIDENCE IN CARROLL CO., N. H.

This property contains 50 acres. There are 30 acres of timber, also plenty of fruit. The house is of the quaint, old-fashioned, New England type—old, but very picturesque and in good condition. Contains 9 large rooms. From the wide piazza there is a beautiful view of the White Mountains. Barn is large and in good condition. Water is excellent. This property is well worth the price—$4,000, cash.

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IF YOU WANT TO BUY

FILL OUT THIS LETTER OF INQUIRY.

_____, 190_

W. M. OSTRANDER,
1413 North American Bldg., Philadelphia.

With a view of buying, I desire information about properties which correspond, approximately, with the following specifications:

Kind of property_____

Size_____ State_____

City, or County, or part of State preferred_____

The price must be between $_____ and $_____

I will pay $_____ down, and the balance_____

Remarks:_____

Name_____

Address_____

E.M.—12—1901

A HOUSE AND TWO LOTS IN ELMER, NEW JERSEY

This property is 26 miles from Philadelphia. Has a frontage of 111½ ft. and a depth of 346½ ft. One lot is used as a lawn in connection with the other, on which the house stands. The house is frame; contains 8 rooms, hall, and 3 furnished attics. Has large side porch, enclosed, and railed portico in front. There is a good barn with stabling for 3 horses; also wagon sheds and other outbuildings. Numerous fruit trees; also grapes and other small fruit. Everything is in first-class condition. Good schools are near by. Five minutes' walk to railroad station. Excellent water. A good country home at a moderate price—$3,500

IF YOU WANT TO SELL

FILL OUT THIS LETTER OF INQUIRY.

_____, 190_

W. M. OSTRANDER,
1413 North American Bldg., Philadelphia.

Please send, without cost to me, a plan for finding a cash buyer for my property, which consists of a_____
(farm, residence, business, or other property),

in the Town or City of_____

County of_____, and

State of_____, and which I desire to sell for $_____.

The plan is to be based upon the following brief description of the property:_____

NOTE.—State size, character, and condition of property, size of town, distance from R. R. station, reasons for selling, etc.

It is understood that in asking for the plan, I do not enter into any kind of an agreement with you.

Name_____

Address_____

E.M.—12—1901

W. M. OSTRANDER

1413 North American Building, Philadelphia

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Seventeen Factories Making 15,000 Designs, and Employing 6,000 Skilled Artisans

FURNITURE MADE GRAND RAPIDS FAMOUS

GRAND RAPIDS FURNITURE ASSOCIATION (INCORPORATED), GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

When this trade-mark (in red) of the Grand Rapids Furniture Association was first fixed to each piece of G. R. M. furniture it was regarded as of small importance, and to the public eye looked this way:

Write for illustrated booklet—free.

Later a few thoughtful buyers of furniture realizing the Guarantee of Excellence standing behind the productions of firms composing the Association, came to actually regard its significance (through experience) as of greatest moment, and to their eyes it looked this way:

To-day nearly every one requiring furniture realizes that the Crystallized Experience of Three Generations of Thoughtful Labor is exemplified by this trade-mark, and its meaning and worth enlarges and continues to enlarge in the public eye.

Ask Your Dealer for Furniture Bearing this Trade-Mark.

READ

LUNG AND MUSCLE CULTURE

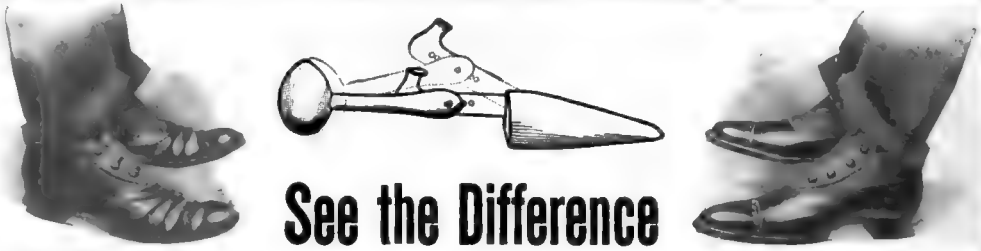
The most instructive book ever published on the vital subject of

AIR AND EXERCISE

Nature's remedy for **ALL ILLS.** Book fully illustrated, and accurately describes correct and incorrect breathing. Also contains other valuable information. Sent postpaid on receipt of **10 cents.** Over 125,000 already sold.

P. von BOECKMANN, R.S.

Hartford Building, 43 Union Square, New York



See the Difference

WHEN TREES ARE NOT USED. WHEN TREES ARE USED DAILY.

when **LEADAM'S SHOE TREES** are used in your shoes daily. They take out the wrinkles, prevent toeing up and curling of the sole. Especially serviceable for golf and hunting shoes. Give great comfort and make your shoes wear longer. **FOR MEN AND WOMEN, $1.00 PER PAIR.** Your money back if not satisfactory. Illustrated Booklet on "Care of Shoes," Free.

LIONEL F. LEADAM, 130 Palmetto Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Formerly 80 Wall St., N. Y.).

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USEFUL HOLIDAY PRESENTS

The "New Gem" Safety Razor shaves the **strongest** as well as the **mildest beards** without the slightest danger of **cutting** the face. It is the **simplest, safest** and most **perfect** shaving device ever invented. No practice required to get the best shaves, and with the **Automatic Stropping Machine** the blades are always kept in keen cutting order.

See our NEW MODELS at Cutlery Dealers.

Retail Prices, Post Paid.

Razor in Tin Box - - - $2.00
Razor with Two Blades, in Handsome Morocco Case $3.50
Razor with Three Blades, in Handsome Morocco Case $4.50
Automatic Stropping Machine with Strop - - - - - $2.00

Catalogue of Complete Sets Mailed FREE.

When making your purchase at the Cutlery Store take none without this Trade-Mark and our guarantee ticket entitling you to have the blades re-sharpened **FREE.**

THE GEM CUTLERY CO.
MAKERS, 41 Reade St., NEW YORK
9 London St., LONDON, E. C., Eng.

"NEW GEM" SAFETY RAZOR
Impossible To cut the Face
SHAVES EASY, QUICK, AND CLEAN.
BEST & SIMPLEST "SAFETY" EVER DEVISED
PRICE $2.00 POST PAID.
"NEW GEM" SAFETY RAZOR SHAVES CLEAN
THE "GEM" SAFETY RAZOR
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$4.00 "Old Reliable" Vapor Bath Cabinet. Our SIXTY-DAY Kill Trust Price, **$2.25** Complete with heater and directions. Cabinet rubber lined, good material. Better than others ask $4.00 for. Folds smallest space. Guaranteed.

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Same as $8.50 Cabinet described above, except has double walls. Lined inside and out with rubber cloth; black ebony finish—Never soils, better than others ask $12.50 for. Sent complete, ready for use with best heater, medicine and vaporizing pan, also Prof. Gering 100-page guide book to Health and Beauty. A BIG BARGAIN. **FREE**

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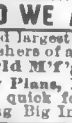

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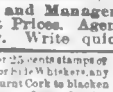

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shows this table and many others at money-saving prices. Write for it to-day. Reference: Chemung Canal Bank, Elmira, N. Y.

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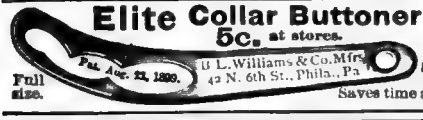

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if your child wears the **Egyptian Throat Band.** This startling statement is **absolutely true.** It is horrible to think of the thousands of little gasping lives choked out that surely would be saved if this light silk medicated band were worn. **You can sleep in peace and safety if the children wear our band.** No croup, no cough, no bronchitis—the band prevents and cures coughs as well as croup. **Don't send us any money.** Just tell us the age of the child, or **size of neck if for adult. We will send a band by return mail.** Test it for **20 days** and **if it is satisfactory** send us $2.00—if not, simply return the band. **A life may be saved by promptness.** Write us today. Prevents and cures Bronchitis and coughs of adults as well as children: every one with sensitive throat should try it.

Beware of spurious imitations; this is the original throat band.

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A PERFECT
COMPLEXION
Is always attained with the use of
DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind that Keeps"

It positively cures Chapped Hands and Faces, Cracked Lips, and all irritation from exposure. It is a real skin food — it cleanses and it nourishes. At all Druggists and Toilet Depts. Always ask for D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream. Enclose 2c. stamp for booklet, "A Beautiful Skin," and free sample tube.
Prices: in Tubes, 10c, 25c; Glass Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c, and $1.50.
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OPPOSITE THE WALDORF ASTORIA

Cures Baldness

Prevents Hair Falling Out, Removes Dandruff, Stops Itching and Restores Luxuriant Growth to Shining Scalps, Eyebrows and Eyelashes.

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The above cut plainly shows what this grand remedy will do

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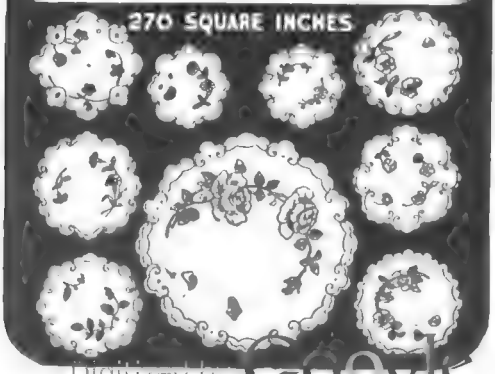

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The Wanamaker Store

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NEATLY BOXED FOR HOLIDAY GIVING

The very sensible idea of giving Dress Patterns as Christmas presents has grown to be almost universal. It is a gift sure to please woman or girl, sure to be useful, sure to be appropriate ; and there is no puzzling over the question of fit.

We prepare for this occasion unusual quantities of most desirable fabrics, and we obtain also very decided concessions in price. Then these patterns are put up in very attractive shape for holiday giving. These hints of prices:

Waist patterns of fine qualities of Henrietta cloth in attractive, dainty colorings, designed in appliqué, silk-embroidered, and with silk soutache for trimming, at $4.50, $5.50, $6, $7, $10, and $15 a pattern.

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At $1.25, 10 yards length of percales.

In ordering by mail state price, kind of goods, color, and whether fancy or plain goods are wanted. We will make the selection carefully, and guarantee satisfaction.

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK

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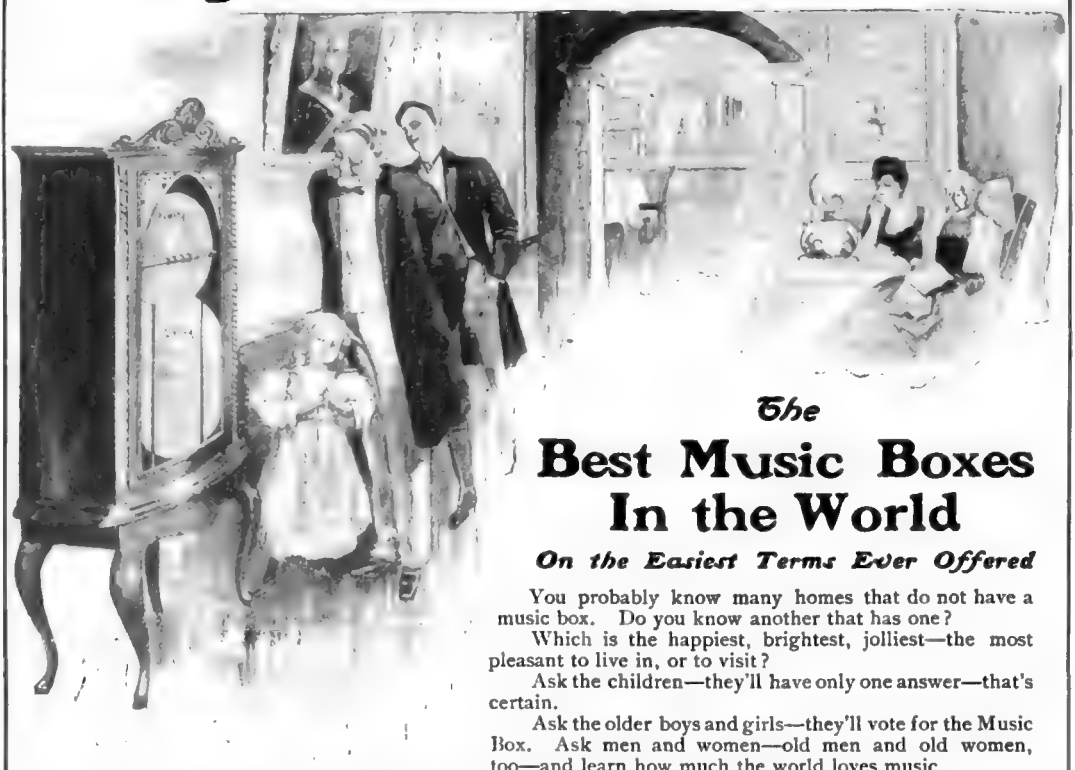
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Best Music Boxes In the World

On the Easiest Terms Ever Offered

You probably know many homes that do not have a music box. Do you know another that has one?

Which is the happiest, brightest, jolliest—the most pleasant to live in, or to visit?

Ask the children—they'll have only one answer—that's certain.

Ask the older boys and girls—they'll vote for the Music Box. Ask men and women—old men and old women, too—and learn how much the world loves music.

The piano does not supply this universal demand; for even with a piano in the home, the performer, even if always present, does not wish to play often enough for the pleasure of all. The Music Box requires no player, and is ready every hour in the day to delight the children, please the older folks, or entertain visitors.

And the ONE greatest of all is

THE REGINA MUSIC BOX

Its repertoire includes practically all classic and popular music; and it plays in perfect tone and time. It is the highest achievement known in automatic music makers.

Thousands of homes are without a Music Box because they do not know how much it adds to the pleasure of the home; or what a refining effect it has upon the tastes and manners of children.

Other thousands, where much of the benefit and pleasure of a Music Box is known, have hesitated to buy, or have put it off, because of the outlay of money they thought necessary.

But the *Wanamaker Club* feature, which has been so successful in putting good and expensive books into so many homes, that otherwise would not have attempted to buy them, has been applied to the selling of Regina Music Boxes, and now—after your acceptance as a club member—

The Music Box Is Delivered to Your Home Upon the Payment of Only $1

The balance is paid in little monthly sums of $3 and upward, depending on what box you select. Prices on boxes in this club group range from $30 to $155—giving a wide variety of choice.

You Can Join the Club by Mail.—Write for Regina Music Box catalogue. Make your selection; send the dollar and two references, and the Music Box will be shipped anywhere in the United States, as soon as your club membership is arranged.

Any member of our book clubs in good standing, or any one with an account on our books, needs no further reference, of course, and the box will be shipped upon the receipt of the single dollar.

Is It a Desirable Possession? Is Possession Easy Enough? Come to the store—or mail that coupon *to-day*. Tear it off NOW.

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John Wanamaker, New York

Send me catalogue of Regina Music Boxes and terms of club membership.

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JOHN WANAMAKER
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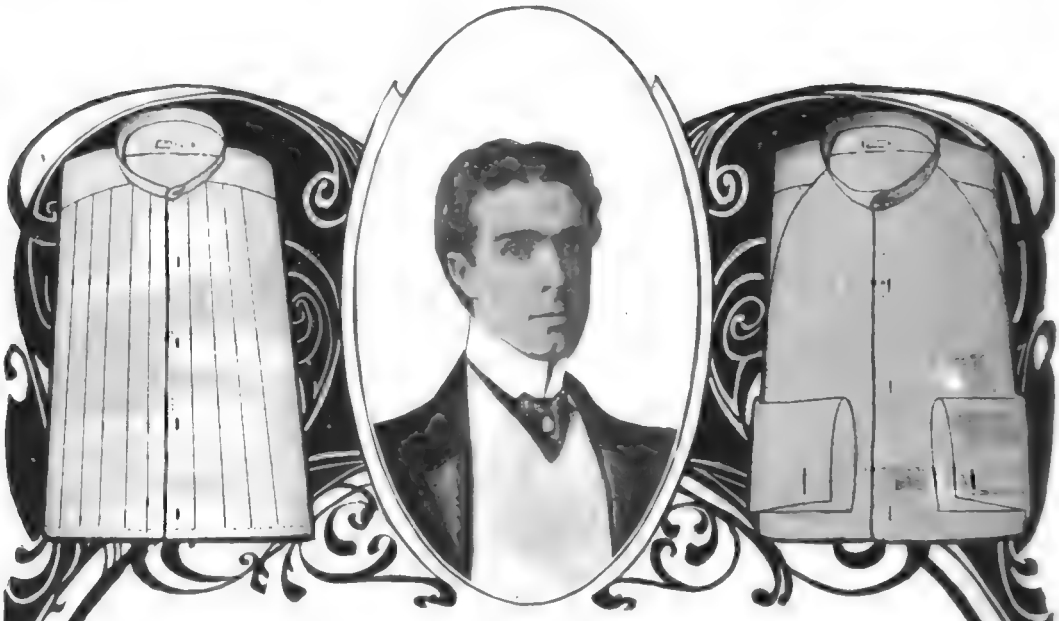

Our Dollar Dress Shirts
FOR MEN

To the man unacquainted with Wanamaker methods and particularly to men unfamiliar with this particular instance of exceptional goodness and value, our Dollar Dress Shirts will be a revelation.

Of course every men's furnishing store has laundered white shirts for a dollar—it's a popular price. But particular men have been paying a half dollar more to get shirts they are not ashamed of.

Several years ago we decided to change these conditions. We knew that the dollar-and-a-half shirt cost very little more than a dollar to produce, and we knew that the immense quantity we could sell, if we could offer them for a dollar, would bring about economies in the making that would let us buy them enough under a dollar to get a fair profit out of them—*if we could find the right man to make them.*

We did. But it was a hard argument to get him to think our way.

The new shirt is a marvel. In fact, tested beside a half dozen $1.50 shirts bought in the best stores outside, our Dollar Shirt was found by experts to be better than all of them, except that one of the $1.50 shirts had a finer muslin body.

This sounds like a strong statement—*and it is.* It is an instance of where Wanamaker determination created a new value. The vast distributing power of our two stores makes it possible to accomplish the price at a profit.

But the test is easy. Examine the shirts. Compare them, if you will, with other dollar shirts or $1.50 shirts. First for looks—the handsome laundering—then for linen, muslin, shirt-making—the buttonholes and eyelets (handmade). The way the collar-bands are made. The bosom open all the way down, to prevent laundry kinks. Then try the shirt on and see how comfortable it is.

The man who wears White Shirts and is particular about them can't afford to be unfamiliar with the

Wanamaker Dollar Dress Shirt

Bosoms opened or closed, single or double plait, various sleeve lengths in each size.

The same manufacturer makes for us *Fancy Shirts* of equal value. Then we have choice styles from foreign and American makers. Prices, $1 and $2.

Men's Linen Collars—the equal of best 25c collars of other stores—here at 12½c each.

Neckwear—practical sorts, up to the most luxurious kinds made in England. A superb stock from which to select Christmas gifts. 50c to $2.50.

FINE HOLIDAY SUSPENDERS

each in a neat gift box, 50c to $5 a pair.

Bath Robes, Pajamas, Rain Coats, Sweaters, Belts—everything a man wears—in fullest variety of best sorts, at fairest prices always.

JOHN WANAMAKER, NEW YORK

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The Wanamaker Store

$3 Shoes Men's and Women's

Better than Any $3.50 Shoes that Are Made

Made with the express purpose of giving for $3, *better shoes* than can be found anywhere at $3.50.

This is because Wanamaker's must always be the best. No matter how good an article is sold elsewhere, we are never satisfied until *Wanamaker's is better.*

Nowhere is there greater mastery in value giving than in these two lines of shoes—

Wanamaker-Reliable Shoes for Women
Wanamaker-Wearwell Shoes for Men

Not one of the widely exploited shoes for women, at $3.50, equals the "*Reliable.*" Not one of the much advertised shoes for men, at $3.50, equals the "*Wearwell.*" Yet the price of each is

Three Dollars a Pair

And in counting quality we mean correctness of style, variety of styles, quality of leathers, workmanship and finish.

There are 32 different styles of "Reliable" Shoes—
There are a dozen styles of "Wearwell" Shoes—
The best shoe value ever known in the shoe trade.
When ordering by mail, state style of shoe wanted—toe shape, leather, size and width.

CLOTHING FOR BOYS

The "Wanamaker Special"

People who know Wanamaker's well, can probably appreciate what it means when we give our name to any article. They will know that we are very sure of the unmatchable quality and value of an article which we hold up proudly and say

This is the "Wanamaker Special"

It is our challenge! We know that equal value does not exist elsewhere, or we would remove the label and place the goods in the back-ground.

This instance in Boys' Clothing—three groups:

"Wanamaker Special" Double-Breasted Suits
"Wanamaker Special" Sailor Suits "Wanamaker Special" Overcoats

They are made especially for us—made of the materials we pick; made up in our particular way. Made of fabrics that are smart-looking, but pure wool, fast dye, and strong. They are double-sewed with silk thread. They will stand the hard knocks that healthy boys are sure to give them. The quality of cloth, and the splendid workmanship are matched nowhere else at the price—

Five Dollars

Other stores that have equal clothes get much more money for them. Other suits or overcoats sold elsewhere at five dollars cannot be compared with these clothes for a moment—in quality, in workmanship; yet most of all in looks.

Every parent of boys should know more about these "Wanamaker Specials":

The "Wanamaker Special" Double-breasted Suits, with jackets and kneetrousers, of blue serge and blue and mixed cheviot. In 8 to 16-year sizes. $5.
The "Wanamaker Special" Sailor Suits of blue cheviot; in 3 to 12-year sizes. $5.
The "Wanamaker Special" Top Coats, of a splendid quality of frieze; sizes 4 to 16 years. $5.

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK

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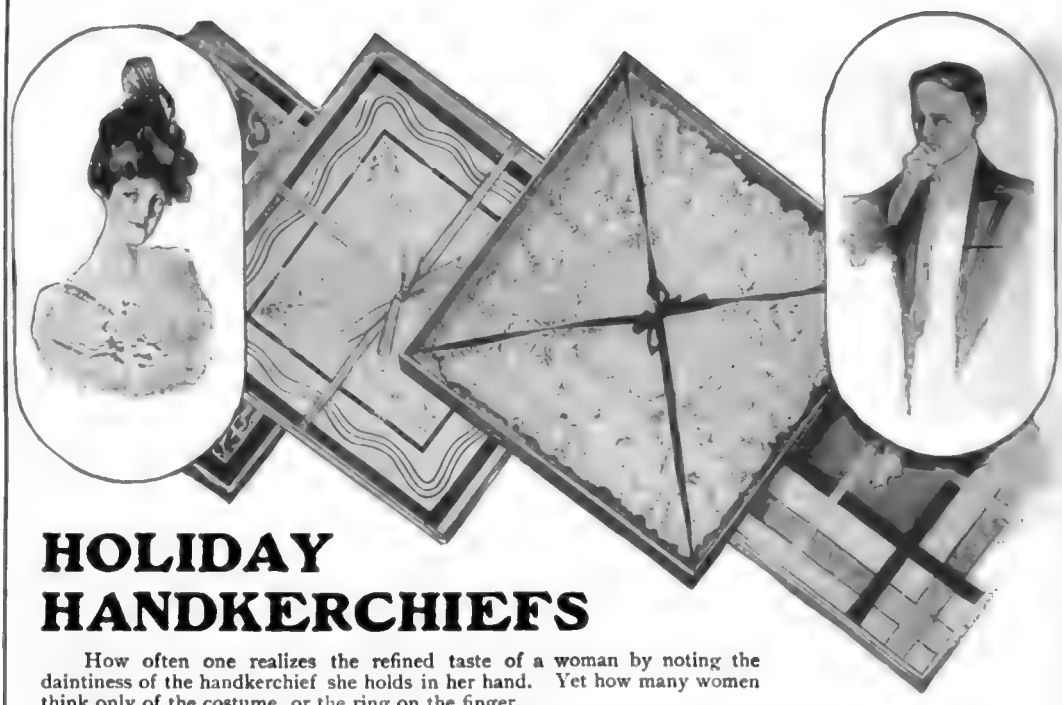
The Wanamaker Store



HOLIDAY HANDKERCHIEFS

How often one realizes the refined taste of a woman by noting the daintiness of the handkerchief she holds in her hand. Yet how many women think only of the costume, or the ring on the finger.

Women of refined taste enjoy nothing better in the way of a gift, than one or more fine handkerchiefs—of a quality finer, perhaps, than they would ordinarily buy for their own use.

Admirable gifts for men, too; and an easy article to buy by mail.

Every handkerchief we sell is pure linen. Nearly every one made to our own order—our own ideas about size, finish, etc. Prices uniformly modest.

Our French handkerchief collection is a store in itself.

Women's All-Linen Handkerchiefs

Plain white, hemstitched, ½ inch and 1 inch hem, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 35c, 50c each
Plain white, hemstitched and initialed, 12½c, 25c, 50c each
All white, hemstitched, with fancy work, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, $1, $1.75 to $7.50 each
All white, embroidered scallops, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, $1, $1.25, $1.50 to $6 each
Colored border, hemstitched, 12½c each
Mourning border, hemstitched, 12½c, 25c, 35c, 50c each
Mourning border, embroidered scallops, 25c to $2 each

Men's All-Linen Handkerchiefs

All white, hemmed, tape and corded borders, 12½c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 35c; extra size, 25c, 35c, 50c each
All white, hemstitched, ½ inch and 1 inch hems (size depends somewhat on width of hem), 12½c, 16c, 20c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, $1 each
Colored woven borders, hemmed, 12½c each
Extra size, hemstitched, ½ inch and 1 inch hem, 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c, 75c, $1 each
Printed colored borders, hemstitched, 25c, 50c each
Mourning borders, hemstitched, 25c, 50c each
Men's all-linen initial handkerchiefs, 12½c, 25c, 50c each

Men's French Handkerchiefs

Plain white, hemstitched, 50c, 75c, $1 to $6.50 each
Plain white, sheer linen handkerchiefs, with cluster of cords above hem, for full dress, $1.50 each
White brocaded handkerchiefs, $1 each
Colored bordered handkerchiefs, $1 to $1.25; also with fancy colored center
Silk and linen handkerchiefs, $1.50 each, in rich and rare color effects

Children's All-Linen Handkerchiefs

Plain white, hemstitched, 12½c, 15c, 20c, 25c each
Printed colored borders, 10c, 12½c each
Woven colored borders, hemmed, 60c a dozen

Silk Handkerchiefs

Japanese, plain white, hemstitched, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, $1, $1.25; muffler size, $1, $1.50, $2 each
Bandannas, printed on pure Japanese silk, warranted fast colors, 75c to $2 each
Men's silk initial handkerchiefs, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1 each
Japanese silk, hemstitched, solid black, 50c, 75c, $1, $1.25 each
Japanese silk, hemstitched, in fancy solid colors, 50c each
Fancy colored and all white brocaded mufflers, 75c, $1, $1.25, $1.50 each

Lace Edge Handkerchiefs

All white handkerchiefs with lace edge, 25c, 50c to $7 each
All white handkerchiefs, Duchesse lace border, 75c to $35 each

Women's French Handkerchiefs

Plain white, glove handkerchiefs, hemstitched and scalloped, 50c, 75c, $1, $1.25 each
Colored bordered glove handkerchiefs and white with colored dots, 75c each
White embroidered, hemstitched handkerchiefs, $1 to $14.50 each
Fancy colored French handkerchiefs, 75c to $7.50 each
Scalloped embroidered handkerchiefs, plain white, $2 to $3 each
French lace trimmed handkerchiefs, $1 to $50 each
White brocaded handkerchiefs, $1 each
Plain white, hemstitched, 35c to $2.25 each

JOHN WANAMAKER, NEW YORK

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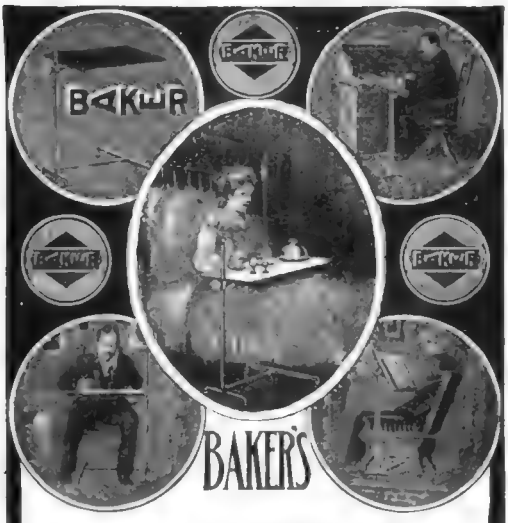


Bedside and Reading Table

Adapted for use over Bed, Lounge or Chair, for serving meals, reading, writing, etc. Has finely polished quartered oak top, that can be raised, lowered or tilted either way. Perfect device for holding books attached to each side. Frame is steel tubing, handsomely finished. Table weighs 15 lbs. Height, 38 inches.

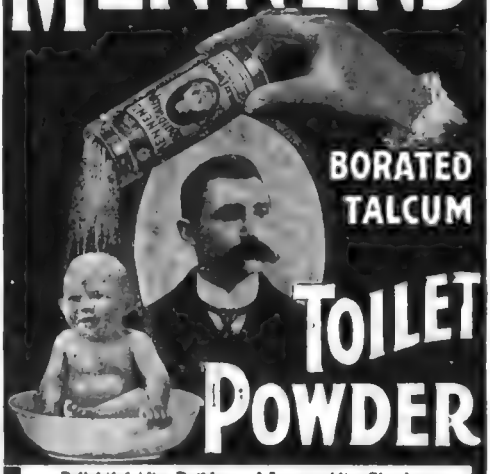
An Ideal Christmas Gift.

In five styles—Black Enamel, $4.25; White Enamel, $4.75; Nickel Plated, $6.75; Brass Plated, $[illegible]; Antique Copper Plated (very handsome), $7.25. **Freight prepaid** east of Colorado; by express prepaid, fifty cents extra.

Prompt shipment and safe delivery guaranteed. Money back if not satisfied. Interesting Booklet mailed free. Send for it.

J. R. BAKER & SONS CO., 85 Wayne St., Kendallville, Ind.

MENNEN'S



TOILET POWDER

Delightful After Bathing. A Luxury After Shaving.

A Positive Relief for

Chapped Hands, Chafing,

and all afflictions of the skin. "A LITTLE HIGHER IN PRICE, PERHAPS, THAN WORTHLESS SUBSTITUTES, BUT A REASON FOR IT." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of **25** cents.

Get Mennen's (the original). SAMPLE FREE.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

WHATEVER your Form it is this perfect Form WHEN you wear a WRIGHT BUST FORM

The form supplies all deficiencies of contour by building out the figure and gives a perfect form without the use of padding.

It takes the place of a corset and is cool, comfortable and durable. Made in all qualities. If not for sale in your city write for booklet.

In ordering by mail add 15c. to price of $1.50. Garments for mailing; others delivered free.

Straight front

FACTORY NEWARK, N.J.

WRIGHT BUST FORM CO.
164 5TH AVE. NEW YORK.

Vapo-Cresolene

CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP

Whooping Cough,
Croup,
Bronchitis,
Coughs,
Grip,
Hay Fever,
Diphtheria,
Scarlet Fever.

Don't fail to use CRESOLENE for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. For more than twenty years we have had the most conclusive assurances that there is nothing better. Ask your physician about it.

An interesting descriptive booklet is sent free, which gives the highest testimonials as to its value.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton St., New York.

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Every Step a Pleasure

Months of Comfort for 25c.

Wear a-grip-a surefooting heels and have perfect comfort in walking and shoe wearing. The a-grip-a is a happy combination which eliminates the jarring of steel-pegged all-leather heels and the excessive yielding of all-rubber heels. It gives both elasticity and firmness to the tread and prevents slipping on wet and polished surfaces. A-grip-a heels polish perfectly, and, as they correct the tendency to "run-over," they wear longer than those made of solid leather.

Every step taken on a hard leather heel is a shock to the nervous system. Fatigue and hard headaches resulting from hard heels, hard floors and hard sidewalks, can easily be avoided by wearing a-grip-a surefooting heels.

They are made by inserting pure rubber in a groove in a sole leather lift which may be attached to the heel of any shoe. The rubber, which has room to expand when your weight is upon it, always protrudes slightly beyond the leather and never wears flat.

Make your shoes this season more durable and comfortable than ever before. Send us 25c. and an outline of your heel and we will mail you a pair of a-grip-a surefooting heels ready to put on. Made in men's and women's sizes.

Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded.

a-grip-a,

SINGER BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

Our business is to make Folks Comfortable

SENSIBLE PRESENTS

That shown above is our "UNIVERSITY" CHAIR.

It's a brain worker's chair, has an adjustable back, and arms that lift up and turn over forming shelves for writing, holding books, etc. We make over thirty other styles of **RECLINING CHAIRS.** (*Catalogue C.*)

And over sixty kinds of **ROLLING and CARRYING CHAIRS,** meeting every requirement for in or outdoor use. (*Catalogue B.*)

FOR INVALIDS. We make a large variety of devices for their comfort, such as Beds, Lifts, Tables, Back Rests, Commodes, etc. (*Catalogue A.*)

FOR BOOK LOVERS. Sargent's Economic System of Devices for Brain Workers embraces our unrivaled Ball Bearing Rotary Book Cases, Reading Stands, Dictionary and Atlas Holders, Adjustable Reading Desks attachable to any chair, etc. *Catalogue D.*

Illustrated Catalogues free. Postage 2 cents each.

GEO. F. SARGENT CO., 289 M Fourth Ave. (next 23d St.), New York.

MOST WONDERFUL VALUES

IN HIGH-CLASS SEWING MACHINES, OR GANS AND PIANOS, which we guarantee for 20 years, and ship on 30 days' Free Trial at wholesale prices. You can save money by writing for our mammoth Free Catalogue. Sewing Machines from $1.50 up. Organs from $8.95 up. Pianos from $118 up. Address in full.

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bring high prices. Thousands of good stories defective in some particular, which might easily be remedied, make up the great mass of "rejected manuscripts." Our School of Journalism, in charge of successful authors short-story writers, magazine contributors criticises, corrects and revises, as well as teaches how to write. Write for booklet.

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"OPPORTUNITY" a 20-page illustrated monthly magazine, for one year, and our special "Good News Package," containing pictures and full information about the fine climate, rich land, magnificent crops and grand opportunities of the wonderful Northwest, for ONLY TEN CENTS IN SILVER, if you mention this paper.

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2 POINTS

These have made

The 20th Century Perfection Suspender

famous.

No harness on the back. Just small Buckle, **first point.** Watch next ad for other.

50 cents at dealers or by mail.

SENT FREE: Booklet, "History of a Suspender." Write today.

EASTMAN & SPECHT MFG. CO.
198 S. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

A USEFUL XMAS PRESENT

The Columbus Safety Inkwell for home or office. Made of aluminum, highly polished and satin finish, keeps ink fresh, is non-evaporating, **can be upset, rolled across table or desk without spilling,** and is self-righting. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 50c. Postage prepaid.

TRIO SPECIALTY CO., Dept. D, Chicago.

AGENTS MAKE MONEY

HANDLING OUR **EFFICIENT LAMPS.**

Brighter than electricity, **cheaper** than kerosene. Thousands of testimonials from people using them for two years. Latest improvements. Permitted by Ins. Co.'s. Largest factory in U.S. 43 styles for indoors and outdoors. Air pressure and gravity lamps. Lowest prices. Retail $4 up. Sample lamp half price. Exclusive territory to individuals or merchants. Large dealers in mantles. Illustrated catalogue free.

STANDARD GAS LAMP CO., 118-120 Michigan St., Chicago.

A WONDERFUL RUFFLER

That attaches to **any machine.** Slips on **regular** sewing foot. Do better work, save time, labor and money by using the little **Wonder Ruffler.** Durable and practical. Thousands used. Sent postpaid for 50 cents.

Our **COMMON SENSE TUCKER** fits any machine and is different and better than any like device. No springs; simple; lasts a lifetime. Price $1.00. **Special Limited Offer, $1.50 for $1.25.** Both **Tucker** and **Ruffler** sent prepaid upon receipt of $1.25. Money back if not satisfied. Agents write for profitable proposition. Big demand.

Sewing Machine Attachment Works, - Box 30, Muncie, Ind.

Climax Washing Tablets

SOMETHING NEW

A Boon to

WASHWOMEN

Saves rubbing, whitens clothes
Contains no lye, nor injurious to hands or finest fabric.
Send 10 cents for enough for four large washings.

AGENTS WANTED

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Sterling Silver Novelties

These illustrations show in actual size a few articles in sterling silver (.925 fine), any of which will be sent prepaid neatly boxed at 50c each.

21 Pencil Top	50c
22 Lead Pencil	50c
23 Stamp Box	50c
24 Seal	50c
25 Tie Clasp	50c
26 Book Marker	50c

Initials engraved without charge.

Do not fail to write for our new Catalogue Mailed FREE on request.

We handle only goods of the best quality and our prices are such that any one contemplating the purchasing of jewelry or silverware should not be without our **new 160-page catalogue,** illustrating watches, diamonds, solid gold, sterling silver and fine gold plated jewelry, and sterling silverware including novelties, desk and toilet articles, and tableware. In all, 20,000 photographic illustrations.

S. KIND & SON, Jewelers and Silversmiths,
932 Chestnut St., Philada.

SIX CARDINAL POINTS

SELF-FILLING.
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SIMPLICITY.
RELIABILITY.
NO LEAKING.
DURABILITY.

THE OLD FOUNTAIN PEN IS A THING OF THE PAST.

Advanced mechanism places the **"POST"** Pen as the foremost one of the world.

"IT'S THE PEN OF ALL PENS"

and is receiving more favorable comments to-day than all other makes on the market.

It's the only Pen awarded a gold medal and diploma at the Academie Parisienne Inventeurs Industriels et Exposants, Paris.

The "POST" FOUNTAIN PEN

WE TAKE YOUR OLD PEN IN EXCHANGE

...OUR UNIQUE PLAN...

As a special inducement to introduce the **"POST"** we have decided to supply a limited number of them in **EXCHANGE** for the old style at a merely nominal cash difference. Our offer enables you to rid yourself of your old pen and have the BEST.

The **"Post"** has been endorsed by General Lew Wallace, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Mr. Sankey, H. M. Edward VII., King of Great Britain, Com'd'r Booth Tucker, and hundreds of others, also recommended by over two hundred of America's foremost magazines.

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Post Fountain Pen Company,
114 WEST 14th STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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AN IDEAL
SHAMPOO
IS OBTAINED BY USING
7 SUTHERLAND SISTERS'
SCALP CLEANER
It is a positive cure for dandruff. Keeps the hair healthy, uniform in color, and lustrous. One 50-cent package convinces.
SOLD BY OVER 28,000 DEALERS.

$4.95 ELECTRIC GOLD FILLED WATCH

Before you buy a watch send us your name and express office address and we will send you by express for examination this handsome

Gold Filled Watch, C. O. D., $4.95

Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Double hunting case, beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, Lady's or Gent's size; fitted with a richly jeweled movement, warranted a correct timekeeper. If you consider it equal to any $35.00 watch, warranted 20 years, pay the express agent our special price, $4.95, and express charges, and it is yours. Mention if you want Gent's or Lady's.

DIAMOND JEWELRY CO.

Dept. O. 18, 225 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

$4.65 AN EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN $4.65

A DOZEN STYLES

A full size handsome luxurious upholstered Morris Chair at less than cost, to advertise our furniture department. Latest style, reversible seat and back cushions, reclining back which can be adjusted to any position desired; back cushion is 28 x 20 x 4 in. in size, seat is 22 x 20 x 4 in. They are DEEP TUFTED IN FIGURED VELVET VELOUR. ANY COLOR DESIRED. FRAME IS GOLDEN OAK OR MAHOGANIZED BIRCH. Send us $1.00 as evidence of good faith and we will ship the Chair by freight. After examination, if satisfactory, pay the agent the balance and charges and it is yours. As the amount is so small and the bargain so big we suggest you send the full amount with the order and save the C. O. D. charges. Only 5000 will be sold at this price. Send in your order to-day. Address

Write for our FREE 144-page Catalogue of furniture and household specialties. WE WILL SAVE YOU MONEY.

THE QUEEN CABINET CO., DEPT. C 4

232 to 236 FIFTH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

Only Safe Medicine for Babies

The insides of babes-in-arms and little children are very delicate and tender. Mothers must not be reckless in the use of physics. There is only one gentle, perfect, safe medicine for babies:

"Cascarets are fine for ladies with infants, as they keep both mother and child from becoming bilious. I use them daily in my practice."
—Dr. A. E. Griffin, Stubblefield, Tex.

"Cascarets work easy and without pain. I have given them to my babies with splendid results."
—Mrs. K. Bettag, St. Louis, Mo.

"I think Cascarets splendid. They have benefited me greatly. My baby was afflicted with croup, and Cascarets afforded instant relief."
—Mrs. Ella Ziegler, Delta, Ohio.

Mamma takes a CASCARET, baby gets the benefit. Isn't that good sense? The sweet, palatable Candy Cathartic Cascaret, eaten by the nursing mother, not only regulates her system and increases her flow of milk, but makes her milk mildly purgative. Baby gets the effect diluted and as part of its regular, natural food;—no violence—no danger—perfectly natural results. No more sour curds in baby's stomach, no more wind, colic, restless nights.

Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. Genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Address
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

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DIAMONDS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Sent for Approval on receipt of $5.00 to show good faith. Money back if not O. K. We pay express.

DIAMONDS guaranteed best quality. **Mounting 14 Kt. Gold.** Discount 8% for cash with order, or you can buy on our **Charge Account System**, by furnishing satisfactory reference.

Our new illustrated catalogue, sent for 6 cents postage, contains **1000 Christmas Hints.**

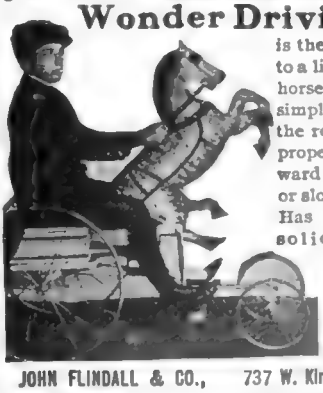
GEO. E. MARSHALL, 101 State Street, Chicago.

For CHRISTMAS

presents there is nothing that is so acceptable to a boy or girl as a toy that makes them feel "as big as Papa or Mamma." If it gives them plenty of good, healthful exercise; so much the better for the boys and girls. The

For Indoor or Outdoor Amusement.

Wonder Driving Horse



is the nearest approach to a live, flesh and blood horse ever invented. You simply take a seat, pull the reins and the horse propels the vehicle forward or backward, fast or slow, just as you wish. Has no equal for good solid amusement and healthful exercise.

On sale in all the principal cities of the world.

Send for Illustrated Booklet.

JOHN FLINDALL & CO., 737 W. Kinzie Street, CHICAGO.

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For Typewriter

Your stenographer won't have backache or nervousness from using this chair. It supports all the back all the time, whether sitting erect, forward or back. A movable panel pivoted in the back of chair gives way to pressure of shoulders and fits in at small of back. When not in use it springs back in place. There is nothing to adjust. Durable. Handsome. Spindle or Leather Back. Cane, Wood or Leather Seat.

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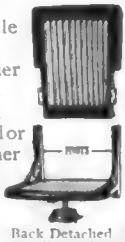

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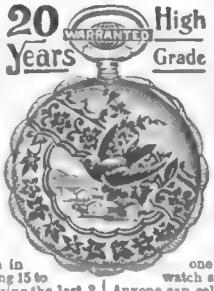
Send for catalogue of office and house chairs

RICHARDS CHAIR PANEL COMPANY
184 La Salle St., CHICAGO

Send No Money

Send name and address and we will send you this magnificently engraved double hunting case, "American Standard" watch for free inspection. Case is made of the newly discovered gold alloy with extra heavy plate of 14 karat Solid Gold, and even experts cannot tell it from a 50 dollar watch. High-grade movement fully jeweled, duplex escapement, patent pinion, quick train, stem-wind and set, with absolute **20 YEARS GUARANTEE.** The American Standard is the handsomest and best time keeping watch ever offered for the price. Watch dealers buy them in preference to other makes, costing 15 to 20 dollars. We have received during the last 3 months over 10,000 duplicate orders and thousands of testimonials from all over the world. Our regular factory price is $60.00 per dozen, but in order to extend our trade we will for the next 45 days only send one watch for free



Our 45 Day Offer

inspection to any person who will recommend and show it to their friends. We want to advertise our watches and convince you of their superior quality, before you pay one cent. Send us your name, post office and express office, state if you want ladies or gents size, and we will send you at once our watch for free inspection. After you have convinced yourself to your own satisfaction, that the watch is equal to any that would cost 15 dollars in your own town and the greatest bargain you ever saw, then pay our **SPECIAL FACTORY PRICE of $4.85** and express charges, otherwise not one cent. Many write us they sold the watch same day with ten dollars profit. Anyone can sell several of these watches every week without devoting any extra time or effort, and make a profit of 5 to 10 dollars on every watch. Order at once at our special factory price as this offer is limited. Catalogue of free gifts.

EAGLE WATCH MFG. CO., 175 Lees Bldg., CHICAGO.

WARNING! Beware of catchy-looking, worthless imitation watches, so frequently advertised by unprincipled concerns. We are a perfectly reliable concern, have a large capital, and guarantee and take back any watch after six months if not perfectly satisfactory in every way.

EDITOR BADGER writes: Your watch is a beauty, looks like my $50 watch. Keeps perfect time. Don't see how you can sell it at such a price.

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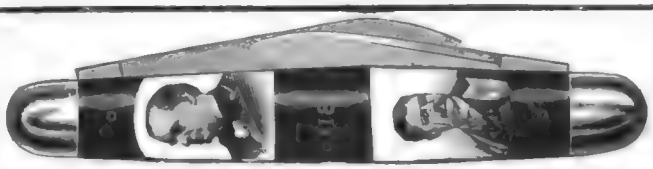

McKINLEY MEMORIAL KNIVES LIKE CUT, $1.00

Upon one side the date of his birth, death, assassination, and burial; on the reversed side, the pictures of McKinley and President Roosevelt. We can substitute for Roosevelt the floral tributes or the Temple of Music, making especial souvenir

A GIFT FOR CHRISTMAS

Your Money Refunded if Dissatisfied With Your Purchase.

NOVELTY Knives combine beauty and utility. Photo of donor, beneath handles which are indestructible and perfectly transparent, make it most appropriate. Name and address on one side, emblems of societies, trades and occupations, celebrities, etc., on reverse side—if you want photo, send best picture to take copy from. Blades are of razor steel, perfect in temper and guaranteed. Send **2 cent stamp** for catalog telling all about them. **Ladies' 2 blade, 80c.; 3 blade, $1.25; Boys' Splendid, 2 blade, $1.00; cheaper one, 75c.; Mens' Light, 2 blade, $1.00; 3 blade, $1.25; Medium, 3 blade, $1.60; 4 blade, $1.85; Heavy, 2 blade, $1.50.** If interested in agency work, write quick for terms and territory.

WE WANT AGENTS

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BILTMORE

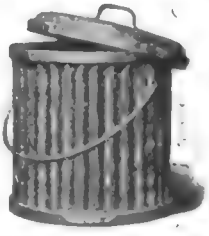
the model place of Mr. Geo. W. Vanderbilt in North Carolina, is equipped with about 100 of

Witt's Corrugated Cans

Made of heavy steel galvanized; are strong, trim looking, and air tight (fire proof). This is the can you need. Is handled without dust or odor; used by families everywhere for ashes and garbage. Three sizes, 16, 18, 20 inches in diameter; all 26 inches in height. If the can is too large for your needs get

Witt's Corrugated Pail,

two sizes, 5 and 7 gallons, also unequalled as stable, slop and scrub buckets.



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JOHN WANAMAKER and Other Dealers Everywhere.

If your dealer does not sell them please write us for address of dealer who does (or we will supply you) and booklet, "Tight Around the Waste."

THE WITT CORNICE CO., Dept. F Cincinnati, Ohio

Serve for Breakfast *at our Expense* the Health Food

Wheatena

Most carefully prepared cereal on the market, and famous for its

RICH NUT-LIKE FLAVOR

The cheapest way for us to advertise is to have the whole family eat Wheatena one morning for breakfast. WE WILL SEND FREE, until January first, enough for an average family if you send us your grocer's name.

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YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT THE

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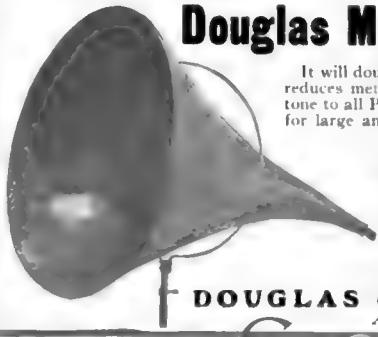
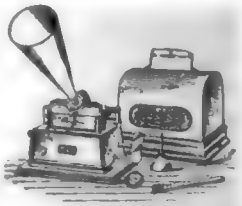


It will double the amusement value of any Phonograph. It reduces metallic tone to a minimum and gives a more natural tone to all Phonograph Records. Made in two sizes, suitable for large and small machines. Write us for prices and sizes.



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MAKE MOST ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. We have all the latest types of machines ranging in price from $10 to $75, also a complete stock of Records, including all the new and popular ones. A Phonograph is a great source of amusement in the home.

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Also Dealers in Portable Electric Candles and Electric Novelties

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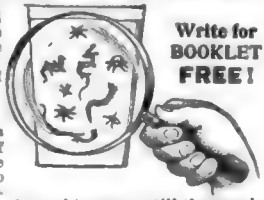
A FRIGHTFUL DEATH RATE 250,000 PEOPLE KILLED ANNUALLY 500,000 CASES OF TYPHOID, MALARIA,

Fevers, Bright's Disease, Kidney, Stomach, Bladder, Bowel Troubles and kindred diseases all caused by drinking Raw Water from Wells, Cisterns, Hydrants and Streams polluted by Sewerage, City Slops, Cesspools, Decayed Animal and Vegetable Matter, Lime, Alkali, etc. Look at our Streams, Rivers and Lakes, see the scum and sewer evidences. Hydrant water furnished most of our cities is a disgrace and so much poison. Wells and Cisterns are seldom safe. **DEATH LURKS IN DRINKING WATER.** Look at our newspapers, almost every issue tells of many deaths from bad water. Nearly every disease known is caused by a germ which lives in the water, and you get the disease by drinking them. **You'll never have deadly typhoid unless you drink it.** From the thousands of tests made by our Boards of Health very little water is found that is pure and safe. Not only is our Drinking Water polluted with mud, slime, filth, lime, alkali, alum or other health-wrecking minerals but a hundred and one forms of **deadly germs, microbes and bacilli.** True, they are small, so small a million is sometimes found in a drop of water, but it is these infinitesmal beings that get into our blood, lodge in our vital organs and gnaw away at our delicate tissues injecting their poisons, producing all manner of disease, no end of doctor bills, misery and in thousands of cases **DEATH.**



Write for BOOKLET FREE!

EVER EXAMINE THE WATER YOU DRINK, or do you close your eyes and swallow it down regardless of what it contains? Think of drinking a wriggling, writhing mess of insects—not once but every day—insects that make our blood creep when we see them enlarged many times. Yet, with all that has been said and done to prevent it, with all the facts laid bare, and positive proof offered that seven-tenths of men's, women's, and children's diseases are caused by bad water and that Death comes from this cause, still thousands are making their system a dumping ground for the scum of the earth, a graveyard for these millions of deadly bugs. A powerful microscope proves all that we say. There is only one way to have pure safe water. Distilling it removes every impurity. The

PURITAN NEW PROCESS AUTOMATIC WATER STILL

Makes the foulest water pure and safe. A new wonderful invention—not a filter. Over 22,000 already sold. Customers delighted. **Distilled water is pure steam, condensed, aerated, revitalized.** Our Still makes it automatically—in one operation—**simply place the Still over your Cook Stove,** gasoline or gas stove and **let it boil.** It does the rest, **without cost furnishes plenty of distilled drinking water** for family use, that is clear as crystal, sparkling and delicious. **All impurities,** soil, fever and disease germs, bacilli, microbes, alkali, lime and other minerals **are removed** and **left in bottom of Still.**

IT'S READY FOR USE WHEN RECEIVED. No plumbing. A child can operate it - lasts for years. Should be in every home, store, school, office—used by families, druggists, doctors, chemists, surgeons. Invaluable for tourists. **Only safe water** for families, infants, children, athletes—**endorsed by physicians** and the **Famous Ralston Health Club** of America, (11,000,000 members)—**used exclusively in the U. S. Navy** also by the Battle Creek Sanatarium.

DISTILLED WATER is a most delicious table water. Use it ten days and you will be astonished at the improvement in health, feelings and complexion. Is Nature's greatest solvent. It washes out the poisons in the blood and system, prevents fevers, epidemics, infectious diseases; beautifies complexion; prevents old age; **cures dyspepsia, stomach affections, rheumatism, gout, diarrhœa, bowel troubles, kidney and bladder troubles, female ills, malaria, constipation, piles, dropsy, diabetes and gravel.**

DESCRIPTION: Our Stills are handsomely and durably made, best materials. Style No. 9, Solid Copper **(our best)** lasts for years, $8.00. Style No. 7, Tin, $5.00. Sent anywhere with plain directions so anyone can operate upon receipt of Money Order, Draft, Check or Registered Letter. Money refunded after 10 days' use if not just as described. You'll be delighted with it.

AGENTS WANTED—Men and Women $30.00 to $50.00 & Expenses Weekly. This firm is reliable. We're reliable, old firm. Capital $100,000.00. Ship promptly. Write anyway. **A valuable Booklet sent FREE.**

WRITE TODAY

HARRISON MFG. CO., 512 HARRISON BUILDING, CINCINNATI, O.

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JAPANESE GLYCERINE

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TAR BATH

MEDICATED TOILET PAPER

PREVENTS AND RELIEVES

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PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND A CAKE OF JAPANESE GLYCERINE

TAR HEALING SOAP

IN EVERY PACKAGE

For sale by department stores and druggists. Manufactured only by the Manahan Parchment and Moth Paper Works, 370 Pearl Street, New York.

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Turkish Baths and Shower Baths at Home

Special 30-Day Offer

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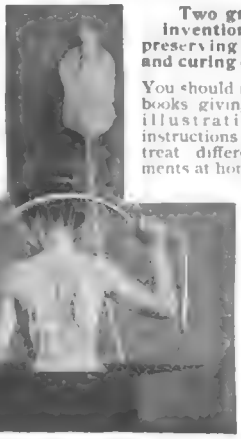
Salary and big commission. The Shower Bath can be attached to any faucet or used independent



Two great inventions for preserving health and curing disease.

You should read our books giving many illustrations and instructions how to treat different ailments at home.

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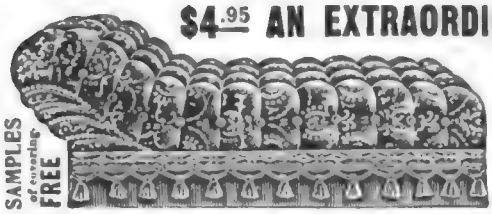
$4.95 AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER $4.95 Buys this Elegant Couch



Would cost you more than double from your local dealer. This grand offer is made to 2 better our money-saving plan of selling Couches, Kitchen Cabinets and all kinds of Household Furniture direct to the consumer at a saving of from 30 to 50 per cent. Write for our Special Bargain Sheet L 12. This Latest Style Fringe Couch is 75 in. long, 27 in. wide, has 28 best steel springs, spring edge, hardwood frame finished mahogany, upholstered in figured Velvet Velour in green, red, blue or brown. Mattress tufted with patent buttons, heavy duck over all springs, brass trimmings at the head. Workmanship first-class throughout. A Great Bargain for $4.95. Send us $1.00 as evidence of good faith and we will ship Couch by freight; after examination at your depot if satisfactory pay the agent the balance ($3.95) and charges and the couch is yours. We suggest you send full amount $4.95 with order, as by so doing you save the expense of the C. O. D. Order one to-day; you will never again have such an opportunity.
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DRUNKENNESS CURED!

PACKAGE SENT FREE

Any woman can cure her husband, son or brother of liquor drinking by secretly placing this remedy in his coffee, tea or food without his knowledge, as the remedy is entirely odorless and tasteless. Any good and faithful woman can wipe out this fearful evil and permanently stop the craving for liquor, as did Mrs. K. L. Townsend, Box 13, Swartz, La. For years she prayed to her husband to quit drinking, but finally found that it was impossible for him to do so with his own free will, as he was an inveterate drinker, and he being of this remarkable cure she determined to try it. Mrs. Townsend says that before she gave her husband half a box of Milo Tablets he lost all desire for whisky; the sight or odor of whisky now makes him deathly sick. It is surely a wonderful discovery that cures a man without his knowledge or intention. Mrs. Townsend's word of gratitude is only one of the thousands of testimonials in possession of this company. Any one who will send their name and address and 4 cents to cover postage, to the Milo Drug Co., 81 Milo Building, St. Louis, Mo., will receive a trial package sent in plain wrapper, free package of this wonderful remedy and full instructions how to cure the liquor habit.

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THIS IS A GENUINE GOLD FILLED WATCH
in appearance, superbly engraved, double hunting case, stem wind and stem set,
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Send this to us and we will send the Watch & Chain C. O. D. $3.75 and express charges to examine. If as represented, pay $3.75 and charges and it is yours. Write if you want Ladies' or Gents' size.
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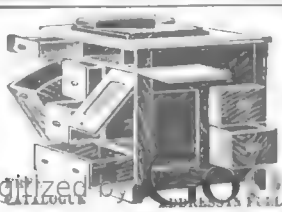

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The greatest labor saving devices ever invented. They are worth three closets. Save time, trouble, space, labor and money. Have convenient receptacles for all baking utensils, cereal products, spices table linen, etc. We manufacture 20 styles in various sizes, ranging in price from $2.50 upwards. Write for our complete Free 100-page Catalogue. We will save you money On Kitchen Cabinets and Household Furniture. Buy direct from factory and save dealer's profit.
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SWANSON'S "5-DROPS"

THE GREAT HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

It will cost you nothing to test the merits of this wonderful remedy. We are so positive of the remarkable curative properties of **"5-DROPS"** that we have decided to distribute **absolutely free of charge 100,000 trial bottles,** in order that it may be given a test by sufferers without any expense to them whatever. It has never failed to do all and more than we claim for it, and we know that if you will but give it a trial you will acknowledge that **"5-DROPS"** is the medical wonder of the century.

Cut out the coupon in this advertisement and send direct to Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., with your name and address, and a bottle of **"5-DROPS"** will be mailed to you at once. All that we ask you in return is that you take it as directed, and you will find it all that we claim. You need not feel under any obligations whatever in securing the trial treatment which we offer. Here is an opportunity to test a remedy without any expense to you. **Certainly nothing can be fairer than this. Send for a bottle today.**

"5-DROPS" POSITIVELY CURES RHEUMATISM

It never fails to cure Rheumatism in any of its forms or stages of development. It makes no difference whether you are suffering from Inflammatory, Nervous, Muscular or Articular Rheumatism. "5-DROPS" if used as directed will give instant relief and effect a permanent cure.

Unlike other preparations, **"5-DROPS"** is an internal and external remedy combined, and will afford early relief to the sufferer by application to the afflicted parts, while a cure is being affected by its use internally. **Rheumatism is a blood disease,** nothing more or less, and it is an utter impossibility to drive it out of one's system by simply an external application. Liniments, oils, etc., may give relief, but the disease will return at the first opportunity unless the cause (uric acid in the blood) is destroyed, and the blood is thoroughly cleansed of this poisonous matter. Any physician will tell you that the only way to cure Rheumatism is to **remove the cause. That is exactly what "5-DROPS" does.**

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS.

MRS. G. H. KEACH, West Fort Ann, N. Y., writes: "I cannot say too much in praise of your **'5-DROPS,'** as I would not have been alive if I had not taken it. I was a cripple, in bed most of the time, but now, thanks to **'5-DROPS'** I am up and able to do my own work.'

MRS. JAS. A. CAIN, Method, N. C., writes: "Your **'5-DROPS'** has done me more good than all the doctor's medicines that I ever took for my neuralgia."

D. C. LANGFORD, Active, Ala., writes: "My wife was afflicted with Rheumatism and Neuralgia for twenty years. She took your **'5-DROPS'** and is now able to do her work as she did when she was young. It is the best medicine in the world.

A Bottle of "5-DROPS" should be in every home. It saves both money and suffering. It will save doctor's bills and prevent sickness. No one can afford to be without it.

"5-DROPS" INSTANTLY RELIEVES AND QUICKLY CURES

Sleeplessness, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Nervousness, Malaria, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Gout, Asthma, LaGrippe, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Heart Weakness, Dyspepsia, Toothache, Earache, Backache, Headache and all other Diseases of the Blood, Nerves and Muscles.

No other remedy in the world will cleanse the blood so effectually as "5-DROPS." It removes all of the poisonous matter from the blood, at the same time acting as a tonic, building up the whole system, not as a stimulant, but in a gradual and natural way. It feeds every portion of the body, gives strength, vigor and vitality to the weak and worn out. It will restore the vital forces quicker than any other remedy. It acts on the heart powerfully, yet harmlessly, causing it to increase its action, and do its work in a natural manner. Weak, irregular heart action is frequently the cause of blood diseases, the blood becoming sluggish and impure if the heart fails to do its work properly.

FREE TO ALL. We know that a trial bottle of **Swanson's "5-DROPS"** will prove to you that it is the grandest remedy that has ever been produced. Thousands of people have been cured by this marvelous medicine after they have been treated and given up by physicians and specialists, and their case pronounced by them as incurable. If you will cut out the coupon and send it to us with your name and address we will gladly mail to you absolutely free, postpaid a bottle of this wonderful remedy.

Large size bottle (300 doses) will be sent prepaid to any address for $1.00. If it is not obtainable in your locality, order from us direct.

"5-DROPS" IS FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

COUPON
No. 15,000
Cut this out and send it with your name and address to Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., Chicago, and you will be sent a bottle of "5-DROPS" free, postpaid.

DROPS (TRADE MARK)

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160-164 Lake Street, Chicago.

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What About the Long Winter Evenings?

A HAPPY HOME

Have you arranged any pastime for the hours when you are too tired to read, or too indolent to bore yourself with authors and anagrams? When we find a good thing we like to pass it along.

The 4-Surface Crown Combination Board

Gives the fascination of billiards without its objectionable features or the expense of a cumbersome table; it affords all the possibilities of ten-pins without a long alley and costly fixtures. **100 Different Games** are possible on the center table of your own living room, provided you own this most novel entertainment for the home. No worn-out, overplayed, senseless sport, but a continually changing diversion. **A veritable mine of entertainment.**

Our Great Introduction Offer

To introduce our games we will send one of these magnificent boards with full equipment of 140 pieces, and one of our **PATENT FOLDING REVOLVING STANDS** for only $5.00. (Board and stand are shown in cut.) Express paid east of Omaha. Order now and avoid Christmas rush.

We make other games; write for catalog.

A Pencil Carrom Cue

The Best Yet. **Price, 10 cents, postpaid.**

A durable and simple scheme to prevent hurting the fingers in playing carroms.

NOTE DESCRIPTION OF THIS INCOMPARABLE BOARD

The entire board is made of **beautiful White Maple,** selected stock, natural wood finish. All diagrams in bright red and green. Very tasty. Board, 29 inches square, **round corners.** Reversible net pockets, **patent cushions.** Centers, 3-ply veneer, light, yet very strong. Shooting surface, elegant rub finish.

140 Pieces of Equipment
Crokinole Panel Removable
Two Boards in One

Just the Thing for A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

CARROM-ARCHARENA CO., Ludington, Michigan, U.S.A.

Largest Game Board Makers in the World

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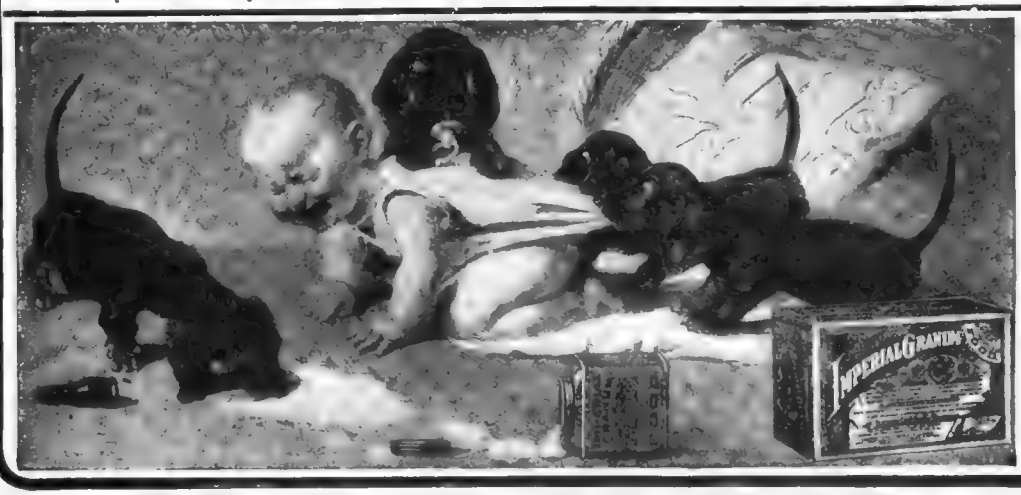
Best FOOD for Babies and Invalids, Dyspeptics & the Aged "IT ALWAYS NOURISHES"

The Handsomest Calendar for 1902 is yours for the asking Free

Size 11 x 14—Highly colored; a reproduction of the celebrated painting by the German Artist, A. Roeseler, as herewith shown. Mailed to any address on receipt of 4 two cent stamps to partially pay postage and packing—an ideal Christmas present. Ready December 15, write now. JOHN CARLE & SONS, Dept. E, 153 Water St., New York City



GOLD MEDAL PAN-AMERICAN 1901

A COMPLETE SEWING MACHINE

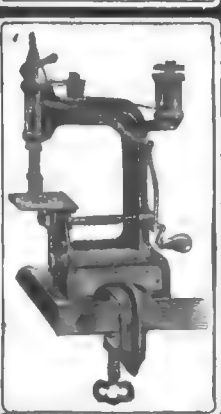
IMPROVED MODEL

$2.50

THE SMITH & LOOP

Automatic Hand Sewing Machine Has Been Much Improved and is Now $2.50

Very compact—Will earn its cost in a week. Not a toy but a well built sewing machine with automatic tension, stitch and feed regulator



An Ideal Holiday Gift

The improved machine has larger base—it can be more readily adjusted. Springs and other vitals are stronger, and parts are nickeled, - $2.50

A FULL NICKELED OR OXIDIZED COPPER MACHINE FOR - $3.50

At all dealers, if yours cannot supply you send us money order or registered letter and we will forward machine, charges prepaid

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SOLE AGENTS
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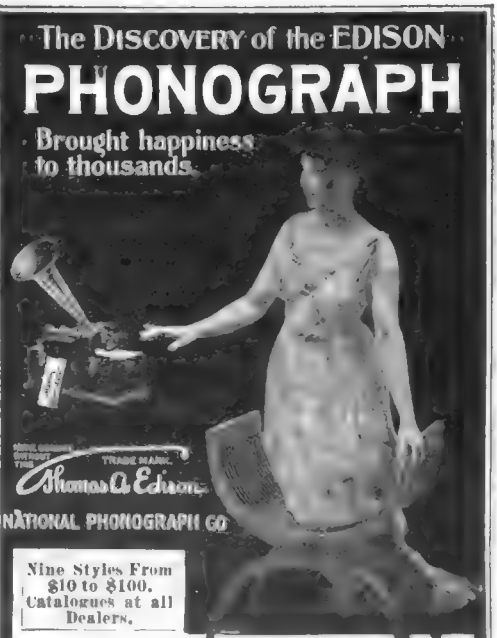
Brought happiness to thousands



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NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO

Nine Styles From $10 to $100. Catalogues at all Dealers.

MODERN TIMES HAVE NOT PRODUCED ITS EQUAL FOR AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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$5,000.00 A YEAR

For the Right Men

IN a short time we will offer to the general public a block of stock in one of the largest mining and smelting companies in North America; and when the facts become known the demand for shares will be immediate and strong.

Before advertising this stock for public subscription we wish to appoint a man or a firm in all the principal cities and towns to represent us.

It should be understood that we are not seeking canvassers.

The work of the local managers will be confined—unless they wish to do some canvassing on their own account—to handling inquiries in their locality.

That is to say, all inquiries in answer to our newspaper and magazine advertising will be referred to our local managers in the towns and cities from which the letters are written.

The duties of our local managers will be to call or send a representative to call upon the writers of these letters of inquiry, and to lay before them the facts and information for which they have asked.

It will be seen at once that this is not only a legitimate but a dignified position, and we can assure interested parties that **we will make it an extremely profitable one as well.**

We can guarantee to our local managers a handsome income and certain opportunities and interests which will double in value within a few months.

It should be borne in mind that this is not a small catch-penny scheme, but one of the greatest and most comprehensive mining enterprises in America to-day.

It should further be understood that we are not seeking cheap men. We want the best men to be had. Men who are capable of earning $2,000 to $5,000 a year. We want men of good reputation, gentlemanly address, wide acquaintance and most undisputed reliability.

To those who give us satisfactory references we can offer a permanent position. We can offer a good income to both men and women who can give even a small portion of their time to our business.

Prompt application should be made as we are rapidly making appointments. Write to-day for information to managers and investors about our proposition.

THE ALBERT E. HALL COMPANY

P. O. Box 137 Albany, New York

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Dentacura

TRADE MARK

"That Clean Taste"

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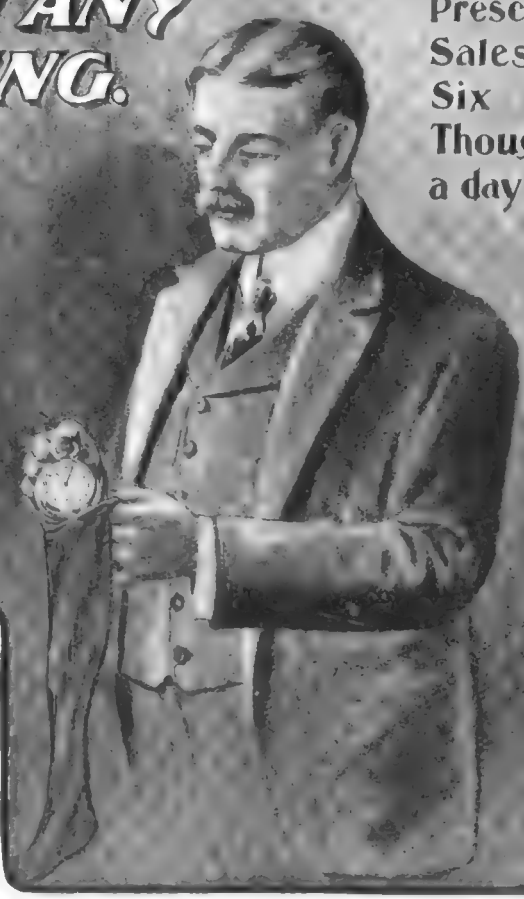

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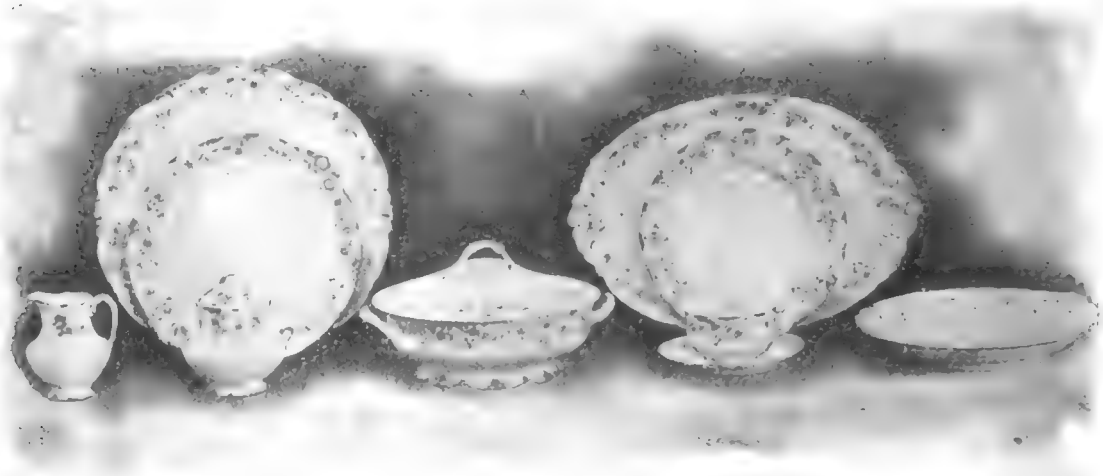

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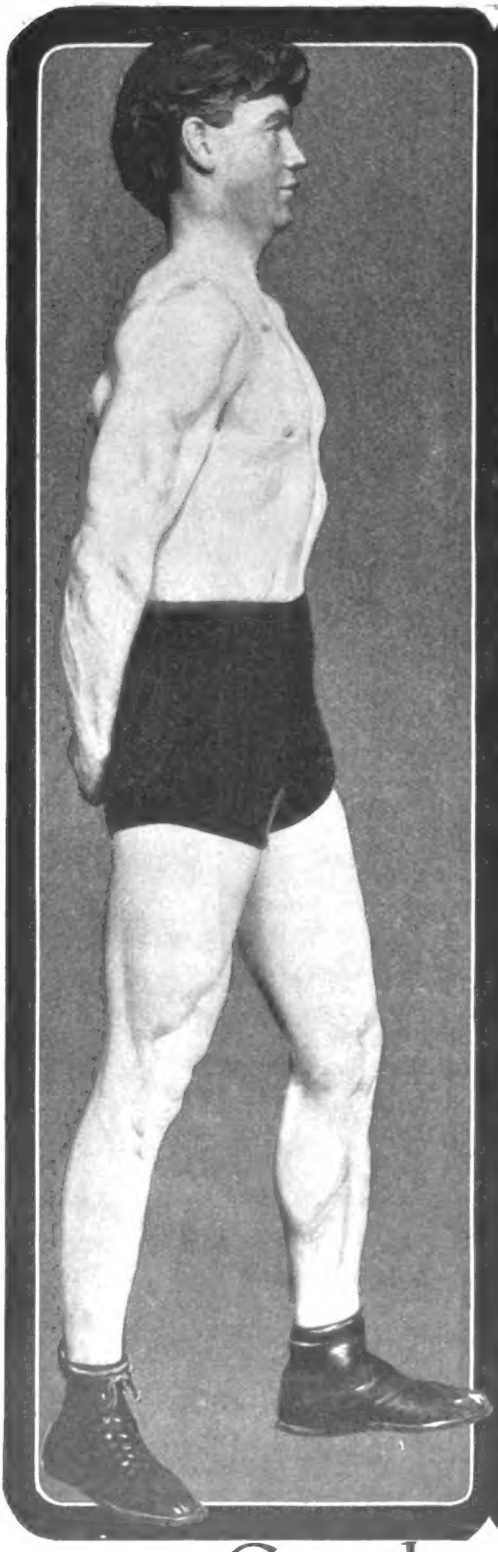

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